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Ingenuo magnaeque spei

ADOLESCENTI

Jacobo McClelland

Socorum Commensali

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The PLAYS *of* SHAKESPEARE,

From the TEXT *of*

Dr. S. JOHNSON.

With the Prefaces, Notes, *&c. of*

ROWE, POPE, THEOBALD, HANMER, WARBURTON, JOHNSON,

And select Notes *from many other* CRITICS.

Also, the Introduction *of the last Editor*

MR. CAPELL;

And a Table, *shewing his* Various Readings.

VOL. VI. PART. I.

THOMAS EWING,
DUBLIN, 1771.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ANTONY

AND

CLEOPATRA.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M. ANTONY.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.
ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS.
SEX. POMPEIUS.
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, VENTIDIUS, CANIDIUS, EROS, SCARUS, DERCETAS, DEMETRIUS, PHILO, Friends of Antony.
MECÆNAS, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, PROCULEIUS, THYREUS, Friends of Cæſar.
GALLUS, MENAS, MENECRATES, VARRIUS, Friends of Pompey.
SILIUS, an Officer in Ventidius's Army.
TAURUS, Lieutenant General to Cæſar.
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, DIOMEDES, Servants to Cleopatra.
A SOOTHSAYER,
CLOWN.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Ægypt.
OCTAVIA, Siſter to Cæſar, and Wife to Antony.
CHARMIAN, IRAS, Ladies waiting on Cleopatra.

Ambaſſadors from Antony to Cæſar, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE. I.

The Palace at Alexandria in Ægypt.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

PHILO.

NAY, but this dotage of our general,
O'erflows the meaſure; thoſe his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and muſters of the war

Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
The buckles on his breaſt, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a Gypſy's luſt. Look, where they come!

Flouriſh. Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, her Ladies in the train. Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a ſtrumpet's fool. Behold, and ſee.

CLEO. If it be love, indeed, tell me, how much?

ANT. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

CLEO. I'll ſet a bourn how far to be belov'd.

ANT. Then muſt thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth.

Enter a Meſſenger.

MES. News, my good Lord, from Rome.

ANT. Grates me. The ſum.

CLEO. Nay, hear it, Antony.
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or who knows,
If the ſcarce bearded Cæſar have not ſent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
"Take in that kingdom, and infranchiſe that;
"Perform't, or elſe we damn thee.

ANT. How, my love?

CLEO. Perchance, nay and moſt like,
You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from Cæſar; therefore hear it, Antony.

Where's Fulvia's proceſs? Cæſar's, I'd ſay—both?
—Call in the meſſengers—As I'm Ægypt's Queen,
Thou bluſheſt, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæſar's homager; elſe ſo thy cheek pays ſhame
When ſhrill-tongu'd Fulvia ſcolds. The meſſengers——

ANT. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my ſpace;
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man; the nobleneſs of life
Is to do thus, when ſuch a mutual pair, [Embracing.
And ſuch a twain can do't; in which, I bind,
On pain of puniſhment, the world to weet,
We ſtand up peerleſs.

CLEO. [Aſide.] Excellent falſhood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I'll ſeem the fool, I am not. Antony
Will be himſelf.

ANT. But ſtirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now for the love of love, and his ſoft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure. Now, what ſport to-night?

CLEO. Hear the ambaſſadors.

ANT. Fy, wrangling Queen!
Whom every thing becomes; to chide, to laugh,
To weep: whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives
To make itſelf in thee fair and admir'd.
No meſſenger, but thine——And all alone,
To night we'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my Queen,
Laſt night you did deſire it.——Speak not to us.
[Exeunt, with their train.

DEM. Is Cæſar with Antonius priz'd ſo ſlight?

PHIL. Sir, ſometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too ſhort of that great property
Which ſtill ſhould go with Antony.

DEM. I am full ſorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus ſpeaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Reſt you happy! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Enter Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothſayer.

CHAR. Lord Alexas, ſweet Alexas, moſt any thing Alexas, almoſt moſt abſolute Alexas, where's the Soothſayer that you prais'd ſo to th' Queen? Oh! that I knew this huſband, which you ſay, muſt change his horns with garlands.

ALEX. Soothſayer,———

SOOTH. Your will?

CHAR. Is this the man?———Is't you, Sir, that know things?

SOOTH. In nature's infinite book of ſecrecy,
A little I can read.

ALEX. Shew him your hand.

ENO. Bring in the banquet quickly. Wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

CHAR. Good Sir, give me good fortune.

SOOTH. I make not, but foreſee.

CHAR. Pray then, foreſee me one.

SOOTH. You ſhall be yet far fairer than you are.

CHAR. He means, in fleſh.

IRIS. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

CHAR. Wrinkles forbid!

ALEX. Vex not his preſcience, be attentive.

CHAR. Huſh!

SOOTH. You ſhall be more beloving, than beloved.

CHAR. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

ALEX. Nay, hear him.

CHAR. Good now, ſome excellent fortune! Let me be married to three Kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; Let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage! Find me, to marry me with Octavius Cæſar, and companion me with my miſtreſs.

SOOTH. You ſhall out-live the lady whom you ſerve.

CHAR. Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

SOOTH. You have ſeen and proved a fairer former fortune, than that which is to approach.

CHAR. Then, belike, my children ſhall have no names; Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches muſt I have?

SOOTH. If every of your wiſhes had a womb, and foretel every wiſh, a million.

CHAR. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

ALEX. You think, none but your ſheets are privy to your wiſhes.

CHAR. Nay, come. Tell Iras hers.———

ALEX. We'll know all our fortunes.

ENO. Mine, and moſt of our fortunes to-night, ſhall be to go drunk to bed.

IRAS. There's a palm preſages chaſtity, if nothing elſe.

CHAR. Ev'n as the o'erflowing Nilus preſageth famine.

IRAS. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot ſoothſay.

CHAR. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine ear. Pr'ythee, tell her but a workyday fortune,

SOOTH. Your fortunes are alike.

IRAS. But how, but how? Give me particulars.

SOOTH. I have ſaid.

IRAS. Am I not an inch of fortune better than ſhe?

CHAR. Well if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chuſe it?

IRAS. Not in my huſband's noſe.

CHAR. Our worſer thoughts heav'ns mend! Alexas, ——Come, his fortune; his fortune.——O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, ſweet Iſis, I beſeech thee; and let her die too, and give him a worſe; and let worſe follow worſt, 'till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty fold a cuckold! Good Iſis hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Iſis, I beſeech thee!

IRAS. Amen, dear Goddeſs, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear Iſis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly.

CHAR. Amen!

ALEX. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themſelves whores, but they'd do't.

SCENE III. Enter Cleopatra.

ENO. Huſh! here comes Antony.

CHAR. Not he, the Queen.

CLEO. Saw you my Lord?

ENO. No, Lady.

CLEO. Was he not here?

CHAR. No, Madam.

CLEO. He was diſpos'd to mirth, but on the ſudden

A Roman thought hath ſtruck him. Enobarbus,——

ENO. Madam.

CLEO. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

ALEX. Here at your ſervice. My Lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Meſſenger, and Attendants.

CLEO. We will not look upon him. Go with us.

[Exeunt.

MES. Fulvia thy wife firſt came into the field.

ANT. Againſt my brother Lucius?

MES. Ay,

But ſoon that war had end, and the time's ſtate
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainſt Cæſar,
Whoſe better iſſue in the war from Italy
Upon the firſt encounter, drave them.

ANT. Well, what worſt?

MES. The nature of bad news infects the teller,

ANT. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On.——
Things, that are paſt, are done, with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in the tale lie death,
I hear him, as he flatter'd.

MES. Labienus (this is ſtiff news)
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Aſia;
From Euphrates his conquering banner ſhook,
From Syria to Lydia, and Ionia;
Whilſt——

ANT. Antony, thou wouldſt ſay——

MES. Oh, my Lord!

ANT. Speak to me home, mince not the gen'ral tongue;
Name Cleopatra as ſhe's call'd in Rome.
Rail thou in Fulvia's phraſe, and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licence, as both truth and malice

Have power to utter. Oh, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie ſtill; and our ill, told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

MES. At your noble pleaſure.

ANT. From Sicyon, how the news? Speak there.

MES. The man from Sicyon.——Is there ſuch an one?

[Exit firſt Meſſenger.

ATTEND. He ſtays upon your will.

ANT. Let him appear.
Theſe ſtrong Ægyptian fetters I muſt break,

Enter another Meſſenger, with a Letter.

Or loſe myſelf in dotage. What are you?

2 MES. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

ANT. Where died ſhe?

2 MES. In Sicyon.
Her length of ſickneſs, with what elſe more ſerious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a Letter.

ANT. Forbear me.——— [Exit ſecond Meſſenger.
There's a great ſpirit gone! Thus did I deſire it.
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again; the preſent pleaſure,
By revolution low'ring, does become
The oppoſite of itſelf; ſhe's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that ſhov'd her on.
I muſt from this enchanting Queen break off.
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch. How now, Enobarbus?

Enter Enobarbus.

ENO. What's your pleaſure, Sir?

ANT. I muſt with haſte from hence.

ENO. Why, then we kill all our women; we ſee how mortal an unkindneſs is to them; if they ſuffer our departure, death's the word.

ANT. I muſt be gone.

ENO. Under a compelling occaſion, let women die. It were pity to caſt them away for nothing; though between them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the leaſt noiſe of this, dies inſtantly; I have ſeen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment; I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

ANT. She is cunning paſt man's thought.

ENO. Alack, Sir, no; her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears, they are greater ſtorms and tempeſts than almanacks can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, ſhe makes a ſhow'r of rain as well as Jove.

ANT. 'Would I had never ſeen her!

ENO. Oh, Sir, you had then left unſeen a wonderful piece of work, which, not to have been bleſt withal, would have diſcredited your travel.

ANT. Fulvia is dead.

ENO. Sir!

ANT. Fulvia is dead.

ENO. Fulvia?

ANT. Dead.

ENO. Why, Sir, give the Gods a thankful ſacrifice: when it pleaſeth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it ſhews to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there

there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the caſe were to be lamented; this grief is crowned with conſolation, your old ſmock brings forth a new petticoat. And, indeed, the tears live in an onion that ſhould water this ſorrow.

ANT. The buſineſs, ſhe hath broach'd in the ſtate,
Cannot endure my abſence.

ENO. And the buſineſs, you have broach'd here, cannot be without you; eſpecially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

ANT. No more light anſwers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpoſe. I ſhall break
The cauſe of our expedience to the Queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do ſtrongly ſpeak t' us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
Hath giv'n the dare to Cæſar, and commands
The empire of the ſea. Our ſlipp'ry people,
Whoſe love is never link'd to the deſerver,
'Till his deſerts are paſt, begin to throw
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his ſon; who high in name and pow'r,
Higher than both in blood and life, ſtands up
For the main ſoldier; whoſe quality going on,
The ſides o' th' world may danger. Much is breeding;
Which, like the courſer's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a ſerpent's poiſon. Say our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe places under us, require
Our quick remove from hence.

ENO. I'll do't. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

CLEO. Where is he?

CHAR. I did not ſee him ſince.

CLEO. See, where he is, who's with him, what he does.———

I did not ſend you.———If you find him ſad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report,
That I am ſudden ſick. Quick, and return.

CHAR. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

CLEO. What ſhould I do, I do not?

CHAR. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.

CLEO. Thou teacheſt, like a fool, the way to loſe him.

CHAR. Tempt him not ſo, too far. I wiſh forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.

CLEO. I'm ſick and ſullen.

ANT. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe.

CLEO. Help me away, dear Charmian, I ſhall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of nature
Will not ſuſtain it. [Seeming to faint.

ANT. Now, my deareſt Queen,———

CLEO. Pray you, ſtand farther from me.

ANT. What's the matter?

CLEO. I know, by that ſame eye, there's ſome good news.
What ſays the marry'd woman?——You may go;
'Would, ſhe had never given you leave to come!

Let her not ſay, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no pow'r upon you. Hers you are.

ANT. The Gods beſt know,———

CLEO. O never was there Queen
So mightily betray'd; yet at the firſt
I ſaw the treaſons planted.

ANT. Cleopatra,———

CLEO. Why ſhould I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you with ſwearing ſhake the throned Gods,
Who have been falſe to Fulvia? riotous madneſs
To be entangled with theſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing!

ANT. Moſt ſweet Queen,———

CLEO. Nay, pray you, ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewel, and go: when you ſued ſtaying,
Then was the time for words; no going, then;———
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliſs in our brows' bent, none our parts ſo poor,
But was a race of heav'n. They are ſo ſtill,
Or thou, the greateſt ſoldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greateſt liar.

ANT. How now, lady?

CLEO. I would I had thy inches, thou ſhould'ſt know,
There were a heart in Ægypt.

ANT. Hear me, Queen;
The ſtrong neceſſity of time commands
Our ſervices a-while; but my full heart
Remains in uſe with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil ſwords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome.
Equality of two domeſtick pow'rs
Breeds ſcrupulous faction; the hated, grown to ſtrength,

Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of ſuch as have not thriv'n
Upon the preſent ſtate, whoſe numbers threaten;
And quietneſs, grown ſick of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change. My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

CLEO. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childiſhneſs. Can Fulvia die?

ANT. She's dead, my Queen.
Look here, and at thy ſovereign leiſure read
The garboyls ſhe awak'd: at the laſt, beſt,
See, when, and where ſhe died.

CLEO. O moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhouldſt fill
With ſorrowful water? now I ſee, I ſee,
In Fulvia's death, how mine ſhall be receiv'd.

ANT. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give th' advices. By the fire,
That quickens Nilus' ſlime, I go from hence
Thy ſoldier, ſervant, making peace or war,
As thou affect'ſt.

CLEO. Cut my lace, Charmian, come.
But let it be.——I'm quickly ill, and well.
——So, Antony loves.

ANT, My precious Queen, forbear,
And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
An honourable trial.

CLEO. So Fulvia told me.

I pr'ythee, turn aſide, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me and ſay, the tears
Belong to Ægypt. Good now, play one ſcene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

ANT. You'll heat my blood. No more.

CLEO. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

ANT. Now by my ſword———

CLEO. And target——Still he mends:
But this is not the beſt. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

ANT. I'll leave you, lady.

CLEO. Courteous Lord, one word.
Sir, you and I muſt part; (but that's not it,)
Sir, you and I have lov'd; (but there's not it;
That you know well;) ſomething it is, I would:
Oh, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

ANT. But that your royalty
Holds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For idleneſs itſelf.

CLEO. 'Tis ſweating labour,
To bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart,
As Cleopatra, this. But, Sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence,
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the Gods go with you! On your ſword
Sit laurell'd victory, and ſmooth ſucceſs
Be ſtrew'd before your feet!

ANT. Let us go; come,

Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
That thou, reſiding here, goeſt yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Changes to Cæſar's palace in Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæſar reading a letter, Lepidus, and attendants.

CÆS. You may ſee, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæſar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news; he fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manly
Than Cleopatra; nor the Queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he.
Hardly gave audience, or vouchſaf'd to think
That he had partners. You ſhall there find a man,
Who is th' abſtract of all faults that all men follow.

LEP. I muſt not think,
They're evils enough to darken all his goodneſs;
His faults in him ſeem as the ſpots of heav'n
More fiery by night's blackneſs; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuſes.

Cæs. You're too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to ſit
And keep the turn of tipling with a ſlave,
To reel the ſtreets at noon; and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat; ſay, this becomes him;
As his compoſure muſt be rare, indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh; yet muſt Antony

No way excuſe his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightneſs. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs;
Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,
Call on him for't; but to confound ſuch time,
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours; 'tis to be chid,
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Meſſenger.

LEP. Here's more news.

MES. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Moſt noble Cæſar, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is ſtrong at ſea,
And, it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd Cæſar: to the ports
The diſcontents repair, and mens reports
Give him much wrong'd.

CÆS. I ſhould have known no leſs;
It hath been taught us from the primal ſtate,
That he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
'Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to, and back, lacquing the varying tide,
To rot itſelf with motion.

MES. Cæſar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the ſea ſerve them; which they ear and wound

With keels of every kind. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen: for Pompey's names ſtrikes more,
Than could his war reſiſted.

CÆS. Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſels. When thou once
Wert beaten from Modena, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and Panſa conſuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than ſavages could ſuffer. Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes, and the gilded puddle
Which beaſts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign
The roughеſt berry on the rudeſt hedge:
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſed'ſt. On the Alps,
It is reported thou didſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on; and all this,
It wounds thine honour, that I ſpeak it now,
Was bore ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

LEP. It is pity of him.

CÆS. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to Rome; time is it, that we twain
Did ſhew ourſelves i' th' field; and to that end
Aſſemble we immediate council. Pompey
Thrives in our idleneſs.

LEP. To mo row, Cæſar,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly,
Both what by ſea and land I can be able,

To front this preſent time.

CÆS. 'Till which encounter,
It is my buſineſs too. Farewel.

LEP. Farewel, my Lord.
What you ſhall know mean time of ſtirs abroad,
I ſhall beſeech you, let me be partaker.

CÆS. Doubt it not, Sir; I knew it for my bond.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

CLEO. Charmian———

CHAR. Madam?

CLEO. Ha, ha—give me to drink Mandragora.

CHAR. Why, Madam?

CLEO. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

CHAR. You think of him too much.

CLEO. O, tis treaſon———

CHAR. Madam, I truſt not ſo.

CLEO. Thou, eunuch, Mardian!

MAR. What's your highneſs' pleaſure?

CLEO. Not now to hear thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In aught an enuch has; 'tis well for thee,
That, being unſeminar'd, thy free'r thoughts
May not fly forth of Ægypt. Haſt thou affections?

MAR. Yes, gracious Madam.

CLEO. Indeed?

MAR. Not in deed, Madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honeſt to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,

What Venus did with Mars.

CLEO. Oh Charmian!
Where think'ſt thou he is now? Stands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?
Oh happy horſe, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horſe; for, wot'ſt thou, whom thou mov'ſt?
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man. He's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, "where's my ſerpent of old Nile?"——
(For ſo he calls me;) Now I feed myſelf
With moſt delicious poiſon. Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time. Broad-fronted Cæſar,
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel for a monarch; and great Pompey,
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aſpect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

ALEX. Sov'reign of Ægypt hail!
CLEO. How much art thou unlike Mark Antony?
Yet coming from him, that great med'cine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
ALEX. Laſt thing he did, dear Queen,
He kiſt, the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,
This orient pearl.——His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.
CLEO. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.
ALEX. Good friend, quoth he,
"Say, the firm Roman to great Ægypt ſends

" This treaſure of an oyſter; at whoſe foot,
" To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
" Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the eaſt,
" Say thou, ſhall call her miſtreſs". So, he nodded;
And ſoberly did mount an arm-gaunt ſteed,
Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke,
Was beaſtly dumb by him.

CLEO. What, was he ſad or merry?

ALEX. Like to the time o' th' year, between th' extreams
Of hot and cold, he was nor ſad, nor merry.

CLEO. Oh well-divided diſpoſition!
Note him, good Charmian.—'Tis the man. But note him;
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his; He was not merry,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Ægypt with his joy; but between both.
Oh heav'nly mingle! Be'eſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man elſe. Met'ſt thou my poſts?

ALEX. Ay, Madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers.
Why do you ſend ſo thick?

CLEO. Who's born that day,
When I forget to ſend to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.——Ink and paper, Charmian.
——Welcome. my good Alexas.——Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæſar ſo?

CHAR. Oh, that brave Cæſar!

CLEO. Be choak'd with ſuch another emphaſis!
Say, the brave Antony.

CHAR. The valiant Cæſar.

CLEO. By Iſis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæſar paragon again

My man of men.

CHAR. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.

CLEO. My ſallad days;
When I was green in judgment. Cold in blood!
To ſay as I ſaid then,—But come away,
Get me ink and paper;
He ſhall have every day a ſeveral greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Ægypt. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SICILY.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

POMPEY.

IF the great Gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.

MEN. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

POMP. While we are ſuitors to their throne, decays
The thing we ſue for.

MEN. We, ignorant of ourſelves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers
Deny us for our good; ſo find we profit
By loſing of our prayers.

POMP. I ſhall do well:
The people love me, and the ſea is mine;
My pow'r's a creſcent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to th' full. Mark Antony
In Ægypt ſits at dinner, and will make

No wars without doors. Cæſar gets money, where
He loſes hearts; Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

MEN. Cæſar and Lepidus are in the field,
A mighty ſtrength they carry.

POMP. Where have you this? 'tis falſe.

MEN. From Silvius, Sir.

POMP. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony; but all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, ſoften thy wan lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty; luſt with both.
Tie up the libertine in a field of feaſts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſawce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a Lethe'd dulneſs———

Enter Varrius.

How now, Varrius?

VAR. This is moſt certain, that I ſhall deliver.
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; ſince he went from Ægypt, 'tis
A ſpace for farther travel.

POMP. I could have given leſs matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think,
This am'rous ſurfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For ſuch a petty war; his ſoldierſhip
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck

The ne'er luſt-wearied Antony.

MEN. I cannot hope,
Cæſar and Antony ſhall well greet together.
His wife, who's dead, did treſpaſſes to Cæſar;
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

POM. I know not, Menas,
How leſſer enmities may give way to greater.
Wer't not that we ſtand up againſt them all,
'Twere pregnant, they ſhould ſquare between themſelves,
For they have entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords, but how the fear of us
May cement their diviſions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't, as our Gods will have't! it only ſtands
Our lives upon, to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands.
Come, Menas. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Changes to Rome. Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

LEP. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, t' entreat your captain
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.

ENO. I ſhall entreat him
To anſwer like himſelf; if Cæſar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæſar's head,
And ſpeak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonio's beard,
I would not ſhave't to-day.

LEP. 'Tis not a time for private ſtomaching.

ENO. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't

LEP. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.
ENO. Not, if the ſmall come firſt.
LEP. Your ſpeech is paſſion;
But pray you ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

ENO. And yonder Cæſar.

Enter Cæſar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

ANT. If we compoſe well here, to Parthia.
——Hark, Ventidius.
CÆS. I do not know; Mecænas, aſk Agrippa.
LEP. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech,
Touch you the ſowreſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſtneſs grow to th' matter.
ANT. 'Tis ſpoken well;
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus. [Flouriſh.
CÆS. Welcome to Rome.
ANT. Thank you.
CÆS. Sit.
ANT. Sit, Sir.
CÆS. Nay, then——

ANT. I learn, you take things ill, which are not ſo;
Or, being, concern you not.
CÆS. I muſt be laught at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay myſelf offended, and with you
Chiefly i'th' world; More laught at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately, when to ſound
Your name it not concern'd me.
ANT. My being in Ægypt, Cæſar, what was't to you?
CÆS. No more than my reſiding here at Rome
Might be to you in Ægypt; yet, if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate, your being in Ægypt
Might be my queſtion.
ANT. How intend you, practis'd?
CÆS. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their conteſtation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.
ANT. You do miſtake your buſineſs: my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it,
And have my learning from ſome true reports
That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Having alike your cauſe? Of this, my letters
Before did ſatisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you've not to make it with,
It muſt not be with this.
CÆS. You praiſe yourſelf,
By laying defects of judgment to me, but
You patch up your excuſes.

ANT. Not ſo, not ſo:
I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with grateful eyes attend thoſe wars,
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would, you had her ſpirit in ſuch another;
The third o' th' world is yours, which with a ſnaffle
You may pace eaſy, but not ſuch a wife.

ENO. 'Would, we had all ſuch wives, that the men
Might go to wars with the women!

ANT. So much uncurbable her garboiles, Cæſar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too, I grieving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet: For that you muſt
But ſay, I could not help it.

CÆS. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria, you
Did pocket up my letters; and with taunts
Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.

ANT. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted; then
Three Kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i' th' morning; but, next day,
I told him of myſelf which was as much
As to have aſk'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife, if we contend,
Out of our queſtion wipe him.

CÆS. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you ſhall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEP. Soft, Cæſar.———

ANT. No, Lepidus, let him ſpeak;

The honour's ſacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing that I lackt it. But, on, Cæſar;
The article of my oath———

CÆS. To lend me arms and aid, when I requir'd them,
The which they both deny'd.

ANT. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honeſty
Shall not make poor my greatneſs; nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here;
For which myſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far aſk pardon, as befits mine honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.

LEP. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.

MEC. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the preſent need
Speaks to atone you.

LEP. Worthily ſpoken, Mecænas.

ENO. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the inſtant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again. You ſhall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing elſe to do.

ANT. Thou art a ſoldier only; ſpeak no more.

ENO. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.

ANT. You wrong this preſence, therefore ſpeak no more.

ENO. Go to then: your conſiderate ſtone.——

CÆS. I do not much diſlike the matter, but
The manner of his ſpeech: for't cannot be,
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions

So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop would hold us ſtaunch, from edge to edge
O' th' world, I would purſue it.

AGR. Give me leave, Cæſar.

CÆS. Speak, Agrippa.

AGR. Thou haſt a ſiſter by the mother's ſide,
Admir'd Octavia! great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

CÆS. Say not ſo, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deſerv'd of raſhneſs.

ANT. I am not married, Cæſar; let me hear
Agrippa further ſpeak.

AGR. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unſlipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife, whoſe beauty claims
No worſe a huſband than the beſt of men;
Whoſe virtue, and whoſe general graces ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealouſies, which now ſeem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke,
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.

ANT. Will Cæſar ſpeak?

CÆS. Not 'till he hears, how Antony is touch'd
With what is ſpoke already.

ANT. What power is in Agrippa
If I would ſay, Agrippa, be it ſo,

To make this good?

CÆS. The power of Cæſar, and
His power unto Octavia.

ANT. May I never
To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhews,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace, and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And ſway our great deſigns!

CÆS. There is my hand:
A ſiſter I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love ſo dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!

LEP. Happily, amen.

ANT. I did not think to draw my ſword 'gainſt Pompey
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies and great
Of late upon me. I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that defy him.

LEP. Time calls upon's:
Of us muſt Pompey preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.

ANT. Where lies he?

CÆS. About the Mount Miſenus.

ANT. What is his ſtrength by land?

CÆS. Great, and increaſing; but by ſea
He is an abſolute maſter.

ANT. So is the fame.
'Would, we had ſpoke together! haſte we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourſelves in arms, diſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.

CÆS. With moſt gladneſs;
And do invite you to my ſiſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I will lead you.

ANT. Let us, Lepidus, not lack your company.

LEP. Noble Antony, not ſickneſs ſhould detain me.

[Flouriſh. Exeunt.

SCENE III. Manent Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecænas.

MEC. Welcome from Ægypt, Sir.

ENO. Half the heart of Cæſar, worthy Mecænas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!———

AGR. Good Enobarbus!

MEC. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted. You ſtay'd well by't in Egypt.

ENO. Ay, Sir, we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

MEC. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt, and but twelve perſons there———Is this true?

ENO. This was but as a fly by an eagle; we had much more monſtrous matter of feaſt, which worthily deſerved noting.

MEC. She's a moſt triumphant lady, if report be ſquare to her.

ENO. When ſhe firſt met Mark Antony, ſhe purs'd up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

AGR. There ſhe appear'd, indeed; or my reporter devis'd well for her.

ENO. I will tell you;
The barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſh'd throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that
The winds were love-ſick with 'em; th' oars were ſilver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription; ſhe did lie
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tiſſue,
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we ſee
The fancy out-work nature. On each ſide her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

AGR. Oh, rare for Antony!

ENO. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adorings. At the helm,
A ſeeming mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackles
Swell with the touches of thoſe flower-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caſt
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

AGR. Rare Ægyptian!

ENO. Upon her landing, Antony ſent to her,
Invited her to ſupper: ſhe reply'd,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt;
Which ſhe entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of NO woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;

And for his ordinary pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

AGR. Royal wench!
She made great Cæſar lay his ſword to bed;
He plough'd her, and ſhe cropt.

ENO. I ſaw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick ſtreet:
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And breathleſs power breathe forth.

MEC. Now Antony muſt leave her utterly.

ENO. Never, he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her, that the holy prieſts
Bleſs her when ſhe is riggiſh.

MEC. If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A bleſſed lottery to him.

AGR. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourſelf my gueſt,
Whilſt you abide here.

ENO. Humbly, Sir, I thank you. [Exeunt.

Enter Antony, Cæſar, Octavia between them.

ANT. The world, and my great office, will ſometimes
Divide me from your boſom.

OCTA. All which time,
Before the gods my knee ſhall bow in prayers
To them for you.

ANT. Good night, ſir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemiſhes in the world's report,
I have not kept my ſquare, but that to come
Shall all be done by th' rule. Good night, dear lady.

OCTA. Good night, ſir.

CÆS. Good night. [Exeunt Cæſar and Octavia.

SCENE IV. Enter Soothſayer.

ANT. Now, ſirrah! you do wiſh yourſelf in Ægypt?

SOOTH. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!

ANT. If you can, your reaſon?

SOOTH. I ſee it in my motion, have it not in my tongue; but yet hie you to Ægypt again.

ANT. Say to me, whoſe fortunes ſhall riſe higher,
Cæſar's or mine?

SOOTH. Cæſar's.———
Therefore, oh Antony, ſtay not by his ſide.
Thy Dæmon, that thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæſar's is not. But, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpowered, therefore
Make ſpace enough between you.

ANT. Speak this no more.

SOOTH. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.———
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou'rt ſure to loſe: and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds; thy luſtre thickens,
When he ſhines by. I ſay again, thy ſpirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he away, 'tis noble.

ANT. Get thee gone.
Say to Ventidius, I would ſpeak with him.
[Exit Soothſayer
He ſhall to Parthia.——Be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoke true. The very dice obey him;
And, in our ſports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots, he ſpeeds;
His cocks do win the battle ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Ægypt;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter Ventidius.

I' th' eaſt my pleaſures lies. Oh, come, Ventidius.
You muſt to Parthia, your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me, and receiv't. [Exeunt.

Enter Lepidus, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

LEP. Trouble yourſelves no farther. Pray you, haſten
Your Generals after.
AGR. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiſs Octavia, and we'll follow.
LEP. 'Till I ſhall ſee you in your ſoldiers' dreſs
Which will become you both, farewel.
MEC. We ſhall,
As I conceive the journey, be at th' mount
Before you, Lepidus.
LEP. Your way is ſhorter,
My purpoſes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
BOTH. Sir, good ſucceſs.
LEP. Farewel. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

CLEO. Give me ſome muſick; muſick, moody food
Of us that trade in love———

OMNES. The muſick, hoa!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

CLEO. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

CHAR. My arm is ſore, beſt play with Mardian.

CLEO. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, ſir?

MAR. As well as I can, madam. [ſhort,

CLEO. And when good will is ſhew'd, tho't come too
The actor may plead pardon, I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to th' river, there,
My muſick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny finn'd fiſh; my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws: and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And ſay, ah, ha, you're caught.

CHAR. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a ſalt fiſh on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

CLEO. That time!———oh times!———
I laught him out of patience; and that night
I laught him into patience; and next morn
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed:
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his ſword Philippin. Oh, from Italy——

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

MES. Madam! Madam!———

CLEO. Antony's dead?———

If thou ſay ſo, villain, thou kill'ſt thy miſtreſs;
But well and free,
If ſo thou yield him, there is gold, and here
My blueſt veins to kiſs: a hand, that kings
Have lipt, and trembled kiſſing.

MES. Firſt, madam, he is well.

CLEO. Why, there's more gold. But ſirrah, mark, we uſe
To ſay, the dead are well; bring it to that
The gold, I give thee, will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

MES. Good madam, hear me.

CLEO. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodneſs in thy face. If Antony
Be free and healthful; why ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings? if not well,
Thou ſhouldſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
Not like a formal man.

MES. Will't pleaſe you hear me?

CLEO. I have a mind to ſtrike thee, ere thou ſpeak'ſt
Yet, if thou ſay Antony lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with Cæſar, or not captive to him,
I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

MES. Madam, he's well.

CLEO. Well ſaid.

MES. And friends with Cæſar.

CLEO. Thou'rt an honeſt man.

MES. Cæſar, and he, are greater friends than ever.

CLEO. Make thee a fortune from me.

MES. But yet, Madam———

CLEO. I do not like but yet; it does allay
The good precedence; fy upon but yet;
But yet, is as a jaylor to bring forth
Some monſtrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He's friends with Cæſar,
In ſtate of health, thou ſayſt; and thou ſay'ſt free.

MES. Free, madam! no: I made no ſuch report.
He's bound unto Octavia.

CLEO. For what good turn?

MES. For the beſt turn i' th' bed.

CLEO. I am pale, Charmian.

MES. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

CLEO. The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee!
[Strikes him down.

MES. Good madam, patience.

CLEO. What ſay you? [Strikes him.
Hence, horrible villain, or I'll ſpurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[She hales him up and down.
Thou ſhalt be whipt with wire, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

MES. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

CLEO. Say, 'tis not ſo, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud; the blow, thou hadſt,
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.

MES. He's married, madam.

CLEO. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long.
[Draws a knife.

MES. Nay, then I'll run:
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [Exit.
CHAR. Good madam, keep yourſelf within yourſelf,
The man is innocent.
CLEO. Some innocents 'ſcape not the thunderbolt—
Melt Egypt into Nile; and kindly creatures
Turn all to ſerpents! call the ſlave again,
Though I am mad, I will not bite him. Call.
CHAR. He is afraid to come.
CLEO. I will not hurt him.
Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than myſelf, ſince I myſelf
Have given myſelf the cauſe. Come hither, ſir.
Re-enter the meſſenger.
Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news. Give to a gracious meſſage
An hoſt of tongues, but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.
MES. I have done my duty.
CLEO. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If you again ſay, Yes.
MES. He's married, madam. [ſtill?
CLEO. The Gods confound thee! doſt thou hold there
MES. Should I lye, madam?
CLEO. Oh, I would, thou didſt;
So half my Ægypt were ſubmerg'd, and made
A ciſtern for ſcal'd ſnakes! go, get thee hence,
Hadſt thou Narciſſus in thy face, to me
Thou would'ſt appear moſt ugly: he is married?——
MES. I crave your highneſs' pardon,
CLEO. He is married?———

MES. Take no offence, that I would not offend you;
To puniſh me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He's married to Octavia.

CLEO. Oh, that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt ſure of!—Get thee hence,
The merchandiſes, thou haſt brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me:
Lie they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!
[Exit meſſenger.

CHAR. Good your highneſs, patience.

CLEO. In praiſing Antony, I have diſprais'd Cæſar.

CHAR. Many times, madam.

CLEO. I am paid for it now: lead me from hence,
I faint; oh Iras, Charmian—'tis no matter.———
Go to the fellow, good Alexas, bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly—
Let him for ever go—let him not—Charmian—
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
Th' other way's a Mars—bid you Alexas
Bring word, how tall ſhe is. Pity me, Charmian,
But ſpeak not to me. Lead me to my chamber: [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Changes to the coaſt of Italy, near Miſenum.

Enter Pompey and Menas, at one door, with drum and trumpet: At another, Cæſar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, Agrippa, with ſoldiers marching.

POMP. Your hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine;
And we ſhall talk before we fight.

CÆS. Moſt meet,

That firſt we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent;
Which if thou haſt conſider'd let us know
If 'twill tie up thy diſcontented ſword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That elſe much periſh here.

POMP. To you all three,
The ſenators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the Gods.——I do not know,
Wherefore my father ſhould revengers want,
Having a ſon and friends: ſince Julius Cæſar,
Who at Phillippi the good Brutus ghoſted,
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Caſſius to conſpire? and what
Made thee, all honour'd, honeſt Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd reſt, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the capitol, but that they would
Have one man, but a man? and that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy: At whoſe burden
The anger'd ocean foams, with which I meant
To ſcourge th' ingratitude that deſpightful Rome
Caſt on my noble father.

CÆS. Take your time.

ANT. Thou canſt not fear us, Pompey, with thy ſails;
We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea. At land, thou know'ſt,
How much we do o'er count thee.

POMP. At land, indeed,
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my father's houſe.
But ſince the cuckow builds not for himſelf,
Remain in't, as thou mayſt.

LEP. Be pleas'd to tell us,

For this is from the preſent, how you take
The offers we have ſent you.

CÆS. There's the point.

ANT. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

CÆS. And what may follow
To try a larger fortune.

POMP. You've made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I muſt
Rid all the ſea of pirates; then to ſend
Meaſures of wheat to Rome: this 'greed upon,
To part with unhact edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

OMNES. That's our offer.

POMP. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to ſome impatience.—Though I loſe
The praiſe of it by telling, you muſt know,
When Cæſar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

ANT. I have heard it, Pompey,
And am well ſtudied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

POMP. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, ſir, to have met you here.

ANT. The beds i' th' eaſt are ſoft, and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpoſe hither,
For I've gain'd by it.

CÆS. Since I ſaw you laſt,
There is a change upon you.

POMP. Well, I know not,
What counts hard fortune caſts upon my face,
But in my boſom ſhe ſhall never come,
To make my heart her vaſſal.

LEP. Well met here.

POMP. I hope ſo, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed.
I crave, our compoſition may be written
And ſeal'd between us.

CÆS. That's the next to do.

POMP. We'll feaſt each other, ere we part, and let's
Draw lots who ſhall begin.

ANT. That I will, Pompey.

POMP. No, Antony, take the lot:
But, firſt or laſt, your fine Ægyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I've heard that Julius Cæſar
Grew fat with feaſting there.

ANT. You have heard much.

POMP. I have fair meaning, ſir,

ANT. And fair words to them.

POML. Then ſo much have I heard.
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried———

ENO. No more of that. He did ſo.

POMP. What, I pray you?

ENO. A certain queen to Cæſar in a matreſs.

POMP. I know thee now. How, far'ſt thou, ſoldier.

ENO. Well;
And well am I like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feaſts are toward.

POMP. Let me ſhake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have ſeen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

ENO. Sir,

I never lov'd you much, but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deſerv'd ten times as much
As I have ſaid you did.

POMP. Enjoy thy plainneſs,
It nothing ill becomes thee;
Aboard my galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, lords?

ALL. Shew's the way, ſir.

POMP. Come. [Exeunt. Manent Enob. and Menas.

MEN. [Aſide.] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.
You and I have known, ſir.

ENO. At ſea, I think.

MEN. We have, ſir.

ENO. You have done well by water.

MEN. And you by land.

ENO. I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me, though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

MEN. Nor what I have done by water.

ENO. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own ſafety: you have been a great thief by ſea.

MEN. And you by land.

ENO. There I deny my land-ſervice; but give me your hand, Menas. If your eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kiſſing.

MEN. All men's faces are true, whatſoe'er their hands are.

ENO. But there is ne'er a fair woman, has a true face.

MEN. No ſlander, they ſteal hearts.

ENO. We came hither to fight with you.

MEN. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

ENO. If he do, ſure he cannot weep't back again.

MEN. You've ſaid, ſir; we look'd not for Mark Antony here; pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

ENO. Cæſar's ſiſter is called Octavia.

MEN. True, ſir, ſhe was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

ENO. But now ſhe is the wife of Marcus Antonius.

MEN. Pray ye, ſir?

ENO. 'Tis true.

MEN. Then is Cæſar and he for ever knit together.

ENO. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not propheſy ſo.

MEN. I think, the policy of that purpoſe made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

ENO. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find, the band, that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, will be the very ſtrangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.

MEN. Who would not have his wife ſo?

ENO. Not he, that himſelf is not ſo; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Ægyptian diſh again; then ſhall the ſighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæſar, and, as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will uſe his affection where it is; he married but his occaſion here.

MEN. And thus it may be. Come, ſir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

ENO. I ſhall take it, ſir. We have us'd our throats *Ægypt.*

MEN. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. On board Pompey's Galley.

Muſick plays. Enter two or three ſervants with a Banquet.

1 SERV. Here they'll be, man: ſome o' their plants are ill rooted already, the leaſt wind i' th' world will blow them down.

2 SERV. Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 SERV. They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 SERV. As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition, he cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himſelf to th' drink.

1 SERV. But it raiſes the greater war between him and his diſcretion.

2 SERV. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowſhip: I had as lieve have a reed that will do me no ſervice, as a Partizan I could not heave.

1 SERV. To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifullly diſaſter the cheeks.

Trumpets. Enter Cæſar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

ANT. Thus do they, Sir: they take the flow o'th' Nile
By certain ſcales i' th' pyramid; they know,
By th' height, the lowneſs, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow; the higher Nilus ſwells,
The more it promiſes. As it ebbs, the ſeedſman
Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

LEP. You've ſtrange ſerpents there.

ANT. Ay, Lepidus.

LEP. Your ſerpent of Ægypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your ſun; ſo is your crocodile.

ANT. They are ſo.

POMP. Sit, and ſome wine. A health to Lepidus.

LEP. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be;
But I'll ne'er out.

ENO. Not 'till you have ſlept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

LEP. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemey's Pyramiſis are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

MEN. Pompey, a word. [Aſide.

POMP. Say in mine ear, what is't?

MEN. Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, captain, [Aſide.
And hear me ſpeak a word.

POMP. Forbear me, 'till anon. [Whiſpers.
——This wine for Lepidus.

LEP. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

ANT. It is ſhap'd, ſir, like itſelf; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nouriſheth it; and the elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

LEP. What colour is it of?

ANT. Of its own colour too.

LEP. 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.

ANT. 'Tis ſo, and the tears of it are wet.

CÆS. Will this deſcription ſatisfy him?

ANT. With the health that Pompey gives him, elſe he is a very Epicure.

POMP. [To Menas aſide.] Go hang, ſir, hang! tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you. Where's the cup I call'd for?

MEN. If for the ſake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Riſe from thy ſtool.

POMP. [Riſes and walks aſide.] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

MEN. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

POMP. [To Menas.] Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith. What's elſe to ſay?——Be jolly, lords.

ANT. Theſe quick-ſands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, 'fore you ſink.

MEN. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

POMP. What ſay'ſt thou?

MEN. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? that's twice.

POMP. How ſhall that be?

MEN. But entertain it,
And though you think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

POMP. Haſt thou drunk well?

MEN. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly Jove:
What e'er the ocean pales, or ſky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

POMP. Shew me which way.

MEN. Theſe three world-ſharers, theſe competitors,
Are in thy veſſel. Let me cut the cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throats.
All then is thine.

POMP. Ah, this thou ſhould'ſt have done,

And not have ſpoken on't. In me, 'tis villainy;
In thee, 't had been good ſervice. Thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath ſo betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
But muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink.

MEN. For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more;
Who ſeeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

POMP. This health to Lepidus.

ANT. Bear him aſhore, I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

ENO. Here's to thee, Menas.

MEN. Enobarbus, welcome.

POMP. Fill 'till the cup be hid.

ENO. There's a ſtrong fellow, Menas.——
[Pointing to Lepidus.

MEN. Why?

ENO. He bears the third part of the world, man!
See'ſt not?

MEN. The third part then is drunk; 'would, it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

ENO. Drink thou, encreaſe the reels.

MEN. Come.

POMP. This is not an Alexandrian feaſt.

ANT. It ripens towards it; ſtrike the veſſels, hoa.
Here is to Cæſar.

CÆS. I could well forbear it;
It's monſtrous labour when I waſh my brain,
And it grows fouler.

ANT. Be a child o' th' time.

CÆS. Poſſeſs it, I'll make anſwer; but I had rather
Faſt from all, four days, than drink ſo much in one.

ENO. Ha, my brave emperor,
Shall we dance now the Ægyptian bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

POMP. Let', ha't, good ſoldier.

ANT. Come, let's take hands;
'Till that the conquering wine hath ſteept our ſenſe
In ſoft and delicate Lethe.

ENO. All take hands:
Make battery to our ears with the loud muſic,
The while I'll place you; then the boy ſhall ſing:
The holding every man ſhall bear, as loud
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

[Muſick plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

THE SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne,
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!
Cup us, 'till the world go round;
Cup us, 'till the world go round.

CÆS. What would you more? Pompey, good night, good brother,
Let me requeſt you off; our graver buſineſs
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;
You ſee, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarbus
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it ſpeaks; the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antickt us all. What needs more words? Good night.

Good Antony, your hand.

POMP. I'll try you on the ſhore.

ANT. And ſhall, Sir. Give's your hand.

POMP. Oh, Antony, you have my father's houſe.
But, what! we're friends; come down into the boat.

ENO. Take heed you fall not.

MEN. I'll not on ſhore.——No, to my cabin—— Theſe drums!——Theſe trumpets, flutes! what!
Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewel
To theſe great fellows. Sound, and be hang'd, ſound out.
[Sound a flouriſh, with drums.

ENO. Hoo, ſays 'a! There's my cap.

MEN. Hoa!——noble captain, come. [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A camp in a part of Syria.

Enter Ventidius, as after conqueſt; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

VENTIDIUS.

NOW, darting Parthia, art thou ſtruck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Caſſius' death
Make me revenger. Bear the king's ſon's body
Before our hoſt; thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Caſſius.

SIL. Noble Ventidius.
Whilſt yet with Parthian blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow: Spur through Media,
Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither
The routed fly. So thy grand captain Antony
Shall ſet thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

VEN. Oh, Silius, Silius,
I've done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he, we ſerve, 's away.
Cæſar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer, than perſon. Soſſius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he atchiev'd by th' minute, loſt his favour.
Who does i' th' wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The ſoldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loſs,
That gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance periſh.

SIL. Thou haſt, Ventidius, that, without the which
A ſoldier and his ſword grant ſcarce diſtinction;
Thou wilt write to Antony?

VEN. I'll humbly ſignify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How with his banners, and his well-paid ranks
The ne'er yet-beaten horſe of Parthia
We've jaded out o' th' field.

SIL. Where is he now?

VEN. He purpoſeth to Athens. With what haſte
The weight we muſt convey with's will permit,
We ſhall appear before him. On, there;——paſs along.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. Changes to Rome.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

AGR. What, are the brothers parted?

ENO. They have diſpatch'd with Pompey; he is gone.
The other three are ſealing. Octavia weeps,
To part from Rome: Cæſar is ſad: and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feaſt, as Menas ſays, is troubled
With the green ſickneſs.

AGR. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

ENO. A very fine one; oh, how he loves Cæſar!

AGR. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

ENO. Cæſar? why he's the Jupiter of men.

AGR. What's Antony? the God of Jupiter.

ENO. Speak you of Cæſar? how? the non-pareil!

AGR. Oh Antony, oh thou Arabian bird!

ENO. Would you praiſe Cæſar, ſay,—Cæſar; go no further.

AGR. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praiſes.

ENO. But he loves Cæſar beſt, yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figure, ſcribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number, ho!
His love to Antony. But as for Cæſar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder———

AGR. Both he loves.

ENO. They are his ſhards, and he their beetle. So—
This is to horſe. Adieu, noble Agrippa. [Trumpets.

AGR. Good fortune, worthy ſoldier; and farewel.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

ANT. No further, Sir,

CÆS. You take from me a great part of myſelf:
Uſe me well in't. Siſter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furtheſt bond
Shall paſs on thy approof. Moſt noble Antony,

Let not the piece of virtue, which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortreſs of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſht.

ANT. Make me not offended
In your diſtruſt.

CÆS. I've ſaid.

ANT. You ſhall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the leaſt cauſe
For what you ſeem to fear; ſo the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans ſerve your ends!
We will here part.

CÆS. Farewel, my deareſt ſiſter, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy ſpirits all of comfort! Fare thee well.

OCT. My noble brother!

ANT. The April's in her eyes: it is love's ſpring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on. Be chearful.

OCT. Sir, look well to my huſband's houſe; and——

CÆS. What, Octavia?

OCT. I'll tell you in your ear.

ANT. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the ſwan's down-feather,
That ſtands upon the ſwell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

ENO. Will Cæſar weep?

AGR. He has a cloud in's face.

ENG. He were the worſe for that, were he a horſe;
So is he, being a man.

AGR. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almoſt to roaring; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus ſlain.

ENO. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe't, 'till I wept too.

CÆS. No, ſweet Octavia,
You ſhall hear from me ſtill; the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

ANT. Come, Sir, come,
'll wreſtle with you in my ſtrength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the Gods

CÆS. Adieu, be happy!

LEP. Let all the number of the ſtars give light
To thy fair way!

CÆS. Farewel, farewel! [Kiſſes Octavia.

ANT. Farewel! [Trumpets ſound. Exeunt.

SCENE III. Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

CLEO. Where is the fellow?

ALEX. Half afraid to come.

CLEO. Go to, go to. Come hither, Sir.

Enter the Meſſenger as before.

ALEX. Good majeſty!
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

CLEO. That Herod's head
I'll have; but how? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

MES. Moſt gracious majeſty,———

CLEO. Didſt thou behold
Octavia?
MES. Ay, dread queen.
CLEO. Where?
MES. In Rome, madam.
I look'd her in the face; and ſaw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
CLEO. Is ſhe as tall as me?
MES. She is not, madam.
CLEO. Didſt hear her ſpeak? Is ſhe ſhrill-tongu'd, or low?
MES. Madam, I heard her ſpeak; ſhe is low voic'd.
CLEO. That's not ſo good. He cannot like her long.
CHAR. Like her? oh Iſis! 'tis impoſſible.
CLEO. I think ſo, Charmian. Dull of tongue and dwarfiſh.
What majeſty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dſt on majeſty.
MES. She creeps;
Her motion and her ſtation are as one;
She ſhews a body rather than a life,
A ſtatue than a breather.
CLEO. Is this certain?
MES. Or I have no obſervance.
CHAR. Three in Ægypt
Cannot make better note.
CLEO. He's very knowing,
I do perceive't. There's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.
CHAR. Excellent.
CLEO. Gueſs at her years, I pr'ythee.
MES. Madam, ſhe was a widow.
CLEO. Widow? Charmian, hark.
MES. And I do think ſhe's thirty.

CLEO. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? Is't long, or round?
MES. Round even to faultineſs.
CLEO. For th' moſt part too,
They're fooliſh that are ſo. Her hair, what colour?
MES. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.
CLEO. There's gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpneſs ill,
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd.
CHAR. A proper man.
CLEO. Indeed, he is ſo. I repent me much,
That ſo I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.
CHAR. O, nothing, madam.
CLE. The man hath ſeen ſome majeſty, and ſhould know.
CHAR. Hath he ſeen Majeſty? Iſis elſe defend!
And ſerving you ſo long?
CL. I've one thing more to aſk him yet, good Charmian;
But 'tis no matter, thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
CHAR. I warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Changes to Athens.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

ANT. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,
That were excuſable, that and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import, but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainſt Pompey; made his will and read it
To public ear; ſpoke ſcantily of me:
When perforce he could not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and ſickly
He vented them; moſt narrow meaſure lent me;
When the beſt hint was giv'n him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

OCT. Oh, my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne'er ſtood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me preſently,
When I ſhall pray, "Oh, bleſs my lord and huſband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"Oh, bleſs my brother!" Huſband win, win brother,
Prays, and deſtroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt theſe extreams at all.

ANT. Gentle Octavia,
Let your beſt love draw to that point, which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerve it; if I loſe mine honour,
I loſe myſelf; better I were not yours,
That youre ſo branchleſs. But, as you requeſted,
Yourſelf ſhall go between's; the mean time, lady,
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war,
Shall ſtain your brother; make your ſooneſt haſte;
So, your deſires are yours.

OCT. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me, moſt weak, moſt weak,
Your reconciler! wars 'twixt you 'twain would be
As if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlain men
Should ſolder up the rift.

ANT. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your diſpleaſure that way; for our faults
Can never be ſo equal, that your love

Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Chuſe your own company, and command what coſt
Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros.

ENO. How now, friend Eros?

EROS. There's ſtrange news, come, Sir.

ENO. What, man?

EROS. Cæſar and Lepidus have made war upon Pompey.

ENO. This is old; what is the ſucceſs?

EROS. Cæſar, having made uſe of him in the wars 'gainſt Pompey, preſently denied him rivality, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not reſting here, accuſes him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey. Upon his own appeal, ſeizes him: ſo the poor third is up, 'till death enlarge his confine.

ENO. Then 'would thou hadſt a pair of chaps, no more, and throw between them all the food thou haſt, they'll grind the other. Where's Antony?

EROS. He's walking in the garden, thus; and ſpurns
The ruſh that lies before him. Cries, "fool Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

ENO. Our great navy's rigg'd.

EROS. For Italy and Cæſar. More, Domitius,
My lord deſires you preſently. My news
I might have told hereafter.

ENO. 'Twill be naught; but let it be. Bring me to Antony.

EROS. Come, Sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Changes to Rome.

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, and Mecænas.

CÆS. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,

In Alexandria; here's the manner of it:
I' th' market-place on the tribunal ſilver'd,
Cleopatra and himſelf in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, ſat
Cæſario, whom they call my father's ſon;
And all the unlawful iſſue, that their luſt
Since then hath made between them. Unto her,
He gave th' eſtabliſhment of Ægypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lybia,
Abſolute queen.

MEC. This in the public eye?

CÆS. I' th' common ſhew-place, where they exerciſe,
His ſons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he aſſign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddeſs Iſis
That day appear'd, and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, ſo.

MEC. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

AGR. Who, queaſy with his inſolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

CÆS. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accuſations.

AGR. Whom does he accuſe?

CÆS. Cæſar, and that having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' th' iſle. Then does he ſay, he lent me
Some ſhipping unreſtor'd. Laſtly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

AGR. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.

CÆS. 'Tis done already, and his meſſenger gone.
I told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his change. For what I've conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

MEC. He'll never yield to that.

CÆS. Nor muſt not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia, with her Train.

OCT. Hail, Cæſar, and my lord! hail, moſt dear Cæſar!

CÆS. That ever I ſhould call thee caſt-away!

OCT. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.

CÆS. Why have you ſtol'n upon us thus? you come not
Like Cæſar's ſiſter; the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops; but you are come
A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The oſtentation of our love; which, left unſhewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we ſhould have met you
By ſea and land, ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.

OCT. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted

My grieving ear withal; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

CÆS. Which ſoon he granted,
Being an obſtruct 'tween his luſt and him.

OCT. Do not ſay ſo, my lord.

CÆS. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

OCT. My lord, in Athens.

CÆS. No, my moſt wronged ſiſter. Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore, who now are levying
The king's o' th' earth for war. He hath aſſembled
Bocchus the king of Lybia, Archelaus
Of Cappadocia, Philadelphus king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king of Adullas,
King Malchus of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Jewry, Mithridates king
Of Comagene, Polemon and Amintas,
The king of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger liſt of ſcepters.

OCT. Ay me, moſt wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

CÆS. Welcome hither;
Your letters did with-hold our breaking forth,
'Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content theſe ſtrong neceſſities;
But let determin'd things to deſtiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome,

Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
To do you juſtice, make their miniſters
Of us, and thoſe that love you. Be of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

AGR. Welcome, lady.

MEC. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;
Only th' adulterous Antony, moſt large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noiſes it againſt us.

OCT. Is it ſo, ſir?

CÆS. It is moſt certain. Siſter, welcome, Pray you,
Be ever known to patience, my dear'ſt ſiſter!

SCENE VI. Near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

CLEO. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

ENO. But why, why, why?

CLEO. Thou haſt foreſpoke my being in theſe wars;
And ſay'ſt, it is not fit.

ENO. Well; is it, is it?

CLEO. Is't not denounc'd againſt us? Why ſhould not we be there in perſon?

ENO. [Aſide.] Well, I could reply; if we ſhould ſerve with horſe and mares together, the horſe were merely loſt; the mares would bear a ſoldier and his horſe.

CLEO. What is't you ſay?

ENO. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle Antony!
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity, and 'tis ſaid in Rome,

That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

CLEO. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i' th' war;
And, as the preſident of my kingdom, will I
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it.
I will not ſtay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

ENO. Nay, I have done: here comes the emperor.

ANT. Is it not ſtrange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brunduſium,
He could ſo quickly cut th' Ionian ſea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on't, Sweet?

CLEO. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

ANT. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the beſt of men
To taunt at ſlackneſs. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by ſea.

CLEO. By ſea, what elſe?

CAN. Why will my lord do ſo?

ANT. For that he dares us to't.

ENO. So hath my lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.

CAN. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharſalia,
Where Cæſar fought with Pompey. But theſe offers,
Which ſerve not for his vantage, he ſhakes off;
And ſo ſhould you.

ENO. Your ſhips are not well mann'd,
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift impreſs. In Cæſar's fleet
Are thoſe that often have 'gainſt Pompey fought:
Their ſhips are yare, yours heavy: no diſgrace

Shall fall you for refuſing him at ſea,
Being prepar'd for land.

ANT. By ſea, by ſea.

ENO. Moſt worthy ſir, you therein throw away
The abſolute ſoldierſhip you have by land;
Diſtract your army, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of war-mark'd footmen: leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promiſes aſſurance, and
Give up yourſelf merely to chance and hazard,
From firm ſecurity.

ANT. I'll fight at ſea.

CLEO. I have ſixty ſails, Cæſar none better.

ANT. Our overplus of ſhipping will we burn,
And, with the reſt full-mann'd from th' head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæſar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thy buſineſs?

MES. The news is true, my lord; he is deſcry'd:
Cæſar has taken Toryne.

ANT. Can he be there in perſon? 'tis impoſſible.
Strange, that his power ſhould be ſo. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land,
And our twelve thouſand horſe. We'll to our ſhip;
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy ſoldier?

SOL. Oh noble emperor, do not fight by ſea,
Truſt not to rotten planks: do you miſdoubt
This ſword, and theſe my wounds? let the Ægyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth,

And fighting foot to foot.

ANT. Well, well, away, [Ex. Ant. Cleo. and Enob.

SOL. By Hercules, I think, I am i' th' right.

CAN. Soldier, thou art! but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: ſo our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

SOL. You keep by land
The legions and the horſe whole, do you not?

CAN. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Juſteius,
Publicola and Cælius, are for ſea:
But we keep whole by land. This ſpeed of Cæſar's
Carries beyond belief.

SOL. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions as
Beguil'd all ſpies.

CAN. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

SOL. They ſay, one Taurus.

CAN. Well; I know the man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

MES. The emperor calls Canidius.

CAN. With news the time's in labour, and throws forth
Each minute ſome. [Exeunt.

Enter Cæſar, with his army marching.

CÆS. Taurus!

TAUR. My lord. [battle,

CÆS. Strike not by land. Keep whole, provoke not
'Till we have done at ſea. Do not exceed
The preſcript of this ſcroul; our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [Exeunt.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

ANT. Set we our ſquadrons on yond ſide o' th' hill,
In eye of Cæſar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ſhips behold,

And ſo proceed accordingly. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Canidius, marching with his land-army one way over the ſtage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæſar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noiſe of a ſea-fight. Alarm. Enter Enobarbus.

ENO. Naught, naught, all naught. I can behold no longer;
Th' Antonias, the Ægyptian admiral,
With all their ſixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter Scarus.

SCAR. Gods and goddeſſes,
All the whole ſynod of them!

ENO. What's thy paſſion?

SCAR. The greater cantle of the world is loſt
With very ignorance; we have kiſs'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

ENO. How appears the fight?

SCAR. On our ſide like the token'd peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Yon ribauld nag of Ægypt,
Whom leproſy o'ertake! i' th' midſt o' th' fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd
Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder;
The brieze upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoiſts ſails, and flies.

ENO. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
Endure a further view.

SCAR. She once being looſt,
The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,
Claps on his ſea-wing, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:

I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate ſo itſelf.

ENO. Alack, alack.

Enter Canidius.

CAN. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well;
Oh, he has given example for our flight,
Moſt groſly by his own.

ENO. Ay, are you thereabouts? why then, good night, indeed.

CAN. Towards Peloponneſus are they fled.

SCAR. 'Tis eaſy to't,
And there I will attend what further comes.

CAN. To Cæſar will I render
My legions and my horſe; ſix kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

ENO. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reaſon
Sits in the wind againſt me. [Exeunt, ſeverally.

Enter Antony, with Eros and other Attendants.

ANT. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is aſham'd to bear me. Friends, come hither,
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Have loſt my way for ever. I've a ſhip
Laden with gold, take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæſar.

OMNES. Fly! not we.

ANT. I've fled myſelf and have inſtructed cowards
To run, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends, be gone.

I have myſelf reſolv'd upon a courſe,
Which has no need of you. Be gone,
My treaſure's in the harbour. Take it. Oh,
I followed that I bluſh to look upon;
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for raſhneſs, and they them
For fear and doating. Friends, be gone; you ſhall
Have letters for me to ſome friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not ſad,
Nor make replies of lothneſs; take the hint,
Which my deſpair proclaims. Let them be left,
Which leave themſelves. To the ſea-ſide. Straight-way
I will poſſeſs you of that ſhip and treaſure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now———
Nay, do ſo; for, indeed, I've loſt command.
Therefore, I pray you———I'll ſee you by and by.

[Sits down.

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras, to Antony.

EROS. Nay, gentle madam, to him. Comfort him.

IRAS. Do, moſt dear queen.

CHAR. Do? why, what elſe?

CLEO. Let me ſit down; oh Juno!

ANT. No, no, no, no, no.

EROS. See you here, ſir!

ANT. Oh fy, fy, fy.

CHAR. Madam———

IRAS. Madam, oh good empreſs!

EROS. Sir, ſir.

ANT. Yes, my lord, yes.—He at Philipi kept
His ſword e'en like a dancer, while I ſtrook
The lean and wrinkled Caſſius, and 'twas I,

That the mad Brutus ended; he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave ſquares of war; yet now—no matter—

CLEO. Ah, ſtand by.

EROS. The queen, my lord, the queen———

IRAS. Go to him, madam, ſpeak to him,
He is unqualitied with very ſhame.

CLEO. Well then, ſuſtain me; oh!

EROS. Moſt noble ſir, ariſe, the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will ſeize her, but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.

ANT. I have offended reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving———

EROS. Sir, the queen.

ANT. O whither haſt thou led me, Ægypt! ſee,
How I convey my ſhame out of thine eyes;
By looking back on what I've left behind,
'Stroy'd in diſhonour.

CLEO. Oh, my lord, my lord;
Forgive my fearful ſails; I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

ANT. Ægypt, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by th' ſtring,
And thou ſhould'ſt towe me after. O'er my ſpirit
Thy full ſupremacy thou knew'ſt; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the Gods
Command me.

CLEO. Oh, my pardon.

ANT. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhifts of lowneſs; who,
With half the bulk o' th' world, play'd as I pleas'd,

Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My ſword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.

CLEO. O, pardon, pardon.

ANT. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt: give me a kiſs,
Even this repays me.———
We ſent our ſchoolmaſter; is he come back?
Love, I am full of lead; ſome wine,
Within there, and our viands. Fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows. [Exit.

SCENE VIII. Changes to Cæſar's camp.

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.

CÆS. Let him appear, that's come from Antony.
Know you him?

DOL. Cæſar, 'tis his ſchoolmaſter;
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He ſends ſo poor a pinnion of his wing,
Which had ſuperfluous kings for meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from Antony.

CÆS. Approach and ſpeak.

AMB. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To the grand ſea.

CÆS. Be't ſo. Declare thine office.

AMB. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in Ægypt; which not granted,
He leſſens his requeſts, and to thee ſues

To let him breathe between the heav'ns and earth
A private man in Athens. This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confeſs thy greatneſs;
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

CÆS. For Antony,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The queen
Of audience, nor deſire, ſhall fail; ſo ſhe
From Egypt drive her all-diſgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them both.

AMB. Fortune purſue thee!

CÆS. Bring him through the bands: [Exit Ambaſſador.
To try thy eloquence now 'tis time; diſpatch,
From Antony win Cleopatra; promiſe, [To Thyreus.
And in our name, when ſhe requires, add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their beſt fortunes ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er touch'd veſtal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus,
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will anſwer as a law.

THYR. Cæſar, I go.

CÆS. Obſerve, how Antony becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeaks
In every power that moves.

THYR. Cæſar, I ſhall. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. Changes to Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

CLEO. What ſhall we do, Enobarbus?

ENO. Think, and die.

CLEO. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

ENO. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reaſon. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whoſe ſeveral ranges
Frighted each other? why ſhould he follow?
The itch of his affection ſhould not then
Have nickt his captainſhip; at ſuch a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered queſtion. 'Twas a ſhame no leſs
Than was his loſs, to courſe your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

CLEO. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with the Ambaſſador.

ANT. Is that his anſwer?

AMB. Ay, my lord.

ANT. The queen ſhall then have courteſy,
So ſhe will yield us up.

AMB. He ſays ſo.

ANT. Let her know't.
To the boy Cæſar ſend this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim
With principalities.

CLEO. That head, my lord?

ANT. To him again. Tell him, he wears the roſe
Of youth upon him, from which the world ſhould note
Something particular; his coin, ſhips, legions,
May be a coward's, whoſe miniſters would prevail
Under the ſervice of a child, as ſoon
As i' th' command of Cæſar. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay compariſons apart,
And anſwer me declin'd, ſword againſt ſword,
Ourſelves alone. I'll write it, follow me. [Exit Antony.

ENO. Yes, like enough; high-battled Cæſar will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtaged to th' ſhew
Againſt a ſworder——I ſee, mens judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full Cæſar will
Anſwer his emptineſs!———Cæſar, thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. A meſſenger from Cæſar.

CLEO. What, no more ceremony? See, my women!—.
Againſt the blown roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, ſir.

ENO. Mine honeſty and I begin to ſquare;
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith meer folly: yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i' th' ſtory.

Enter Thyreus.

CLEO. Cæſar's will?

THYR. Hear it apart.

CLEO. None but friends. Say boldly.

THYR. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

ENO. He needs as many, Sir, as Cæſar has,
Or needs not us. If Cæſar pleaſe, our maſter
Will leap to be his friend; for us you know,
Whoſe he is, we are, and that's Cæſar's.

THYR. So.
Thus then, thou moſt renown'd, Cæſar intreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt

Further than he is Cæſar.

CLE. Go on.———Right royal.

THYR. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

CLE. Oh! [Aſide.

THYR. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.

CLE. He is a god, and knows
What is moſt right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

ENO. To be ſure of that,
I will aſk Antony———Sir, ſir, thou art ſo leaky,
That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deareſt quit thee. [Exit Enobarbus.

THYR. Shall I ſay to Cæſar
What you require of him? For he partly begs,
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his fortunes you would make a ſtaff
To lean upon.
But it would warm his ſpirits, to hear from me
You had left Antony, and put yourſelf
Under his ſhrowd, the univerſal landlord.

CLE. What's your name!

THYR. My name is Thyreus.

CLE. Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great Cæſar this; in deputation
I kiſs his conq'ring hand: tell him, I'm prompt
To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Ægypt.

THYR. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe:

Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

CLE. Your Cæſar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

SCENE X. Enter Antony, and Enobarus.

ANT. Favours! by Jove, that thunders.
[Seeing Thyreus kiſs her hand.
What art thou, fellow?

THYR. One that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To have command obey'd.

ENO. You will be whipp'd.

ANT. Approach there——ah, you kite!——Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me. Of late when I cry'd, hoa!
Like boys unto a muſs, kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, your will? Have you no ears?
I'm Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Enter Servants.

ENO. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

ANT. Moon and ſtars!——
Whip him;——Were't twenty of the greateſt tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæſar, ſhould I find them
So ſawcy with the hand of ſhe here, (what's her name,
Since ſhe was Cleopatra?)——Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you ſee him cringe his face,

And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

THYR. Mark Antony.———

ANT. Tug him away; being whipp'd,
Bring him again: this Jack of Cæſar's ſhall
Bear us an errand to him. [Exeunt with Thyreus.
You were half blaſted, ere I knew you; ha!
Have I my pillow left unpreſt in Rome,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

CLE. Good my lord,———

ANT. You have been a boggler ever.
But when we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,
Oh miſery on't! the wiſe gods ſeel our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.

CLE. Oh, is't come to this?

ANT. I found you as a morſel, cold upon
Dead Cæſar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; beſides what hotter hours,
Unregiſter'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriouſly pickt out. For, I am ſure,
Though you can gueſs what temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.

CLE. Wherefore is this?

ANT. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly ſeal,
And plighter of high hearts;———O that I were
Upon the hill of Baſan, to out-roar
The horned herd, for I have ſavage cauſe!

And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him. Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter a Servant with Thyreus.

SER. Soundly, my lord.

ANT. Cry'd he? and begg'd a' pardon?

SER. He did aſk favour.

ANT. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou waſt not made his daughter; and be thou ſorry
To follow Cæſar in his triumph, ſince
Thou haſt been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæſar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou ſay,
He makes me angry with him: For he ſeems
Proud and diſdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And, at this time, moſt eaſy 'tis to do't,
When my good ſtars, that were my former guides;
Have empty left their orbs, and ſhot their fires
Into the abyſm of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, to quit me. Urge it thou.
Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. [Exit Thyreus.

CLE. Have you done yet?

ANT. Alack, our terrene moon is now eclips'd,
And it portends alone the fall of Antony.

CLE. I muſt ſtay his time———

ANT. To flatter Cæſar, would you mingle eyes

With one that ties his points?

CLE. Not know me yet?

ANT. Cold-hearted toward me!

CLE. Ah, dear, if I be ſo,
From my cold heart let heav'n ingender hail,
And poiſon't in the ſource, and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, ſo
Diſſolve my life! the next Cæſario ſmite!
'Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Ægyptians all,
By the diſcandying of this pelletted ſtorm,
Lie graveleſs; 'till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

ANT. I'm ſatisfied:
Cæſar ſits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our ſever'd navy too
Have knit again, and float, threatening moſt ſea-like.
Where haſt thou been, my heart? Doſt thou hear, lady?
If from the field I ſhould return once more
To kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my ſword will earn my chronicle;
There is hope in't yet.

CLE. That's my brave lord.

ANT. I will be treble-ſinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly; for when my hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſom lives
Of me for jeſts; but now I'll ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me. Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my ſad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

CLE. It is my birth-day;
I had thought t' have held it poor: But ſince my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

ANT. We will yet do well.

CLE. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

ANT. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to them, and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their ſcars. Come on, my queen;
There's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe. [Exeunt.

ENO. Now he'll out-ſtare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear; and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the eſtridge; and, I ſee ſtill,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart. When valour preys on reaſon,
It eats the ſword it fights with. I will ſeek
Some way to leave him.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæſar's Camp.

Eeter Cæſar, Agrippa, and Mecænas, with their army.
Cæſar reading a letter.

CÆSAR.

HE calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Æzypt. My meſſenger
He hath whipt with rods, dares me to perſonal combat,
Cæſar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know,
He hath many other ways to die: mean time,

Laugh at his challenge.

MEC. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.

CÆS. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See, it be done;
And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

ANT. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

ENO. No.

ANT. Why should he not?

ENO. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune, He's twenty men to one.

ANT. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

ENO. I'll strike, and cry, "take all."

ANT. Well said. Come on.
Call forth my household servants, let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal. Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt; ſo haſt thou;
And thou; and thou; and thou. You've ſerv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

CLEO. What means this?

ENO. [Aſide.] 'Tis one of thoſe odd tricks, which ſorrow ſhoots
Out of the mind.

ANT. And thou art honeſt too.
I wiſh, I could be made ſo many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An Antony; that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.

OMNES. The Gods forbid!

ANT. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.

CLEO. What does he mean?

ENO. To make his followers weep.

ANT. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty;
Haply, you ſhall not ſee me more; or if,
A mangled ſhadow. It may chance, to-morrow
You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends
I turn you not away; but like a maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the Gods ſhield you for't?

ENO What mean you, ſir,
To give them this diſcomfort? Look, they weep
And I, an aſs, am onion-ey'd. For ſhame,
Transform us not to women.

ANT. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow, where thoſe drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe;
I ſpake t' you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow, and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to ſupper, come,
And drown conſideration. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A court of guard before the palace.

Enter a company of ſoldiers.

1 SOLD. Brother, good night, to-morrow is the day.

2 SOLD. It will determine one way. Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?

1 SOLD. Nothing. What news?

2 SOLD. Belike, 'tis but a rumour. Good-night to you.

1 SOLD. Well, ſir, good night.

[They meet with other ſoldiers.

2 SOLD. Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 SOLD. And you. Good-night, good-night.

[They place themſelves on every corner of the ſtage.

2 SOLL. Here, we; and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our landmen will ſtand up.

1 SOLD. 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpoſe.

[Muſick of the hautboys is under the ſtage.

2 SOLD. Peace, what noiſe?
1 SOLD. Liſt, liſt!
2 SOLD. Hark!
1 SOLD. Muſick i' th' air.——
3 SOLD. Under the earth.——
It ſigns well, does it not?
2 SOLD. No.
1 SOLD. Peace, I ſay. What ſhould this mean?
2 SOLD. 'Tis the god Hercules, who loved Antony,
Now leaves him.
1 SOLD. Walk, let's ſee if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
2 SOLD. How now, maſters? [Speak together.
OMNES. How now? How now? do you hear this?
1 SOLD. Is't not ſtrange?
3 SOLD. Do you hear, maſters? do you hear?
1 SOLD. Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter,
Let's ſee how 'twill give off.
OMNES. Content. 'Tis ſtrange. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Changes to Cleopatra's palace.

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with Charmian and others.

ANT. Eros, mine armour, Eros.
CLE. Sleep a little.
ANT. No, my chuck. Eros, come. Mine armour, Eros.

Enter Eros.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Becauſe we brave her. Come.
CLE. Nay, I'll help too.

ANT. What's this for; ah, let be, let be; thou art
The armourer of my heart;—falſe, falſe; this, this;—
CLE. Sooth-la, I'll help. Thus it muſt be.
[Cleopatra puts the armour on Antony.
ANT. Well, well, we ſhall thrive now;
Seeſt thou, my good fellow? Go, put on thy defences.
ERO. Briefly, ſir.
CLE. Is not this buckled well?
ANT. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do pleaſe
To doff't for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.
Thou fumbleſt, Eros; and my queen's a ſquire
More tight at this than thou. Diſpatch. O love!
That thou could'ſt ſee my wars to-day, and knew'ſt
The royal occupation; thou ſhouldſt ſee
A workman in't.

Enter an armed ſoldier.

Good-morrow to thee, welcome;
Thou look'ſt like him, that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love we riſe betime,
And go to't with delight.
SOLD. A thouſand, ſir,
Early though 't be, have on their rivetted trim,
And at the port expect you. [Shout. Trumpets flouriſh.

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

CAP. The morn is fair. Good-morrow, general!
ALL. Good-morrow, general!
ANT. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

So, ſo.——Come, give me that—This way—Well ſaid.
Fare thee well, dame, what e'er becomes of me,
This is a ſoldier's kiſs: rebukeable, [Kiſſes her.
And worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
On more mechanick compliment: I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of ſteel. You, that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, I'll bring you to't. Adieu. [Exeunt.

CHAR. Pleaſe you retire to your chamber?

CLE. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæſar might
Determine this great war in ſingle fight!
Then, Antony,—But now.—Well!—On. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Changes to a Camp.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Antony, and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.

SOLD. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

ANT. 'Would, thou and thoſe thy ſcars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

EROS. Hadſt thou done ſo,
The kings, that have revolted, and the ſoldier,
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Follow'd thy heels.

ANT. Who's gone this morning?

EROS. Who?
One ever near thee. Call for Enobarbus,
He ſhall not hear thee; or from Cæſar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine."

ANT. What ſay'ſt thou?

SOLD. Sir,
He is with Cæſar.

EROS. Sir his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

ANT. Is he gone?

SOLD. Most certain.

ANT. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it,
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him,
I will subscribe, gentle adieus, and greetings.
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. Oh, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch, my Eros. [EX.

SCENE VI. Changes to Cæsar's camp.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and Dolabella.

CÆS. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight;
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

AGR. Cæsar, I shall.

CÆS. The time of universal peace is near.
Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

MES. Mark Antony is come into the field.

CÆS. Go, charge Agrippa.
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [Exeunt.

ENO. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony; for this pains,

Cæſar hath hang'd him: Canidius, and the reſt,
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable truſt. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuſe myſelf ſo ſorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæſar's.

SOL. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee ſent all thy treaſure, with
His bounty over-plus. The meſſenger
Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

ENO. I give it you.

SOL. Mock not, Enobarbus,
I tell you true. Beſt, you ſafed the bringer
Out of the hoſt, I muſt attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myſelf. Your Emperor
Continues ſtill a Jove. [Exit.

ENO. I am alone the villain of the earth
And feel, I am ſo moſt. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldſt thou have paid
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! This blows my heart;
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean
Shall out-ſtrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel,
I fight againſt thee!——No, I will go ſeek
Some ditch, where I may die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VII. Before the walls of Alexandria.

Alarm. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa.

AGR. Retire, we have engag'd ourſelves too far:

Cæſar himſelf has work, and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected. [Exit.

Alarm. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

SCAR. O my brave emperor! this is fought indeed;
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

ANT. Thou bleed'ſt apace.

SCAR. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

ANT. They do retire.

SCAR. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter Eros.

EROS. They're beaten, ſir, and our advantage ſerves
For a fair victory.

SCAR. Let us ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis ſport to maul a runner.

ANT. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

SCAR. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.

Alarm. Enter Antony again in a March, Scarus with others.

ANT. We've beat him to his camp; run one before,
And let the queen know of our gueſts. To-morrow,
Before the ſun ſhall ſee 's, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to-day eſcap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the cauſe, but as 't had been

Each man's like mine; you have ſhewn all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats, whilſt they with joyful tears
Waſh the congealment from your wounds, and kiſs
The honour'd gaſhes whole. Give me thy hand,
[To Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bleſs thee. O thou day o' th' world
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harneſs, to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

CLE. Lord of lords!
Oh, infinite virtue! com'ſt thou ſmiling from
The world's great ſnare uncaught?

ANT. My nightingale!
We've beat them to their beds. What! Girl, though gray
Do ſomething mingle with our younger brown,
Yet ha' we a brain that nouriſhes our nerves,
And can get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man,
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand.
Kiſs it, my warrior. He hath fought to-day,
As if a god in hate of mankind had
Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.

CLE. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

ANT. He has deſerv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.——Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this hoſt, we would all ſup together;

And drink carowſes to the next day's fate,
Which promiſes royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blaſt you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our ratling tabourines,
That heav'n and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. Changes to Cæſar's Camp.

Enter a Sentry, and his Company. Enobarbus follows.

SEN. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We muſt return to th' court of guard; the night
Is ſhiny, and, they ſay, we ſhall embattle
By th' ſecond hour i' th' morn,

1 WATCH. This laſt day was a ſhrewd one to 's.

ENO. O bear me witneſs, night!

2 WATCH. What man is this?

1 WATCH. Stand cloſe, and liſt him.

ENO. Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed moon,
When men revolted ſhall upon record
Bear hateful memory; poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent.

SEN. Enobarbus?

3 WATCH. Peace; hark further.

ENO. O! ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſpunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finiſh all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;

But let the world rank me in regiſter
A maſter-leaver, and a fugitive:
Oh Antony! oh Antony! [Dies.

1 WATCH. Let's ſpeak to him.

SENT. Let's hear him, for the things he ſpeaks
May concern Cæſar.

2 WATCH. Let's do ſo, but he ſleeps.

SEN. Swoons rather, for ſo bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleep.

1 WATCH. Go we to him.

2 WATCH. Awake, ſir, awake, ſpeak to us.

1 WATCH. Hear you, ſir?

SEN. The hand of death has raught him.

[Drums afar off.

Hark, how the drums demurely wake the ſleepers:
Let's bear him to the court of guard: he is of note.
Our hour is fully out.

2 WATCH. Come on then, he may recover yet. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.

ANT. Their preparation is to-day by ſea,
We pleaſe them not by land.

SCAR. For both, my lord.

ANT. I would, they'd fight i' th' fire, or in the air,
We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall ſtay with us. Order for ſea is given;
They have put forth the haven.
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour.

Enter Cæſar, and his Army.

CÆS. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,

Which, as I tak 't, we ſhall; for his beſt force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our beſt advantage. [Exeunt.

[Alarm afar off, as at a ſea-fight.

Enter Antony and Scarus.

ANT. Yet they are not join'd.
Where yond pine ſtands, I ſhall diſcover all,
I'll bring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go, [Exit.

SCAR. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's ſails their neſts. The augurs
Say, they know not—they cannot tell—look grimly,
And dare not ſpeak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and by ſtarts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear,
Of what he has, and has not. [Exit.

SCENE X. Changes to the Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony.

ANT. All's loſt! this foul Ægyptian hath betray'd me!
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They caſt their caps up, and carouſe together
Like friends long loſt. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly:
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly. Be gone.
Oh, ſun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and Antony part here, even here
Do we ſhake hands—all come to this!—the hearts,
That ſpaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets

On bloſſoming Cæſar: and this pine is bark'd,
That over-topt them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh, this falſe ſoul of Ægypt! this grave charm,
Whoſe eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,
Whoſe boſom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipſy, hath at faſt and looſe
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loſs.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah! thou ſpell! avaunt.——————

CLE. Why is my lord enrag'd againſt his love?

ANT. Vaniſh, or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
And blemiſh Cæſar's triumph. Let him take thee
And hoiſt thee up to the ſhouting Plebeians,
Follow his chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy ſex. Moſt monſter like, be ſhewn
For poor'ſt diminutives, for dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy viſage up
With her prepared nails. 'Tis well, thou'rt gone;
[Exit Cleopatra.
If it be well to live. But better 'twere,
Thou fell'ſt into my fury; for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, hoa!
The ſhirt of Neſſus is upon me; teach me,
Alcides, thou mine anceſtor, thy rage.
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' moon,
And with thoſe hands that graſpt the heavieſt club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelf. The witch ſhall die;
To the young Roman boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under his plot; ſhe dies for 't. Eros, hoa! [Exit.

Re-enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

CLE. Help me, my women! oh, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his ſhield; the boar of Theſſaly
Was never ſo imboſt.

CHAR. To th' monument,
There lock yourſelf, and ſend him word you're dead.
The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatneſs going off.

CLE. To th' monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain myſelf;
Say that the laſt I ſpoke was Antony;
And word it, pr'ythee, piteouſly. Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To th' monument.
[Exeunt.

SCENE XI. Re-enter Antony and Eros.

ANT. Eros, thou yet behold'ſt me.

EROS. Ay, noble Lord.

ANT. Sometime, we ſee a cloud that's dragoniſh;
A vapour, ſometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou'ſt ſeen theſe ſigns,
They are black veſpers pageants.

EROS. Ay, my lord.

ANT. That, which is now a horſe, ev'n with a thought
The rack diſſimns, and makes it indiſtinct
As water is in water.

EROS. It does, my lord.

ANT. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Ev'n ſuch a body; here I'm Antony,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.

I made theſe wars for Ægypt; and the queen,
Whoſe heart, I thought, I had, for ſhe had mine;
(Which, whilſt it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now loſt!) ſhe, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæſar, and falſe play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.———
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us
Ourſelves to end ourſelves.

Enter Mardian.

Oh, thy vile lady!
Sh' has robb'd me of my ſword.

MAR. No, Antony,
My miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

ANT. Hence, ſaucy eunuch, peace. She hath betray'd me,
And ſhe ſhall die the death.

MAR. Death of one perſon can be paid but once,
And that ſhe has diſcharg'd. What thou wouldſt do,
Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was, Antony! moſt noble Antony!
Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; ſhe rendered life,
Thy name ſo buried in her.

ANT. Dead then?

MAR. Dead.

ANT. Unarm me, Eros, the long day's taſk is done,
And we muſt ſleep.—That thou depart'ſt hence ſafe,
Does pay thy labour richly. Go. [Exit. Mardian.
Off, pluck off;———
The ſeven-fold ſhield of Ajax cannot keep

The battery from my heart. Oh cleave, my ſides!
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail caſe!—apace, Eros, apace.
No more a ſoldier——Bruiſed pieces, go;
[Unarming himſelf.
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while——
[Exit Eros.
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So 't muſt be, for now
All length is torture. Since the torch is out,
Lie down and ſtray no further. Now all labour
Mars what it does, yea, very force entangles
Itſelf with ſtrength; ſeal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my queen——Eros!—Stay for me,
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly port make the ghoſts gaze;
Dido and her Æneas ſhall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours——Come, Eros, Eros!

Enter Eros.

EROS. What would my lord?

ANT. Since Cleopatra died,
I've liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the gods
Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back,
With ſhips, made cities, condemn myſelf, to lack
The courage of a woman; leſs noble-minded
Than ſhe, which, by her death, our Cæſar tells,
"I'm conqueror of myſelf." Thou art ſworn, Eros,
That when the exigent ſhould come, which now
Is come indeed, when I ſhould ſee behind me
Th' inevitable proſecution of diſgrace

And horror, that on my command thou then
Would'ſt kill me. Do it, for the time is come.
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'tis Cæſar thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in thy cheek.

EROS. The gods with-hold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, loſt aim, and could not?

ANT. Eros,
Wouldſt thou be window'd in great Rome, and ſee
Thy maſter thus with pleacht arms bending down
His corrigible neck, his face ſubdu'd
To penetrative ſhame: whilſt the wheel'd ſeat
Of fortunate Cæſar, drawn before him, branded
His baſeneſs that enſued?

EROS. I would not ſee 't.

ANT. Come then; for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt ſword, which thou haſt worn
Moſt uſeful for thy country.

EROS. Oh, ſir, pardon me.

ANT. When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? do it at once,
Or thy precedent ſervices are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

EROS. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lies.

ANT. Lo thee.———— [Turning from him.

EROS. My ſword is drawn.

ANT. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawn it.

EROS. My dear maſter,
My captain, and my emp'ror! Let me ſay,
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewel.

ANT. 'Tis ſaid, man,———and farewel.
EROS. Farewel, great chief. Shall I ſtrike now?
ANT. Now, Eros.
EROS. Why, there then——— [Eros kills himſelf.
Thus do I eſcape the ſorrow
Of Antony's death. [Dies.
ANT. Thrice nobler than myſelf!
Thou teacheſt me, oh, valiant Eros, what
I ſhould, and thou couldſt not. My Queen and Eros
Have by their brave inſtruction got upon me
A nobleneſs in record, but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros
Thy maſter dies thy ſcholar: to do thus
[Falling on his ſword.
I learnt of thee. How, not yet dead? not dead?—
The guard——ho!———oh, diſpatch me.

SCENE XII. Enter Dercetas, and Guard.

1 GUARD. What's the noiſe?
ANT. I've done my work ill, friends:
O, make an end of what I have begun.
2 GUARD. The ſtar is fall'n.
1 GUARD. And time is at his period!
ALL. Alas, and woe!
ANT. Let him, that loves me, ſtrike me dead.
1 GUARD. Not I.
2 GUARD. Nor I.
4 GUARD. Nor any one. [Exeunt.
DER. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This ſword but ſhewn to Cæſar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

DIO. Where's Antony?

DER. There, Diomed, there.

DIO. Lives he? Wilt thou not anſwer, man?

ANT. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy ſword, and give me
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.

DIO. Moſt abſolute lord,
My miſtreſs Cleopatra ſent me to thee.

ANT. When did ſhe ſend thee?

DIO. Now, my lord.

ANT. Where is ſhe? [fear

DIO. Lock'd in her monument. She had a propheſying
Of what hath come to paſs; for when ſhe ſaw,
Which never ſhall be found, you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with Cæſar; and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent word ſhe was dead.
But fearing ſince how it might work, hath ſent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come,
I dread, too late.

ANT. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

DIO. What, hoa! the emperor's guard. The guard, what, hoa!
Come. Your lord calls.

Enter a Guard.

ANT. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra 'bides,
'Tis the laſt ſervice that I ſhall command you.

GUARD. Woe, woe are we, ſir! you may not live to wear
All your true follow'rs out.

ALL. Moſt heavy day!

ANT. Nay, good my fellows, do not pleaſe ſharp fate

To grace it with your ſorrows. Bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up.
I have led you oft, carry me now, good friends;
And have my thanks for all. [Exeunt, bearing Antony.

SCENE XIII. Changes to a magnificent Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras above.

CLE. Oh Charmian, I will never go from hence.

CHAR. Be comforted, dear madam.

CLE. No, I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow,
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomedes.

How now? is he dead?

DIO. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' th' other ſide your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony borne by the Guard.

CLE. O thou ſun,
Burn the great ſphere thou mov'ſt in?—darkling ſtand
The varying ſhore o' th' world! O Antony!
Antony! Antony!
Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help; help, friends
Below, let's draw him hither.

ANT. Peace.
Not Cæſar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itſelf.

CLE. So it ſhould be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but, woe, 'tis ſo!
ANT. I am dying, Ægypt, dying; only yet
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.———
CLE. I dare not, dear,
Dear, my good lord, pardon, I dare not,
Leſt I be taken. Not th' imperious ſhew
Of the full fortun'd Cæſar ever ſhall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, ſerpents, have
Edge, ſting, or operation, I am ſafe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modeſt eyes
And ſtill concluſion ſhall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony.
Help me, my women. We muſt draw thee up——
Aſſiſt, good friends.
ANT. Oh, quick, or I am gone.
CLE. Here's ſport, indeed!—how heavy weighs my lord!
Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The ſtrong-wing'd Mercury ſhould fetch thee up,
And ſet thee by Jove's ſide. Yet come a little———
Wiſhers were ever fools. Oh come, come, come———
[They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome. Die, where thou haſt liv'd.
Quicken with kiſſing. Had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
ALL. O heavy ſight!
ANT. I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Give me ſome wine, and let me ſpeak a little.
CLE. No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,

That the falſe huſwife fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

ANT. One word, ſweet queen.
Of Cæſar ſeek your honour with your ſafety——oh——

CLE. They do not go together.

ANT. Gentle, hear me.
None about Cæſar truſt, but Proculeius.

CLE. My reſolution and my han s I'll truſt;
None about Cæſar.

ANT. The miſerable change, now at my end,
Lament nor ſorrow at; but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes,
Wherein I liv'd the greateſt prince o' th' world,
The nobleſt; and do now not baſely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now, my ſpirit is going;
I can no more——— [Antony dies.

CLE. Nobleſt of men, woo't die?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a ſtye? O ſee, my women!
The crown o' th' earth doth melt———my lord!
Oh, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The ſoldier's pole is fall'n; young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone;
And there is nothing leſt remarkable
Beneath the viſiting moon. [She faints.

CHAR. Oh, quietneſs, lady!

IRAS. She's dead too; our ſovereign.

CHAR. Lady!

IRAS. Madam!

CHAR. Oh madam, madam, madam———
IRAS. Royal Ægypt! empreſs!
CHAR. Peace, peace, Iras.
CLE. No more but in a woman, and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks,
And does the meaneſt chares!—It were for me
To throw my ſcepter at th' injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
'Till they had ſtol'n our jewel. All's but naught.
Patience is ſottiſh, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad. Then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us? how do you, women?
What, what. Good cheer: Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls?——ah, women, women; look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out———Good ſirs, take heart,
We'll bury him; and then what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come away,
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come, we have no friend
But reſolution, and the briefeſt end.

[Exeunt, bearing off Antony's body.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæſar's Camp.

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus, and train.

CÆSAR.

GO to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him,
He mocks the pauſes that he makes.

DOL. Cæſar, I ſhall. [Exit Dolabella.

Enter Dercetas, with the ſword of Antony,

CÆS. Whereſore is that? and what art thou, that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us?

DER. I am called Dercetas;
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd; whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my maſter, and I wore my life
To ſpend upon his haters. If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæſar: If thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.

CÆS. What is't thou ſay'ſt?

DER. I ſay, oh, Cæſar, Antony is dead.

CÆS. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack. The round world ſhould have ſhook
Lions into civil ſtreets, and citizens
Into their dens——The death of Antony
Is not a ſingle doom, in that name lay
A moiety of the world.

DER. He is dead, Cæſar
Not by a public miniſter of juſtice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that ſelf hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his ſword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble blood.

CÆS. Look you ſad, friends:——
The Gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To waſh the eyes of kings!

AGR. And ſtrange it is,
That nature muſt compel us to lament
Our moſt perſiſted deeds.

MEC. His taints and honours
Waged equal in him.

AGR. A rarer ſpirit never
Did ſteer humanity; but you gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæſar is touch'd.

MEC. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.

CÆS. O Antony!
I've follow'd thee to this——but we do lance
Diſeaſes in our bodies. I muſt perforce
Have ſhewn to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not ſtall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With tears as ſovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou my brother, my competitor
In top of all deſign, my mate in Empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart

Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our ſtars,
Unreconcileable, ſhould have divided
Our equalneſs to this. Hear me, good friends,——
But I will tell you at ſome meeter ſeaſon.——

Enter an Ægyptian.

The buſineſs of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he ſays.——Whence are you?

ÆGYPT. A poor Ægyptian yet; the queen my miſtreſs,
Confin'd in all ſhe has, her monument,
Of thy intents deſires inſtruction;
That ſhe preparedly may frame herſelf
To th' way ſhe's forc'd to.

CÆS. Bid her have good heart;
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her. For Cæſar cannot live,
To be ungentle.

ÆGYPT. So the gods preſerve thee! [Exit.

CÆS. Come hither, Proculeius; go and ſay,
We purpoſe her no ſhame; give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt in her greatneſs by ſome mortal ſtroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your ſpeedieſt bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find of her.

PRO. Cæſar, I ſhall. [Exit Proculeius.

CÆS. Gallus, go you along.——Where's Dolabella,
To ſecond Proculeius? [Exit Gallus.

ALL. Dolabella!

CÆS. Let him alone; for I remember now,

How he's employ'd; he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my writings. Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Changes to the Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian, and Seleucus, above.

CLE. My deſolation does begin to make
A better life; 'tis paltry to be Cæſar:
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A miniſter of her will, and it is great
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung;
The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.———

Enter Proculeius.

PRO. Cæſar ſends greeting to the Queen of Ægypt,
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.
CLE. What's thy name?
PRO. My name is Proculeius.
CLE. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me truſt you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no uſe for truſting. If your maſter
Would have a Queen his beggar, you muſt tell him,
That majeſty, to keep decorum, muſt
No leſs beg than a kingdom; if he pleaſe

To give me conquer'd Ægypt for my ſon,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

PRO. Be of good cheer.
You're fall'n into a princely hand. Fear nothing;
Make your full ref'rence freely to my lord,
Who is ſo full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependency, and you ſhall find
A conqu'ror that will pray in aid for kindneſs,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

CLE. Pray you, tell him,
I am his fortune's vaſſal, and I ſend him
The greatneſs he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' th' face.

PRO. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.
[Aſide.] You ſee, how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd.
Here Gallus, and guard, aſcend the Monument by a ladder, and enter at a back-window.
Guard her, 'till Cæſar come.

IRAS. O royal Queen!

CHAR. Oh Cleopatra! thou art taken, Queen.——

CLE. Quick, quick, good hands.
Drawing a dagger.

The Monument is open'd; Proculeius ruſhes in, and diſarms the Queen.

PRO. Hold, worthy lady, hold;
Do not yourſelf ſuch wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd but not betray'd.

CLE. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of languiſh?

PRO. Do not abuſe my maſter's bounty, by
Th' undoing of yourſelf: let the world ſee
His nobleneſs well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

CLE. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come: oh come, and take a Queen
Worth many babes and beggars.

PRO. Oh, temperance, lady!

CLE. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, ſir:
If idle talk will once be neceſſary,
I'll not ſleep neither. This mortal houſe I'll ruin,
Do Cæſar what he can. Know, ſir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your maſter's court,
Nor once be chaſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhew me to the ſhouting varletry
Of cens'ring Rome? rather a ditch in Ægypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me ſtark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high Pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

PRO. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horror further than you ſhall
Find cauſe in Cæſar.

SCENE III. Enter Dolabella.

DOL. Proculeius,
What thou haſt done thy maſter Cæſar knows,
And he hath ſent for thee; as for the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

PRO. So, Dolabella,
It ſhall content me beſt. Be gentle to her.
To Cæſar I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe,
[To Cleopatra.
If you'll employ me to him.

CLE. Say, I would die. [Exit Proculeius.

DOL. Moſt noble Empreſs, you have heard of me.

CLE. I cannot tell.

DOL. Aſſuredly, you know me.

CLE. No matter, ſir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams:
Is 't not your trick?

DOL. I underſtand not, madam.

CLE. I dreamt, there was an emp'ror Antony;
Oh ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man!

DOL. If it might pleaſe ye———

CLE. His face was as the heav'ns; and therein ſtuck
A ſun and moon, which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little O o' th' earth.

DOL. Moſt ſovereign creature;———

CLE. His legs beſtrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
Creſted the world, his voice was propertied
As all the tuned ſpheres, when that to friends;
But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the orb,
He was as ratling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't: An autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like, they ſhew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in; in his livery
Walk'd crowns and coronets, realms and iſlands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

DOL. Cleopatra———

CLE. Think you, there was, or might be, ſuch a man
As this I dreamt of?

DOL. Gentle madam, no.

CLE. You lye, up to the hearing of the gods.
But if there be, or ever were one ſuch,
It's paſt the ſize of dreaming; nature wants ſtuff
To vie ſtrange forms with fancy, yet t' imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainſt fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite.

DOL. Hear me, good madam.
Your loſs is as yourſelf, great: and you bear it,
As anſw'ring to the weight: 'would, I might never
O'er-take purſu'd ſucceſs, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſhoots
My very heart at root.

CLE. I thank you, ſir,
Know you, what Cæſar means to do with me?

DOL. I'm loth to tell you what I would you knew.

CLE. Nay, pray you, ſir.

DOL. Though he be honourable——

CLE. He'll lead me in triumph?

DOL. Madam, he will. I know 't.

ALL. Make way there——Cæſar.

SCENE IV. Enter Cæſar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, and Attendants.

CÆS. Which is the Queen of Ægypt?

DOL. It is the Emperor, madam. [Cle. kneels.

CÆS. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneel.
I pray you, riſe. Riſe, Ægypt.

CLE. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my maſter and my lord
I muſt obey.

CÆS. Take to you no hard thoughts.
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.

CLE. Sole ſir o' th' world,
I cannot project mine own cauſe ſo well
To make it clear, but do confeſs, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often ſham'd our ſex.

CÆS. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than inforce.
If you apply yourſelf to our intents,
Which tow'rds you are moſt gentle, you ſhall find
A benefit in this change; but if you ſeek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's courſe, you ſhall bereave yourſelf
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.———

CLE. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we,
Your ſcutcheons, and your ſigns of conqueſt, ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good lord.

CÆS. You ſhall adviſe me in all for Cleopatra.

CLE. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels
I am poſſeſt of; 'tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?

SEL. Here, madam.

CLE. This is my treaſurer, let him ſpeak, my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To myſelf nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
SEL. Madam, I had rather ſeel my lips,
Than to my peril ſpeak that which is not.
CLE. What have I kept back?
SEL. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.
CÆS. Nay, bluſh not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed.
CLE. See, Cæſar! Oh, behold,
How pomp is follow'd; mine will now be yours,
And, ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this Seleucus do's
Ev'n make me wild. Oh ſlave, of no more truſt
Than love that's hired——What, goeſt thou back? thou ſhalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, ſoul-leſs villain, dog,
O rarely baſe! [ſtriking him.
CÆS. Good Queen, let us intreat you.
CLE. Cæſar, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou, vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordlineſs
To one ſo meek that mine own ſervant ſhould
Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæſar,
That I ſome lady-trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and ſay,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation, muſt I be unfolded

By one that I have bred? The gods! it ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;
[To Seleucus.
Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirits
Through th' aſhes of my chance. Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldſt have mercy on me.

CÆS. Forbear, Seleucus.

CLE. Be't known, that we the greateſt are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We anſwer others' merits in our names;
Are therefore to be pitied.

CÆS. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' th' roll of conqueſt, ſtill be 't yours;
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and believe,
Cæſar's no merchant to make prize with you
Of things that merchants ſold. Therefore, be cheer'd:
Make not your thoughts your priſons; no, dear queen;
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Yourſelf ſhall give us counſel. Feed, and ſleep,
Our care and pity is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and ſo, adieu,

CLE. My maſter, and my lord!

CÆS. Not ſo.——adieu. [Exeunt Cæſar and his train.

SCENE V.

CLE. He words me, girls, he words me,
That I ſhould not be noble to myſelf.
But hark thee, Charmian. [Whiſpers Charmian.

IRAS. Finiſh, good lady. The bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

CLE. Hie thee again.

I've ſpoke already, and it is provided;
o put it to the haſte.
CHAR. Madam, I will. [Exit Charmian.

Enter Dolabella.

DOL. Where is the queen?
CHAR. Behold, ſir.
CLE. Dolabella.
DOL. Madam, as thereto ſworn, by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæſar through Syria
Intends his journey, and, within three days,
You with your children will he ſend before;
Make your beſt uſe of this. I have perform'd
Your pleaſure and my promiſe.
CLE. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.
DOL. I your ſervant.
Adieu, good queen. I muſt attend on Cæſar. [Exit.
CLE. Farewel, and thanks. Now, Iras, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an Ægyptian puppet, ſhalt be ſhewn
In Rome as well as I: mechanick ſlaves
With greaſy aprons, rules, and hammers, ſhall
Uplift us to the view. In their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.
IRAS. The gods forbid!
CLE. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, Iras; ſaucy lictors
Will catch at us like ſtrumpets; and ſcall'd rhimers
Ballad us out o'-tune. The quick comedians
Extemp'rally will ſtage us, and preſent

Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking Cleopatra boy my greatneſs,
I' th' poſture of a whore.

IRAS. O the good gods!

CLE. Nay, that's certain.

IRAS. I'll never ſee it; for, I'm ſure, my pails
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.

CLE. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt abſurd intents. Now, Charmian.

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a queen: go fetch
My beſt attires. I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah, Iras, go———
Now, noble Charmian, we'll diſpatch indeed———
And when thou'ſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day. Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore this noiſe? [A noiſe within.

Enter a Guardſman.

GUARDS. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highneſs' preſence;
He brings you figs.

CLE. Let him come in. How poor an inſtrument
[Exit Guardſman.
May do a noble deed!———He brings me liberty,
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I'm marble conſtant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Enter Guardſman, and Clown with a baſket.

GUARDS. This is the man.

CLE. Avoid, and leave him : [Exit Guardſman.
Haſt thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

CLOWN. Truly, I have him, but I would not be the party ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal ; thoſe, that do die of it, do ſeldom or never recover.

CLE. Remember'ſt thou any that have dy'd on't ?

CLOWN. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yeſterday, a very honeſt woman, but ſomething given to lye, as a woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty. How ſhe dy'd of the biting of it, what pain ſhe felt ! truly, ſhe makes a very good report o' th' worm : but he, that will believe all that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by half that they do. But this is moſt fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

CLE. Get thee hence, farewel.

CLOWN. I wiſh you all joy of the worm.

CLE. Farewel.

CLOWN. You muſt think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

CLE. Ay, ay, farewel.

CLOWN. Look you, the worm is not to be truſted but in the keeping of wiſe people ; for, indeed, there is no goodneſs in the worm.

CLE. Take thou no care, it ſhall be heeded.

CLOWN. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

CLE. Will it eat me ?

CLOWN. You muſt not think, I am ſo ſimple, but I

know, the devil himſelf will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a diſh for the gods, if the devil dreſs her not. But, truly, theſe ſame whore-ſon devils do the gods great harm in their women! for, in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

CLE. Well, get thee gone, farewel.

CLOWN. Yes, forſooth, I wiſh you joy o' th' worm. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

CLE. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Ægypt's grape ſhall moiſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks, I hear
Antony call, I ſee him rouſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble act. I hear him mock
The luck of Cæſar, which the gods give men
T' excuſe their after-wrath. Huſband, I come;
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baſer life. So——have you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind Charmian. Iras, long farewel.
[Applying the aſp.
Have I the aſpick in my lips? doſt fall? [To Iras.
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lie ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world,
It is not worth leave-taking. [Iras dies.

CHAR. Diſſolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may ſay,
The gods themſelves do weep.

CLE. This proves me baſe——
If ſhe firſt meet the curled Antony,

He'll make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſs,
Which is my heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch,
With thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate [To the ſerpent.
Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and diſpatch. Oh, couldſt thou ſpeak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæſar aſs,
Unpolicied!

CHAR. Oh eaſtern ſtar!

CLE. Peace, peace!
Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?

CHAR. O break! O break!

CLE. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle,
O Antony!——Nay, I will take thee too.——
[Applying another aſp to her arm.
What ſhould I ſtay—— [Dies.

CHAR. In this wild world? ſo, fare the well.
Now, boaſt thee, death; in thy poſſeſſion lies
A laſs unparallel'd. Downy windows, cloſe;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again ſo royal! your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play——

Enter the Guard, ruſhing in.

1 GUARD. Where is the queen?

CHAR. Speak ſoftly, wake her not.

1 GUARD. Cæſar hath ſent——

CHAR. Too ſlow a meſſenger. [Charmian applies the aſp.
Oh, come. Apace, diſpatch. I partly feel thee.

1 GUARD. Approach! ho! all's not well. Cæſar's beguil'd.

2 GUARD. There's Dolabella ſent from Cæſar. Call him.

1 GUARD. What work is here, Charmian? Is this well done?

CHAR. It is well done, and fitting for a princeſs
Deſcended of ſo many royal kings.
Ah, ſoldiers!——— [Charmian dies.

Enter Dolabella.

DOL. How goes it here?

2 GUARD. All dead!

DOL. Cæſar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thyſelf art coming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So fought'ſt to hinder.

Enter Cæſar and Attendants.

ALL. Make way there, make way for Cæſar.

DOL. Oh, ſir, you are too ſure an augurer;
That, you did fear, is done.

CÆS. Braveſt at laſt;
She levell'd at our purpoſe, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?—
I do not ſee them bleed.

DOL. Who was laſt with them?

1 GUARD. A ſimple countryman, that brought her figs:
This was his baſket.

CÆS. Poiſon'd then!

1 GUARD. Oh Cæſar!
This Charmian liv'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead miſtreſs; tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden dropt.

CÆS. Oh noble weakneſs!

If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear
By external ſwelling; but ſhe looks like ſleep;
As ſhe would catch another Antony
In her ſtrong toil of grace.

DOL. Here, on her breaſt,
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown;
The like is on her arm.

1 GUARD. This is an aſpick's trail; and theſe fig-leaves
Have ſlime upon them, ſuch as the aſpick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

CÆS. Moſt probable,
That ſo ſhe dy'd; for her phyſician tells me,
She has purſu'd concluſions infinite
Of eaſy ways to die. Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.
She ſhall be buried by her Antony.
No grave upon the earth ſhall clip in it
A pair ſo famous. High events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them; and their ſtory is
No leſs in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhew, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, ſee
High order in this great ſolemnity. [Exeunt omnes.

CYMBELINE.

A

TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.
CLOTEN, ſon to the queen by a former huſband.
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, a gentleman married to the princeſs.
BELARIUS, a baniſh'd lord, diſguiſed under the name of Morgan.
GUIDERIUS, } Diſguis'd under the names of Paladour and
ARVIRAGUS, } Cadwal, ſuppoſed ſons to Belarius.
PHILARIO, an Italian, friend to Poſthumus.
IACHIMO, friend to Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, ambaſſador from Rome.
PISANIO, ſervant to Poſthumus.
A French gentleman.
CORNELIUS, a doctor.
Two Gentlemen.

Queen, wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.
HELEN, woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Ghoſts, a Soothſayer, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and othe Attendants.

SCENE, ſometimes in Britain; ſometimes in Italy.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 GENTLEMAN.

YOU do not meet a man, but frowns: Our bloods
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers;
Still ſeem, as does the king's.

2 GENT. But what's the matter?

1 GENT. His daughter and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's ſole ſon, a widow
That late he married, hath referr'd herſelf
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman.
She's wedded;———
Her huſband baniſh'd; ſhe impriſon'd: All
Is outward ſorrow, though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 GENT. None but the king?

1 GENT. He, that hath loſt her, too; ſo is the queen,
That moſt deſir'd the match. But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's look, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they ſcoul at.

2 GENT. And why ſo?

1 GENT. He that hath miſs'd the princeſs, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
I mean that marry'd her, alack good man!
And thereſore baniſh'd, is a creature ſuch

As, to ſeek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be ſomething failing
In him that ſhould compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and ſuch ſtuff within
Endows a man but him.

2 GENT. You ſpeak him far.

1 GENT. I do extend him, ſir, within himſelf,
Cruſh him together, rather than unfold
His meaſure duly.

2 GENT. What's his name and birth?

1 GENT. I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour
Againſt the Romans, with Caſſibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He ſerv'd with glory and admir'd ſucceſs;
So gain'd the ſur-addition, Leonatus.
And had, beſides this gentleman in queſtion,
Two other ſons; who, in the wars o' th' time,
Dy'd with their ſwords in hand: For which, their father,
Then old and fond of iſſue, took ſuch ſorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theam deceas'd,
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him Poſthumus,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, faſt as 'twas miniſtred,
And in 's ſpring became a harveſt: liv'd in court,
Which rare it is to do, moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd,
A ſample to the young'ſt; to th' more mature,
A glaſs that feared them; and to the graver,

A child that guided dotards, To his miſtreſs,
For whom he now is baniſh'd, her own price
Proclaims, how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 GENT. I honour him,
Ev'n out of your report. But pray you tell me,
Is ſhe ſole child to the king?

1 GENT. His only child.
He had two ſons, if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it; the eldeſt of them at three years old,
I' th' ſwathing clothes the other, from their nurſery
Were ſtol'n; and to this hour, no gueſs in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 GENT. How long is this ago?

1 GENT. Some twenty years.

2 GENT. That a king's children ſhould be ſo convey'd,
So ſlackly guarded, and the ſearch ſo ſlow
That could not trace them———

1 GENT. Howſoe'er 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, ſir,

2 GENT. I do well believe you.

1 GENT. We muſt forbear. Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princeſs. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Enter the Queen, Poſthumus, Imogen, and attendants.

QUEEN. No, be aſſur'd, you ſhall not find me, daughter,
After the ſlander of moſt ſtep-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you. You're my pris'ner, but
Your gaoler ſhall deliver you the keys

That lock'd up your reſtraint. For you, Poſthumus,
So ſoon as I can win th' offended king,
I will be known your advocate; marry, yet,
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his ſentence, with what patience
Your wiſdom may inform you.

POST. Pleaſe your highneſs,
I will from hence to-day.

QUEEN. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd, you ſhould not ſpeak together. [Exit.

IMO. Diſſembling courteſy! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle, where ſhe wounds! My deareſt huſband,
I ſomething fear my father's wrath, but nothing,
Always reſerv'd my holy duty, what
His rage can do on me. You muſt be gone,
And I ſhall here abide the hourly ſhot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may ſee again.

POST. My queen! my miſtreſs!
O lady, weep no more, leſt I give cauſe
To be ſuſpected of more tenderneſs
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'ſt huſband, that did e'er plight troth.
My reſidence in Rome, at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter. Thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you ſend,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

QUEEN. Be brief, I pray you;
If the king come, I ſhall incur I know not
How much of his diſpleaſure. Yet I'll move him [Aſide.
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends
Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.

POST. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothneſs to depart would grow.—Adieu!

IMO. Nay, ſtay a little——
Were you but riding forth to air yourſelf,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

POST. How, how, another!
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And ſear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here
[Putting on the ring.
While ſenſe can keep thee on! and ſweeteſt, faireſt,
As I my poor ſelf did exchange for you,
To your ſo infinite loſs; ſo, in our trifles
I ſtill win of you. For my ſake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it
[Putting a bracelet on her arm.
Upon this faireſt pris'ner.

IMO. O, the gods!
When ſhall we ſee again?

SCENE III. Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

POST. Alack, the king!

CYM. Thou baſeſt thing avoid! hence! from my ſight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthineſs, thou dy'ſt. Away!
Thou'rt poiſon to my blood.

POST. The gods protect you,
And bleſs the good remainders of the court!
I'm gone. [Exit.

IMO. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is.

CYM. O diſloyal thing,
That ſhouldſt repair my youth, thou heap'ſt
A year's age on me.

IMO. I beſeech you, ſir,
Harm not yourſelf with your vexation;
I'm ſenſeleſs of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

CYM. Paſt grace? obedience?

IMO. Paſt hope, and in deſpair; that way, paſt grace.

CYM. Thou might'ſt have had the ſole ſon of my queen.

IMO. O, bleſt, that I might not! I choſe an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

CYM. Thou took'ſt a beggar; wouldſt have made my throne
A ſeat for baſeneſs.

IMO. No, I rather added
A luſtre to it.

CYM. O thou vile one!

IMO. Sir,
It is your fault, that I have lov'd Poſthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is

A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almoſt the ſum he pays.

CYM. What!—art thou mad?

IMO. Almoſt, ſir; heav'n reſtore me! Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour-ſhepherd's ſon!

Enter Queen.

CYM. Thou fooliſh thing.
They were again together, you have done
[To the Queen.
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

QUEEN. Beſeech your patience. Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet ſovereign,
Leave us t'ourſelves, and make yourſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt advice.

CYM. Nay, let her languiſh
A drop of blood a-day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly. [Exit.

Enter Piſanio.

QUEEN. Fy, you muſt give way.
Here is your ſervant. How now, ſir? What news?

PIS. My lord, your ſon drew on my maſter.

QUEEN. Hah!
No harm, I truſt, is done?

PIS. There might have been,
But that my maſter rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger. They were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

QUEEN. I'm very glad on't.

IMO. Your ſon's my father's friend, he takes his part.
—To draw upon an exile! O brave ſir!——
I would they were in Africk both together,
Myſelf by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your maſter?

PIS. On his command. He would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the haven; left theſe notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

QUEEN. This hath been
Your faithful ſervant; I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain ſo.

PIS. I humbly thank your highneſs.

QUEEN. Pray, walk a while.

IMO. About ſome half hour hence, pray you, ſpeak with me;
You ſhall, at leaſt, go ſee my lord aboard.
For this time leave me. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 LORD. Sir, I would adviſe you to ſhift a ſhirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a ſacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in, there's none abroad ſo wholeſome as that you vent.

CLOT. If my ſhirt were bloody, then to ſhift it——
Have I hurt him?

2 LORD. No, faith: Not ſo much as his patience. [Aſide.

1 LORD. Hurt him? his body's a paſſable carcaſs, if he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for ſteel, if it be not hurt.

2 LORD. His ſteel was in debt, it went o' th' backſide the town. [Aſide.

CLOT. The villain would not ſtand me.

2 LORD. No, but he fled forward ſtiil, toward your face. [Aſide.

1 LORD. Stand you? you have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you ſome ground.

2 LORD. As many inches, as you have oceans, puppies! [Aſide.

CLOT. I would, they had not come between us.

2 LORD. So would I, 'till you had meaſured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [Aſide.

CLOT. And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and refuſe me!———

2 LORD. If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe's damn'd. [Aſide.

1 LORD. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good ſign, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit.

2 LORD She ſhines not upon fools, leſt the reflection ſhould hurt her. [Aſide.

CLOT. Come, I'll to my chamber. 'Would there had been ſome hurt done!

2 LORD. I wiſh not ſo, unleſs it had been the fall of an aſs, which is no great hurt. [Aſide.

CLOT. You'll go with us?

1 LORD. I'll attend your lordſhip.

CLOT. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 LORD. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Imogen's apartments.

Enter Imogen, and Piſanio.

IMO. I would, thou grew'ſt unto the ſhores o' th' haven,
And queſtion'dſt every ſail: if he ſhould write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper loſt
As offer'd mercy is. What was the laſt
That he ſpake with thee?

PIS. 'Twas, "His Queen, his Queen!"

IMO. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

PIS. And kiſs'd it, madam.

IMO. Senſeleſs linen, happier therein than I!
And that was all?

PIS. No, madam; for ſo long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirs of 's mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his ſoul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his ſhip.

IMO. Thou ſhouldſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs, ere left
To after-eye him.

PIS. Madam, ſo I did.

IMO. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crackt 'em, but
To look upon him; 'till the diminution
Of ſpace had pointed him ſharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Piſanio,
When ſhall we hear from him?

PIS. Be aſſur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

IMO. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or, I could make him ſwear,
The ſhe's of Italy ſhould not betray
Mine intereſt, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with Oriſons; for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

LADY. The Queen, madam,
Deſires your highneſs' company.

IMO. Thoſe things I bid you do, get them diſpatch'd,
I will attend the Queen.

PIS. Madam, I ſhall. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Changes to Rome.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a French man.

IACH. Believe it, ſir, I have ſeen him in Britain; he was then of a creſcent note; expected to prove ſo worthy, as ſince he has been allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by Items.

PHIL. You ſpeak of him when he was leſs furniſh'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

FRENCH. I have ſeen him in France; we had very many there, could behold the ſun with as firm eyes as he.

IACH. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, wherein he muſt be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

FRENCH. And then his baniſhment.———

IACH. Ay, and the approbations of thoſe, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which elſe an eaſy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to ſojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

PHIL. His father and I were ſoldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no leſs than my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you, as ſuits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a ſtranger of his quality. I beſeech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ſtory him in his own hearing.

FRENCH. Sir, we have been known together in Orleans.

POST. Since when I have been debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

FRENCH. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindneſs. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you ſhould have been put together with ſo mortal a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight, and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, ſir, I was then a young traveller; rather ſhunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment, if I offend not to ſay, it is mended, my quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of ſwords; and by ſuch two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fall'n both.

Iach. Can we with manners aſk, what was the difference?

French. 'Safely, I think. 'Twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of us fell in praiſe of our country miſtreſſes: this gentleman at that time vouching, and upon warrant of bloody affirmation, his to be more fair, virtuous, wiſe, chaſte, conſtant, qualified, and leſs attemptable than any the rareſt of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue ſtill, and I my mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo far prefer her, 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being ſo far provok'd, as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; tho' I profeſs myſelf her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand compariſon, had been ſomething too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of yours out-luſtres many I have beheld, I could believe, ſhe excelled many; but I have not ſeen the moſt precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her; ſo do I my ſtone.

IACH. What do you eſteem it at?

POST. More than the world enjoys.

IACH. Either your unparagon'd miſtreſs is dead, or ſhe's out priz'd by a trifle.

POST. You are miſtaken; the one may be ſold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchaſe, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for ſale, and only the gift of the gods.

IACH. Which the gods have given you.—

POST. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

IACH. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, ſtrange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be ſtol'n too; ſo, of your brace of unprizeable eſtimations, the one is but frail and the other caſual. A cunning thief, or a that-way accompliſh'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

POST. Your Italy contains none ſo accompliſh'd a courtier to convince the honour of my miſtreſs; if in the holding or loſs of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have ſtore of thieves, notwithſtauding I fear not my ring.

PHIL. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

POST. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy ſignior, I thank him, makes no ſtranger of me; we are familiar at firſt.

IACH. With five times ſo much converſation, I ſhould get ground of your fair miſtreſs; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

POST. No, no.———

IACH. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my eſtate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'er-values it ſomething. But I make my wager rather againſt your confidence than

her reputation, and to bar your offence herein too, I durſt attempt it againſt any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a perſuaſion; and, I doubt not, you'd ſuſtain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulſe; though your attempt, as you call it, deſerves more; a puniſhment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too ſuddenly, let it die as it was born; and I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would, I had put my eſtate and my neighbour's, on th' approbation of what I have ſpoke.

Post. What lady would you chuſe to aſſail?

Iach. Yours; who in conſtancy, you think, ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerv'd.

Post. I will wage againſt your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiſer; if you buy ladies' fleſh at a million a dram, you cannot preſerve it from tainting. But I ſee, you have ſome religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a cuſtom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpoſe, I hope.

Iach. I am the maſter of my ſpeeches, and would undergo what's ſpoken, I ſwear.

Post. Will you? I ſhall but lend my diamond 'till your return: let there be covenants drawn between us. My

miſtreſs exceeds in goodneſs the hugeneſs of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

PHIL. I will have it no lay.

IACH. By the gods it is one. If I bring you no ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are yours, ſo is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in, ſhe your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

POST. I embrace theſe conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only, thus far you ſhall anſwer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, ſhe is not worth our debate; if ſhe remain unſeduc'd, you not making it appear otherwiſe, for your ill opinion, and th' aſſault you have made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your ſword.

IACH. Your hand, a covenant. We will have theſe things ſet down by lawful counſel, and ſtraight away for Britain; leſt the bargain ſhould catch cold, and ſtarve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

POST. Agreed. [Exeunt Poſthumus and Iachimo.

FRENCH. Will this hold, think you?

PHIL. Signior Iachimo will not from it.
Pray let us follow 'em. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Changes to Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a Phial.

QUEEN. While yet the dew's on ground, gather thoſe flowers:
Make haſte——Who has the note of them?

1 LADY. I, madam.

QUEEN. Diſpatch. [Exeunt Ladies.

Now, maſter doctor, have you brought thoſe drugs?

COR. Pleaſeth your highneſs, ay; here they are, madam.
But I beſeech your grace, without offence,
My conſcience bids me aſk, wherefore you have
Commanded of me theſe moſt pois'nous compounds
Which are the movers of a languiſhing death;
But, though ſlow, deadly.

QUEEN. I wonder, doctor,
Thou aſk'ſt me ſuch a queſtion; have I not been
Thy pupil long? haſt thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? diſtil? preſerve? yea, ſo,
That our great king himſelf doth woo me oft
For my confections? having thus far proceeded,
Unleſs thou think'ſt me dev'liſh, is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other concluſions? I will try the forces
Of theſe thy compounds on ſuch creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their ſev'ral virtues and effects.

COR. Your highneſs
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;
Beſides, the ſeeing theſe effects will be
Both noiſome and infectious.

QUEEN. O, content thee.

Enter Piſanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring raſcal, upon him [Aſide.
Will I firſt work; he's for his maſter,

And enemy to my ſon. How now, Piſanio ?
—Doctor, your ſervice for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

COR. I do ſuſpect you, madam; [Aſide.
But you ſhall do no harm.

QUEEN. Hark thee, a word.———— [To Piſanio.

COR. [Solus] I do not like her. She doth think, ſhe has
Strange ling'ring poiſons; I do know her ſpirit,
And will not truſt one of her malice with
A drug of ſuch damn'd nature. Thoſe, ſhe has,
Will ſtupify and dull the ſenſe awhile;
Which firſt, perchance, ſhe'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterwards up higher; but there is
No danger in what ſhew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the ſpirits a time,
To be more freſh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a moſt falſe effect; and I the truer,
So to be falſe with her.

QUEEN. No further ſervice, doctor,
Until I ſend for thee.

COR. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

QUEEN. Weeps ſhe ſtill, ſay'ſt thou? doſt thou think, in time
She will not quench and let inſtructions enter
Where folly now poſſeſſes? do thou work;
When thou ſhalt bring me word ſhe loves my ſon,
I'll tell thee on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy maſter; greater; for
His fortunes all lie ſpeechleſs, and his name
Is at laſt gaſp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another;

And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What ſhalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,
So much as but to prop him!—Thou tak'ſt up
[Piſanio takes up the Phial.
Thou know'ſt not what; but take it for thy labour;
It is a thing I make, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earneſt of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy miſtreſs how
The caſe ſtands with her; do 't as from thyſelf:
Think, what a change thou chanceſt on: but think;——
Thou haſt thy miſtreſs ſtill; to boot, my ſon;
Who ſhall take notice of thee. I'll move the king
To any ſhape of thy preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire; and then myſelf, I chiefly,
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women———
[Exit Piſanio.
Think on my words—A ſly and conſtant knave,
Not to be ſhak'd; the agent for his maſter;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand faſt to her lord—I've given him that,
Which, if he take, ſhall quite unpeople her
Of leigers for her ſweet; and which ſhe, after,
Except ſhe bend her humour, ſhall be aſſur'd
To taſte of too.

Enter Piſanio, and Ladies.

So, ſo; well done, well done.
The violets! cowſlips, and the primroſes,

Bear to my cloſet. Fare thee well, Piſanio,
Think on my words. [Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

PIS. And ſhall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myſelf; there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.

SCENE VIII. Changes to Imogen's apartments.

Enter Imogen alone.

IMO. A father cruel, and a ſtepdame falſe,
A fooliſh ſuitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her huſband baniſh'd—O, that huſband!
My ſupreme crown of grief, and thoſe repeated
Vexations of it—Had I been thief-ſtoll'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but moſt miſerable
Is the deſire, that's glorious. Bleſs'd be thoſe,
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort. Who may this be? fy!

Enter Piſanio, and Iachimo.

PIS. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.

IACH. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in ſafety,
And greets your highneſs dearly. [Gives a letter.

IMO. Thanks, good ſir,
You're kindly welcome.

IACH. All of her, that is out of door, moſt rich!
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare, [Aſide.
She is alone th' Arabian bird; and I
Have loſt the wager. Boldneſs be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot:
Or, like the Parthian, I ſhall flying fight,

Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

" He is one of the nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I
" am moſt infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly,
" as you value your truſt. Leonatus."

So far I read aloud:
But ev'n the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' reſt, and takes it thankfully.
—You are as welcome, worthy ſir, as I
Have words to bid you; and ſhall find it ſo,
In all that I can do.

IACH. Thanks, faireſt lady.
—What! are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
[Aſide.
To ſee this vaulted arch, and the rich cope
Of ſea and land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd ſtones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with ſpectacles ſo precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

IMO. What makes your admiration?

IACH. It cannot be i' th' eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two ſuch ſhe's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other: Nor i' th' judgment;
For ideots, in this caſe of favour, would
Be wiſely definite: Nor i' th' appetite:
Slutt'ry, to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.

IMO. What is the matter, trow?

IACH. The cloyed will,

That ſatiate, yet unſatisfy'd deſire,
That tub, both fill'd and running; ravening firſt
The lamb, longs after for the garbage———
IMO. What,
Dear ſir, thus raps you? are you well?
IACH. Thanks, madam, well—'Beſeech you, ſir,
[To Piſanio.
Deſire my man's abode, where I did leave him;
He's ſtrange and peeviſh.
PIS. I was going, ſir,
To give him welcome.
IMO. Continues well my lord
His health, 'beſeech you?
IACH. Well, madam.
IMO. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.
IACH. Exceeding pleaſant; none a ſtranger there
So merry, and ſo gameſome; he is call'd
The Britain reveller.
IMO. When he was here,
He did incline to ſadneſs, and oft times
Not knowing why.
IACH. I never ſaw him ſad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent monſieur, that, it ſeems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home, he furnaces
The thick ſighs from him; while the jolly Briton,
Your lord, I mean, laughs from 's free lungs, cries oh!
Can my ſides hold, to think, that man, who knows
By hiſtory, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chuſe
But muſt be,
Will 's free hours languiſh for aſſured bondage?

IMO. Will my lord ſay ſo?

IACH. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: but heav'n knows,
Some men are much to blame.

IMO. Not he, I hope.

IACH. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty tow'rds him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himſelf, 'tis much;
In you, whom I account his, beyond all talents;
Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

IMO. What do you pity, ſir?

IACH. Two creatures heartily.

IMO. Am I one, ſir?
You look on me; what wreck diſcern you in me.
Deſerves your pity?

IACH. Lamentable! what!
To hide me from the radiant ſun, and ſolace
I'th' dungeon by a ſnuff?

IMO. I pray you, ſir,
Deliver with more openneſs your anſwers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

IACH. That others do,
I was about to ſay, enjoy your——but
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeak on't.

IMO. You do ſeem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me. Pray you,
Since doubting, things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be ſure they do; for certainties
Or are paſt remedies, or timely knowing,

The remedy's then born; diſcover to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.

IACH. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whoſe touch,
Whoſe ev'ry touch would force the feeler's ſoul
To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes priſ'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; ſhould I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips, as common as the ſtairs
That mount the capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falſhood, as with labour;
Then glad myſelf by peeping in an eye,
Baſe and unluſtrous as the ſmoaky light
That's fed with ſtinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.

IMO. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

IACH. And himſelf. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces,
That from my muteſt conſcience to my tongue,
Charm this report out.

IMO. Let me hear no more.

IACH. O deareſt ſoul! your cauſe doth ſtrike my heart
With pity, and doth make me ſick. A lady
So fair, and faſten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'ſt king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield!—with diſeas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenneſs lends nature! ſuch boyl'd ſtuff,

As well might poiſon poiſon! Be reveng'd;
Or ſhe, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great ſtock.

IMO. Reveng'd!
How ſhould I be reveng'd, if this be true?
As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe; if it be true,
How ſhall I be reveng'd?

IACH. Should he make me
Live like Diana's prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your deſpight, upon your purſe? Revenge it?
I dedicate myſelf to your ſweet pleaſure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue faſt to your affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.

IMO. What ho, Piſanio!———

IACH. Let me my ſervice tender on your lips.

IMO. Away!———I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldſt have told this tale for virtue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt; as baſe, as ſtrange:
Thou wrong'ſt a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'ſt here a lady, that diſdains
Thee, and the devil alike. What ho, Piſanio!
The king my father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy aſſault; if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſaucy ſtranger in his court to mart
As in a Romiſh ſtew, and to expound
His beaſtly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom

He not reſpects at all. What ho, Piſanio!

IACH. O happy Leonatus, I may ſay;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deſerves thy truſt, and thy moſt perfect goodneſs
Her aſſur'd credit! Bleſſed live you long,
A lady to the worthieſt ſir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his miſtreſs, only
For the moſt worthieſt fit! Give me your pardon.
I have ſpoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and ſhall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The trueſt-manner'd, ſuch a holy witch,
That he enchants ſocieties into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

IMO. You make amends.

IACH. He ſits 'mong men, like a deſcended god;
He hath a kind of honour ſets him off,
More than a mortal ſeeming. Be not angry,
Moſt mighty princeſs, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
In the election of a ſir, ſo rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffleſs. Pray, your pardon.

IMO. All's well, ſir. Take my pow'r i' th' court for yours.

IACH. My humble thanks; I had almoſt forgot
T' intreat your grace but in a ſmall requeſt,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myſelf, and other noble friends
Are partners in the buſineſs.

IMO. Pray, what is't?

IACH. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
Beſt feather of our wing, have mingled ſums,
To buy a preſent for the emperor:
Which I, the factor for the reſt, have done
In France; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquiſite form, their values great;
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,
To have them in ſafe ſtowage: may it pleaſe you
To take them in protection?

IMO. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their ſafety. Since
My lord hath int'reſt in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

IACH. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, only for this night;
I muſt a-board to-morrow.

IMO. O no, no.

IACH. Yes, I beſeech you: or I ſhall ſhort my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia,
I croſt the ſeas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your grace.

IMO. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

IACH. O, I muſt, madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have outſtood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our preſent.

IMO. I will write:
Send your trunk to me, it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

CLOTEN.

WAS there ever man had ſuch luck! when I kiſs'd the Jack upon an up-caſt, to be hit away! I had an hundred pound on't. And then a whoreſon jack-an-apes muſt take me up for ſwearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1 LORD. What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 LORD. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [Aſide.

CLOT. When a gentleman is diſpoſed to ſwear, it is not for any ſtanders-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 LORD. No, my lord; nor crop the ears of them. [Aſide.

CLOT. Whoreſon dog! I give him ſatisfaction? 'would, he had been one of my rank.

2 LORD. To have ſmelt like a fool.——— [Aſide.

CLOT. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth, ———a pox on't! I had rather not be ſo noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, becauſe of the queen my mother; every Jack-ſlave hath his belly full of fighting, and I muſt go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 LORD. You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [Aſide.

CLOT. Say'ſt thou?

1 LORD. It is not fit your lordſhip ſhould undertake every companion, that you give offence too.

CLOT. No, I know that; but it is fit I ſhould commit offence to my inferiors.

2 LORD. It is fit for your lordſhip only.

CLOT. Why, ſo I ſay.

1 LORD. Did you hear of a ſtranger that's come to court to-night?

CLOT. A ſtranger, and I not know on't?

2 LORD. He's a ſtrange fellow himſelf, and knows it not. [Aſide.

1 LORD. There's an Italian come, and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus's friends.

CLOT. Leonatus! a baniſh'd raſcal; and he's another, whatſoever he be. Who told you of this ſtranger?

1 LORD. One of your lordſhip's pages.

CLOT. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in in't?

1 LORD. You cannot derogate, my lord.

CLOT. Not eaſily, I think.

2 LORD. You are a fool granted, therefore your iſſues being fooliſh do not derogate. [Aſide.

CLOT. Come, I'll go ſee this Italian: what I have loſt to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; go.

2 LORD. I'll attend your lordſhip. [Exit Cloten.

That ſuch a crafty devil, as his mother,
Should yield the world this aſs!——a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen.——Alas, poor princeſs,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'ſt!
Betwixt a father by thy ſtep-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulſion is

Of thy dear huſband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make.—The heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unſhak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'ſt ſtand
T' enjoy thy baniſh'd lord, and this great land. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Changes to a magnificent Bed-chamber; in one part of it, a large trunk.

Imogen is diſcovered reading in her bed, a Lady attending.

IMO. Who's there? my woman Helen?

LADY. Pleaſe you, madam———

IMO. What hour is it?

LADY. Almoſt midnight, madam.

IMO. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed.
Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
And if thou canſt awake by four o' th' clock,
I pry'thee, call me. Sleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly.
[Exit Lady.
To your protection I commend me, gods;
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, 'beſeech ye. [Sleeps.

[Iachimo riſes from the trunk.

IACH. The crickets ſing, and man's o'er-labour'd ſenſe
Repairs itſelf by reſt: our Tarquin thus
Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes, ere he waken'd
The chaſtity he wounded. Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'ſt thy bed! freſh lily,
And whiter than the ſheets! that I might touch,
But kiſs, one kiſs———rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!———'tis her breathing, that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' th' taper

Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,
To ſee th' incloſed light, now canopy'd
Under theſe windows: white and azure! lac'd
With blue of heav'n's own tinct.———But my deſign's
To note the chamber———I will write all down,
Such, and ſuch, pictures—there, the window,—ſuch
Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures———
Why, ſuch and ſuch—and the contents o' th' ſtory—
Ah, but ſome nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thouſand meaner moveables,
Would teſtify, t' enrich my inventory.
O ſleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her;
And be her ſenſe but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!———Come off, come off.———
[Taking off her bracelet.
As ſlipp'ry, as the Gordian knot was hard.———
'Tis mine; and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience does within,
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops
I' th' bottom of a cowſlip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this ſecret
Will force him think, I've, pick'd the lock; and ta'en
The treaſure of her honour. No more—to what end?
Why ſhould I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry? She hath been reading, late,
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up———I have enough:———
To th' trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bare its raven eye: I lodge in fear,
Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. [Clock ſtrikes.

One, two, three: time, time!

[Gets into the trunk, the ſcene cloſes.

SCENE VI. Changes to another part of the Palace, facing Imogen's apartments.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1 LORD. Your lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſs, the coldeſt that ever turn'd up ace.

CLOT. It would make any man cold to lo'e.

1 LORD. But not every man patient, after the noble temper o' your lordſhip: you are moſt hot, and furious, when you win.

CLOT. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this fooliſh Imogen, I ſhould have gold enough. It's almoſt morning, is't not?

1 LORD. Day, my lord.

CLOT. I would, this muſick would come: I am advis'd to give her muſick o' mornings; they ſay, it will penetrate.

Enter Muſicians.

Come on. Tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering, ſo; we'll try with tongue too; if none will do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. Firſt, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful ſweet air with admirable rich words to it; and then let her conſider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heav'n's gate ſings,
And Phœbus 'gins ariſe,
His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings
On chalic'd flowers that lies:

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady ſweet, ariſe:
Ariſe, ariſe.

So, get you gone——if this penetrate, I will conſider your muſick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horſe-hairs, and cat-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [Exeunt Muſicians.

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clot. I am glad I was up ſo late, for that's the reaſon I was up ſo early: he cannot chuſe but take this ſervice I have done, fatherly. Good-morrow to your majeſty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our ſtern daughter? Will ſhe not forth?

Clot. I have aſſail'd her with muſicks, but ſhe vouchſafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him; ſome more time
Muſt wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then ſhe's yours.

Queen. You are moſt bound to th' king,
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourſelf
To orderly ſollicits; and be friended
With aptneſs of the ſeaſon; make denials
Encreaſe your ſervices; ſo ſeem, as if
You were inſpir'd to do thoſe duties, which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,

Save when command to your diſmiſſion tends,
And therein you are ſenſeleſs.

CLOT. Senſeleſs? not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

MES. So like you, ſir, ambaſſadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

CYM. A worthy fellow.
Albeit he comes on angry purpoſe now;
But that's no fault of his: we muſt receive him
According to the honour of his ſender;
And towards himſelf, his goodneſs foreſpent on us,
We muſt extend our notice.——Our dear ſon,
When you have giv'n good morning to your miſtreſs,
Attend the queen and us: we ſhall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman. Come, our queen.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

CLOT. If ſhe be up, I'll ſpeak with her; if not,
Let her lie ſtill, and dream. By your leave, ho! [Knocks.
I know, her women are about her. What,
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold,
Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, makes
Diana's rangers, falſe themſelves, yield up
Their deer to th' ſtand o' th' ſtealer; and 'tis gold,
Which makes the true man kill'd, and ſaves the thief:
Nay, ſometimes, hangs both thief and true-man. What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me, for
I yet not underſtand the caſe myſelf.
By your leave——

Enter a Lady.

LADY. Who's there, that knocks?

CLOT. A gentleman.

LADY. No more?

CLOT. Yes, and a gentlewoman's ſon.

LADY. That's more
Than ſome, whoſe taylors are as dear as yours,
Can juſtly boaſt of. What's your lordſhip's pleaſure?

CLOT. Your lady's perſon. Is ſhe ready?

LADY. Ay, to keep her chamber.

CLOT. There is gold for you; ſell me your good report.

LADY. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I ſhall think is good? The princeſs———

Enter Imogen.

CLOT. Good-morrow, faireſt. Siſter, your ſweet hand.

IMO. Good-morrow, ſir; you lay out too much pains
For purchaſing but trouble; the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And ſcarce can ſpare them.

CLOT. Still, I ſwear, I love you.

IMO. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deep with me:
If you ſwear ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.

CLOT. This is no anſwer.

IMO. But that you ſhall not ſay I yield, being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you, ſpare me——'faith
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſy
To your beſt kindneſs: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

CLOT. To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin.
I will not.

IMO. Fools cure not mad folks.

CLOT. Do you call me fool?

IMO. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much ſorry, ſir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners
By being ſo verbal: and learn now for all,
That I, who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am ſo near the lack of charity
T' accuſe myſelf, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make my boaſt.

CLOT. You ſin againſt
Obedience, which you owe your father; for
The contract you pretend with that baſe wretch,
One, bred of alms, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
With ſcraps o' th' court, it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
Yet who than he, more mean? to knit their ſouls
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in ſelf-figur'd knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The conſequence o' th' crown; and muſt not foil
The precious note of it with a baſe ſlave,
A hilding for a livery, a ſquire's cloth;
A pantler; not ſo eminent.———

IMO. Prophane fellow;
Wert thou the ſon of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art beſides, thou wert too baſe
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
Ev'n to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be ſtil'd

The under-hangman of his realm; and hated
For being preferr'd ſo well.

CLOT. The ſouth-fog rot him!

IMO. He never can meet more miſchance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meaneſt garment,
That ever hath but clipt his body, 's dearer
In my reſpect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made ſuch men. How now, Piſanio?

Enter Piſanio.

CLOT. His garment? now, the devil———

IMO. To Dorothy, my woman, hie thee preſently.

CLOT. His garment?

IMO. I am ſprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angred worſe———Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too caſually
Hath left mine arm— it was thy maſter's. 'Shrew me,
If I would loſe it for a revenue
Of any king in Europe. I do think,
I ſaw 't this morning; confident I am,
Laſt night 'twas on my arm: I kiſſed it.
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiſs aught but him.

PIS. 'Twill not be loſt.

IMO. I hope ſo. Go, and ſearch.

CLOT. You have abus'd me.
His meaneſt garment?———

IMO. Ay, I ſaid ſo, ſir;
If you will make 't an action, call witneſs to it.

CLOT. I will inform your father.

IMO. Your mother too;
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worſt of me. So I leave you, ſir,
To th' worſt of diſcontent. [Exit.
CLOT. I'll be reveng'd.
His meaneſt garment ?——weil. [Exit.

SCENE V. Changes to Rome.

Enter Poſthumus, and Philario.

POST. Fear it not, ſir. I would, I were ſo ſure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.
PHIL. What means do you make to him?
POST. Not any, but abide the change of time;
Quake in the preſent winter's ſtate, and wiſh,
That warmer days would come; in theſe fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I muſt die much your debtor.
PHIL. Your very goodneſs, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Auguſtus; Caius Lucius
Will do 's commiſſion throughly. And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute; ſend th' arrearages,
E'er look upon our Romans, whoſe remembrance
Is yet freſh in their grief.
POST. I do believe,
Statiſt though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war; and you ſhall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, ſooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæſar
Smil'd at their lack of ſkill, but found their courage

Worthy his frowning at. Their diſcipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, they are people ſuch
That mend upon the world.

SCENE VI. Enter Iachimo.

PHIL. See, Iachimo.———

POST. Sure, the ſwift harts have poſted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kiſs'd your ſails,
To make your veſſel nimble.

PHIL. Welcome, ſir.

POST. I hope, the briefneſs of your anſwer made
The ſpeedineſs of your return.

IACH. Your lady
Is of the faireſt I e'er look'd upon.

POST. And, therewithal, the beſt; or let her beauty
Look through a caſement to allure falſe hearts,
And be falſe with them.

IACH. Here are letters for you.

POST. Their tenour good, I truſt.

IACH. 'Tis very like.

POST. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

IACH. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

POST. All is well yet.
Sparkles this ſtone as it was wont, or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

IACH. If I've loſt it,
I ſhould have loſt the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſs, which

Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

POST. The ſtone's too hard to come by.

IACH. Not a whit,
Your lady being ſo eaſy.

POST. Make not, ſir,
Your loſs your ſport. I hope you know, that we
Muſt not continue friends.

IACH. Good ſir, we muſt,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your miſtreſs home, I grant,
We were to queſtion farther; but I now
Profeſs myſelf the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring, and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

POST. If you can make 't apparent
That you have taſted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours; if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains or loſes
Your ſword or mine, or maſterleſs leaves both
To who ſhall find them.

IACH. Sir, my circumſtances
Being ſo near the truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to believe; whoſe ſtrength
I will confirm with oath, which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.

POST. Proceed.

IACH. Firſt, her bed-chamber,——
Where, I confeſs, I ſlept not, but profeſs,
Had that was well worth watching, it was hang'd
With tapeſtry of ſilk and ſilver; the ſtory

Proud Cleopatra, when ſhe met her Roman,
And Cydnus ſwell'd above the banks, or for
The preſs of boats, or pride.——A piece of work
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In workmanſhip, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be ſo rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was————

POST. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by ſome other.

IACH. More particulars
Muſt juſtify my knowledge.

POST. So they muſt,
Or do your honour injury.

IACH. The chimney
Is ſouth the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaſte Dian, bathing; never ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelves; the cutter
Was as another nature dumb, out-went her;
Motion and breath left out.

POST. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewiſe reap;
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.

IACH. The roof o' th' chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: Th' andirons,
I had forgot them, were two winking Cupids
Of ſilver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their brands.

POST. This is her honour:
Let it be granted you have ſeen all this,
Praiſe be to your remembrance, the deſcription

Of what is in her chamber nothing ſaves
The wager you have laid.

IACH. Then, if you can [Pulling out the bracelet.
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel. See!——
And now 'tis up again. It muſt be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

POST. Jove!
Once more let me behold it. Is it that,
Which I left with her?

IACH. Sir, I thank her, that,
She ſtripp'd it from her arm. I ſee her yet,
Her pretty action did out ſell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; ſhe gave it me,
And ſaid, ſhe priz'd it once.

POST. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off
To ſend it me.

IACH. She writes ſo to you? Doth ſhe?

POST. O, no, no, no. 'Tis true. Here take this too:
It is a baſiliſk unto mine eye, [Gives the ring.
Kills me to look on't; let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where ſemblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above meaſure falſe!——

PHIL. Have patience, ſir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable, ſhe loſt it; or,
Who knows, one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath ſtol'n it from her.

POST. Very true.
And ſo, I hope, he came by 't;——back my ring;

Render to me ſome corporal ſign about her,
More evident than this, for this was ſtole.

IACH. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

POST. Hark you, he ſwears; by Jupiter he ſwears.
'Tis true—nay, keep the ring—'tis true I'm ſure
She could not loſe it; her attendants are
All ſworn and honourable. They induc'd to ſteal it!
And, by a ſtranger!—no, he hath enjoy'd her,
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this; ſhe hath bought the name of whore thus dearly;
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themſelves between you!

PHIL. Sir, be patient;
This is not ſtrong enough to be believ'd,
Of one perſuaded well of———

POST. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

IACH. If you ſeek
For further ſatisfying, under her breaſt,
Worthy the preſſing, lies a mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate lodging. By my life,
I kiſt it; and it gave me preſent hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This ſtain upon her?

POST. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another ſtain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

IACH. Will you hear more?

POST. Spare your arithmetic.
Count not the turns: once, and a million!

IACH. I'll be ſworn———

POST. No ſwearing:

If you will ſwear you have not done 't, you lye.
And I will kill thee, if thou doſt deny
Thou'ſt made me cuckold.

IACH. I'll deny nothing.

POST. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do 't i' th' court, before
Her father——I'll do ſomething—— [Exit.

PHIL. Quite beſides
The government of patience! You have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelf.

IACH. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Re-enter Poſthumus.

POST. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Muſt be half-workers? we are baſtards all:
And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where,
When I was ſtampt. Some coyner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother ſeem'd
The Dian of that time; ſo doth my wife
The non-pareil of this——Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance; did it with
A pudency ſo roſy, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn—that I thought her
As chaſte, as unſunn'd ſnow. Oh, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo in an hour——was't not?——
Or leſs——at firſt? Perchance, he ſpoke not, but
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, oh! and mounted; found no oppoſition

But what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but, I affirm,
It is the woman's part, be't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Luſt, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
Nice longings, ſlanders, mutability:
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all.—For even to vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them.
Deteſt them, curſe them;——yet 'tis greater ſkill
In a true hate, to pray, they have their will?
The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter, in ſtate, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and lords at one door; and at another Caius Lucius and attendants.

CYMBELINE.

NOW ſay, what would Auguſtus Cæſar with us?

LUC. When Julius Cæſar, whoſe remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme, and hearing ever, was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Caſſibelan, thine uncle,
Famous in Cæſar's praiſes, no whit leſs
Than in his feats deſerving it, for him,

And his ſucceſſion, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thouſand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

QUEEN. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be ſo ever.

CLOT. There be many Cæſars,
Ere ſuch another Julius: Britain is
A world by't ſelf; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noſes.

QUEEN. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from 's, to reſume
We have again. Remember, ſir, my liege,
The kings your anceſtors: together with
The nat'ral brav'ry of your iſle; which ſtands,
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unſcalable, and roaring waters;
With ſands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But ſuck them up to th' top-maſt. A kind of conqueſt
Cæſar made here, but made not here his brag
Of came, and ſaw, and overcame. With ſhame,
The firſt, that ever touch'd him, he was carried
From off our coaſt, 'twice beaten; and his ſhipping,
Poor ignorant baubles, on our terrible ſeas,
Like egg-ſhells mov'd upon their ſurges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our rocks. For joy whereof,
The fam'd Caſſibelan, who was once at point,
Oh, giglet fortune! to maſter Cæſar's ſword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons ſtrut with courage.

CLOT. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is ſtronger than it was at that time; and as I ſaid,

there is no more ſuch Cæſars; others of them may have crook'd noſes, but, to own ſuch ſtrait arms, none.

CYM. Son, let your mother end.

CLOT. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Caſſibelan; I do not ſay, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why, tribute? why ſhould we pay tribute? if Cæſar can hide the ſun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; elſe, ſir, no more tribute, pray you now.

CYM. You muſt know,
'Till the injurious Roman did extort
This tribute from us, we were free. Cæſar's ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o' th' world, againſt all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to ſhake off,
Becomes a warlike people, which we reckon
Ourſelves to be. We do. Say then to Cæſar,
Our anceſtor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws, whoſe uſe the ſword of Cæſar
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repair and franchiſe
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed, [laws,
Though Rome be therefore angry: Mulmutius made our
Who was the firſt of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himſelf a king.

LUC. I'm ſorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Auguſtus Cæſar,
Cæſar, that hath more kings his ſervants, than
Thyſelf domeſtic officers, thine enemy.
Receive it from me then.——War and confuſion
In Cæſar's name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: look

For fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myſelf.

CYM. Thou'rt welcome, Caius;
Thy Cæſar knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
Which he to ſeek of me again, perforce
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which, not to read, would ſhew the Britons cold:
So Cæſar ſhall not find them.

LUC. Let proof ſpeak.

CLOT. His majeſty bids you welcome. Make paſtime with us a day or two, or longer: If you ſeek us afterwards on other terms, you ſhall find us in our ſalt-water girdle; if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows ſhall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

LUC. So, ſir.———

CYM. I know your maſter's pleaſure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Enter Piſanio, reading a letter.

PIS. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not
What monſters her accuſe? Leonatus!
Oh maſter, what a ſtrange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear? what falſe Italian,
As pois'nous tongu'd, as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing!———Diſloyal? no
She's puniſh'd for her truth; and undergoes
More goddeſs-like, than wife-like, ſuch aſſaults
As would take in ſome virtue. Oh, my maſter!

Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes. How? that I ſhould murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows, which I
Have made to thy command!—I, her!—her blood!
If it be ſo to do good ſervice, never
Let me be counted ſerviceable.——How look I,
That I ſhould ſeem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? "Do't———the letter,
[Reading.
"That I have ſent her, by her own command
"Shall give thee opportunity".——Damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee: ſenſeleſs bauble!
Art thou a fœdarie for this act, and look'ſt
So virgin-like without? Lo, here ſhe comes.

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

IMO. How now, Piſanio?

PIS. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

IMO. Who! thy lord? that is my lord Leonatus.
Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that aſtrologer,
That knew the ſtars, as I his characters:
He'd lay the future open.——You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd reliſh of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content:—yet not,
That we two are aſunder;—let that grieve him!
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them,
For it doth phyſic love;—of his content,
All but in that. Good wax, thy leave. Bleſt be
You bees, that make theſe locks of counſel! lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.
Though forfeitures you caſt in priſon, yet

You claſp young Cupid's tables. Good news, Gods!
[Reading.

"JUSTICE, and your father's wrath, ſhould he take
"me in his dominion, could not be ſo cruel to me; but
"you, oh the deareſt of creatures, would even renew me
"with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at
"Milford-haven: what your own love will out of this
"adviſe you, follow. So, he wiſhes you all happineſs, that
"remains loyal to his vow, and your increaſing in love;"
Leonatus Poſthumus.

Oh, for a horſe with wings! hear'ſt thou, Piſanio?
He is at Milford-haven. Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then, true Piſanio,
Who long'ſt like me to ſee thy lord; who long'ſt,—
O let me 'bate—but not like me—yet long'ſt—
But in a fainter kind——oh, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond—Say, and ſpeak thick;
Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of hearing
To' th' ſmoth'ring of the ſenſe——how far it is
To this ſame bleſſed Milford: and by th' way,
Tell me how Wales was made ſo happy, as
T'inherit ſuch a haven. But, firſt of all,
How may we ſteal from hence? and for the gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence going
'Till our return, t'excuſe—but firſt, how get hence?
Why ſhould excuſe be born, or ere begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pry'thee, ſpeak,
How many ſcores of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

PIS. One ſcore 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Madam, 's enough for you: and too much too.
IMO. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go ſo ſlow. I've heard of riding wagers,
Where horſes have been nimbler than the ſands
That run i' th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
Go, bid my woman feign a ſickneſs; ſay,
She'll home t' her father: and provide me, preſently
A riding ſuit; no coſtlier than would fit
A Franklin's houſewife.
PIS. Madam, you'd beſt conſider.
IMO. I ſee before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what enſues, but have a fog in them.
That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to ſay;
Acceſſible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Changes to a Foreſt with a Cave, in Wales.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

BEL. A goodly day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch
Whoſe roof's as low as ours. See, boys! this gate
Inſtructs you how t' adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd ſo high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbants on, without
Good-morrow to the ſun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We houſe i' th' rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly
As prouder livers do.
GUID. Hail, heaven!
ARV. Hail heaven!
BEL. Now for our mountain ſport, up to yond hill.
Your legs are young: I'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,

When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which leſſens and ſets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war,
This ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
But being ſo allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:
And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded beetle in a ſafer hold,
Than is the full wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd. No life to ours.

GUID. Out of your proof you ſpeak; we, poor, unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' th' neſt: nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is beſt,
If quiet life is beſt; ſweeter to you,
That have a ſharper known; well correſponding
With your ſtiff age; but unto us, it is
A cell of ign'rance; travelling a-bed;
A priſon, for a debtor that not dares
To ſtride a limit.

ARV. What ſhould we ſpeak of,
When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December? how,
In this our pinching cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
The freezing hours away? we have ſeen nothing;
We're beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat;
Our valour is to chaſe what flies; our cage

We make a quire, as doth the priſon'd bird,
And ſing our bondage freely.

BEL. How you ſpeak!
Did you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court,
As hard to leave, as keep, whoſe top to climb,
Is certain falling, or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war,
A pain, that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
I' th' name of fame and honour, which dies i' th' ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time,
Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe,
Muſt curt'ſy at the cenſure. Oh, boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman ſwords; and my report was once
Firſt with the beſt of note; Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a ſoldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off; then was I as a tree,
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit, but in one night,
A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

GUID. Uncertain favour!

BEL. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains, whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, ſwore to Cymbeline,
I was confed'rate with the Romans; ſo,
Follow'd my baniſhment; and, this twenty years,
This rock and theſe demeſnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all

The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters' language; he, that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o' th' feaſt;
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater ſtate.
I'll meet you in the valleys. [Exeunt Guid. and Avir.
How hard it is to hide the ſparks of nature!
Theſe boys know little they are ſons to th' king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they're mine: and tho' trained up thus meanly
I' th' cave, whereon the bow their thoughts do hit
The roof of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In ſimple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Paladour,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius, Jove!
When on my three-foot ſtool, I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his ſpirits fly out
Into my ſtory: ſay "thus mine enemy fell,
"And thus I ſet my foot on's neck"————even then
The princely blood flows in his cheeks, he ſweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
That acts my words. The younger brother Cadwal
Once, Arviragus, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd——
Oh Cymbeline! heav'n and my conſcience know
Thou didſt unjuſtly baniſh me; whereon,
At three and two years old I ſtole theſe babes;
Thinking to bar thee of ſucceſſion, as
Thou reft'ſt me of my lands. Euriphile,

Thou waſt their nurſe; they take thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to thy grave;
Myſelf Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game's up. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Enter Piſanio, and Imogen.

IMO. Thou told'ſt me, when we came from horſe, the place
Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd my mother ſo
To ſee me firſt, as I have now. Piſanio, man,
Where is Poſthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee ſtare thus? wherefore breaks that ſigh
From th' inward of thee? one, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelf-explication. Put thyſelf
Into a 'haviour of leſs fear, ere wildneſs
Vanquiſh my ſtaider ſenſes. What's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? if 't be ſummer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'ſt
But keep that count'nance ſtill. My huſband's hand?
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out craftied him,
And he's at ſome hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off ſome extremity, which to read
Would be e'en mortal to me.

PIS. Pleaſe you, read;
And you ſhall find me, wretched man, a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

"THY miſtreſs, Piſanio, hath play'd the ſtrumpet in "my bed: the teſtimonies whereof lie bleeding in me.

" I ſpeak not out of weak ſurmiſes, but from proof as ſtrong
" as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That
" part thou, Piſanio, muſt act for me. If thy faith be not
" tainted with the breach of hers, let thine own hands take
" away her life: I ſhall give the opportunity at Milford-
" Haven. She hath my letter for the purpoſe; where, if
" thou fear to ſtrike, and to make me certain it is done,
" thou art the pander to her diſhonour, and equally to me
" diſloyal."

Pis. What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.——No, 'tis ſlander:
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and ſtates,
Maids, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the grave
This viperous ſlander enters. What chear, madam?

Imo. Falſe to his bed! what is it to be falſe?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if ſleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myſelf awake? That's falſe to 's bed! is't?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I falſe? thy conſcience witneſs, Iachimo,——
Thou didſt accuſe him of incontinency,
Thou then look'dſt like a villain: now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy,
Whoſe mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am ſtale, a garment out of faſhion;
And, for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls,
I muſt be ript. To pieces with me. Oh,
Men's vows are women's traitors. All good ſeeming

By thy revolt, oh huſband, ſhall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where 't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

PIS. Good madam, hear me———

IMO. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe Æneas,
Were in his time thought falſe: and Sinon's weeping
Did ſcandal many a holy tear; took pity
From moſt true wretchedneſs. So thou, Poſthumus,
Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe and perjur'd,
From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy maſter's bidding: when thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſs my obedience. Look!
I draw the ſword myſelf, take it, and hit
The innocent manſion of my love, my heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
Thy maſter is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his bidding, ſtrike;
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe,
But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward.

PIS. Hence, vile inſtrument!
Thou ſhalt not damn my hand.

IMO. Why, I muſt die;
And, if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No ſervant of thy maſter's. 'Gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter
There is a prohibition ſo divine,
That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart—
Something 's afore 't———ſoft, ſoft, we'll no defence:
[Opening her breaſt.
Obedient as the ſcabbard!———What is here?
The ſcriptures of the loyal Leonatus

All turn'd to hereſy? away, away,
[Pulling his letters out of her boſom.
Corrupters of my faith! you ſhall no more
Be ſtomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
Believe falſe teachers: tho' thoſe, that are betray'd,
Do feel the treaſon ſharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worſe ca'e of woe. And thou, Poſthumus,
That ſet'ſt my diſobedience 'gainſt the king,
And mad'ſt me put into contempt the ſuits
Of princely fellows, ſhalt hereafter find,
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtrain of rareneſs: and I grieve myſelf,
To think, when thou ſhalt be diſedg'd by her
Whom now thou tir'ſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.——Pr'ythee, diſpatch;
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy maſter's bidding,
When I deſire it too.

PIS. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this buſineſs,
I have not ſlept one wink.

IMO. Do't, and to bed then.

PIS. I'll wake mine eye-balls firſt.

IMO. Wherefore then
Didſt undertake it? why haſt thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action? and thine own? our horſes' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being abſent? whereunto I never
Purpoſe return. Why haſt thou gone ſo far,
To be unbent, when thou haſt ta'en thy ſtand,
Th' elected deer before thee?

PIS. But to win time
To loſe ſo bad employment, in the which,
I have conſider'd of a courſe. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

IMO. Talk thy tongue weary, ſpeak.
I've heard, I am a ſtrumpet; and mine ear,
Therein falſe ſtruck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But, ſpeak.

PIS. Then, madam,
I thought, you would not back again.

IMO. Moſt like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

PIS. Not ſo, neither;
But if I were as wiſe as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my maſter is abus'd; ſome villain,
And ſingular in his art, hath done you both
This curſed injury.

IMO. Some Roman courtezan———

PIS. No, on my life.
I'll give him notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſign of it: for 'tis commanded,
I ſhould do ſo. You ſhall be miſs'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

IMO. Why, good fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? where 'bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my huſband?

PIS. If you'll back to th' court———

IMO. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harſh, noble, ſimple, nothing,
That Cloten, whoſe love-ſuit hath been to me

As fearful as a ſiege.

PIS. If not at court,
Then not in Britain muſt you 'bide.

IMO. Where then?
Hath Britain all the ſun that ſhines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' th' world's volume
Our Britain ſeems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a ſwan's neſt. Pr'ythee, think,
There's livers out of Britain.

PIS. I'm moſt glad,
You think of other place: th' ambaſſador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but diſguiſe
That, which t' appear itſelf, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelf danger; you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply, near
The reſidence of Poſthumus; ſo nigh, at leaſt,
That though his actions were not viſible,
Report ſhould render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

IMO. Oh, for ſuch means,
Though peril to my modeſty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.

PIS. Well then, here's the point:
You muſt forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceneſs,
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty ſelf, to waggiſh courage;
Ready in gybes, quick-anſwer'd, ſaucy, and'
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek;

Expoſing it (but, oh, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing Titan; and forget
Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

IMO. Nay, be brief:
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.

PIS. Firſt, make yourſelf but like one.
Forethinking this, I have already fit,
'Tis in my cloak-bag, doublet, hat, hoſe, all
That anſwer to them. Would you in their ſerving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon, 'fore noble Lucius
Preſent yourſelf, deſire his ſervice, tell him
Wherein you're happy; which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in muſic; doubtleſs,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, moſt holy. Your means abroad!
You have me rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor ſupply.

IMO. Thou 'rt all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away.
There's more to be conſider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm ſoldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

PIS. Well, madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewel;
Leſt, being miſs'd, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble miſtreſs,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen,
What's in't is precious: if you're ſick at ſea,

Or ſtomach-qualm'd at land, a dram at ſea,
Will drive away diſtemper———To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your manhood; may the gods
Direct you to the beſt!

IMO. Amen: I thank thee. [Exeunt ſeverally.

SCENE V. Changes to the Palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

CYM. Thus far, and ſo farewel.

LUC. Thanks, royal ſir,
My emperor hath wrote; I muſt from hence,
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My maſter's enemy.

CYM. Our ſubjects, ſir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourſelf
To ſhew leſs ſovereignty than they, muſt needs
Appear un-king like.

LUC. So, ſir: I deſire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befal your grace, and you!

CYM. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:
So farewel, noble Lucius.

LUC. Your hand, my lord.

CLOT. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

LUC. Th' event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

CYM. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
'Till he have croſt the Severn. Happineſs!

[Exit Lucius, &c.

QUEEN. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,

That we have giv'n him cauſe.

CLOT. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wiſhes in it.

CYM. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horſemen be in readineſs;
The powers, that he already hath in Gallia,
Will ſoon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

QUEEN. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſs;
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.

CYM. Our expectation, that it ſhould be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in ſufferance. [Exit a ſervant.

QUEEN. Royal ſir,
Since the exile of Poſthumus, moſt retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time muſt do. 'Beſeech your majeſty,
Forbear ſharp ſpeeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtrokes,
And ſtrokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

CYM. Where is ſhe, ſir? how
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?

SERV. Pleaſe you, ſir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
That will be giv'n to th' loudeſt noiſe we make.

QUEEN. My lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe;
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmity,
She ſhould that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily ſhe was bound to proffer; this
She wiſh'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.

CYM. Her doors lock'd?
Not ſeen of late? grant heav'ns, that, which I fear,
Prove falſe! [Exit.

QUEEN. Son, I ſay, follow the king.

CLOT. That man of hers, Piſanio, her old ſervant,
I have not ſeen theſe two days. [Exit.

QUEEN. Go, look after.
Piſanio, that ſtands ſo for Poſthumus,
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing that; for he believes,
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? haply, deſpair hath ſeiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervor of her love, ſhe's flown
To her deſir'd Poſthumus; gone ſhe is
To death, or to diſhonour; and my end
Can make good uſe of either. She being down,
I having the placing of the Britiſh crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How, now, my ſon?

CLOT. 'Tis certain, ſhe is fled.
Go in and cheer the king, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

QUEEN. All the better; may
This night fore-ſtall him of the coming day! [Exit Queen

CLOT. I love and hate her;—for ſhe's fair and royal,
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from each one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe of all compounded
Outſells them all: I love her therefore;—but,
Diſdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Poſthumus, ſlanders ſo her judgment,
That what's elſe rare, is choak'd; and in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
ſhall———

SCENE VI. Enter Piſanio.

Who 's here? what! are you packing, ſirrah?
Come hither. Ah! you precious pander, villain,
Where is thy lady? in a word or elſe
Thou'rt ſtraightway with the fiends. [Drawing his ſword.

PIS. Oh, my good lord!

CLOT. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not aſk again. Cloſe villain,
I'll have this ſecret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is ſhe with Poſthumus?
From whoſe ſo many weights of baſeneſs cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

PIS. Alas, my lord,
How can ſhe be with him? when was ſhe miſs'd?
He is in Rome.

CLOT. Where is ſhe, ſir? Come nearer;
No farther halting. Satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

PIS. Oh, my all-worthy lord!

CLOT. All-worthy villain!

Diſcover where thy miſtreſs is,—at once,——
—At the next word. No more of worthy lord.
Speak, or thy ſilence on the inſtant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

PIS. Then, ſir,
This paper is the hiſtory of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

CLOT. Let's ſee't; I will purſue her
Even to Auguſtus' throne.

PIS. Or this, or periſh.
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel not her danger. } [Aſide.

CLOT. Humph.

PIS. I'll write to my lord, ſhe's dead. Oh Imogen,
Safe may'ſt thou wander, ſafe return again! } [Aſide.

CLOT. Sirrah, is this letter true?

PIS. Sir, as I think

CLOT. It is Poſthumus's hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou wouldſt not be a villain, but do me true ſervice; undergo thoſe employments, wherein I ſhould have cauſe to uſe thee, with a ſerious induſtry; that is, what villainy ſoe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honeſt man; thou ſhouldſt neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

PIS. Well, my good lord.

CLOT. Wilt thou ſerve me? for ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Poſthumus, thou can'ſt not in the courſe of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerve me?

PIS. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late maſter's garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the ſame ſuit he wore when he took leave of my lady and miſtreſs.

Clo. The firſt ſervice thou doſt me, fetch that ſuit hither. Let it be thy firſt ſervice, go.

Pis. I ſhall, my lord. [Exit.

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven?———I forgot to aſk him one thing, I'll remember 't anon—Even there, thou villain Poſthumus, will I kill thee. I would theſe garments were come. She ſaid upon a time, the bitterneſs of it I now belch from my heart, that ſhe held the very garment of Poſthumus in more reſpect than my noble and natural perſon, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that ſuit upon my back will I raviſh her; firſt kill him, and in her eyes. There ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead body; and when my luſt hath dined, which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that ſhe ſo prais'd, to the court I'll kick her back, foot her home again. She hath deſpiſed me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Piſanio, with a ſuit of clothes.

Be thoſe the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clot. How long is't ſince ſhe went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can ſcarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the ſecond thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my deſign. Be but duteous, and true preferment ſhall tender itſelf to thee. My

revenge is now at Milford, 'would I had wings to follow it!
Come and be true. [Exit.

Pis. Thou bidd'ſt me to my loſs: for true to thee,
Were to prove falſe, which I will never be,
To him that is moſt true. To Milford go,
And find not her, whom thou purſu'ſt. Flow, flow,
You heav'nly bleſſings on her! This fool's ſpeed
Be croſt with ſlowneſs. Labour be his meed! [Exit.

Scene VII. Changes to the Foreſt and Cave.

Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I ſee, a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſick,
But that my reſolution helps me. Milford,
When from the mountain top Piſanio ſhew'd thee,
Thou waſt within a ken. O Jove, I think,
Foundations fly the wretched; ſuch, I mean,
Where they ſhould be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miſs my way. Will poor folks lye,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or trial? yes; no wonder,
When rich ones ſcarce tell true. To lapſe in fulneſs
Is ſorer, than to lye for need; and falſhood
Is worſe in kings, than beggars. My dear lord!
Thou 'rt one o' th' falſe ones; now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was
At point to ſink for food. But what is this?
[Seeing the Cave.
Here is a path to it———'tis ſome ſavage hold;
It were beſt, not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere clean it o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant,

Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardneſs ever
Of hardineſs is mother. Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,
Take, or lend ho!——No anſwer? Then I'll enter.
Beſt draw my ſword; and if mine enemy
But fear the ſword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Grant ſuch a foe, good heav'ns! [She goes into the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

BEL. You, Paladour, have prov'd beſt woodman, and
Are maſter of the feaſt. Cadwal and I
Will play the cook, and ſervant; 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works too. Come, our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely ſavoury, wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſty ſloth
Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
Poor houſe, that keep'ſt thyſelf!

GUID. I'm thoroughly weary.

ARV. I'm weak with toil, yet ſtrong in appetite.

GUID. There is cold meat i' the cave, we'll brouze on that,
Whilſt what, we've kill'd, be cook'd.

BEL. Stay, come not in——— [Looking in.
But that it eats our victuals, I ſhould think,
Here were a fairy.

GUID. What's the matter, ſir?

BEL. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon. Behold divineneſs
No elder than a boy.———

Enter Imogen.

IMO. Good maſters, harm me not.

Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took; good troth,
I have ſtoll'n nought, nor would not, though I'd found
Gold ſtrew'd i' th' floor. Here's money for my meat;
I would have left it on the board ſo ſoon
As I had made my meal; and parted hence
With prayers for the provider.

GUID. Money, youth?

ARV. All gold and ſilver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip dirty gods.

IMO. I ſee, you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

BEL. Whither bound?

IMO. To Milford-Haven.

BEL. What's your name?

IMO. Fidele, ſir. I have a kinſman, who
Is bound for Italy, he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
I'm fall'n in this offence.

BEL. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor meaſure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almoſt night, you ſhall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to ſtay and eat it.
—Boys, bid him welcome.

GUID. Were you a woman, youth,
I ſhould woe hard, but be your groom in honeſty;
I'd bid for you, as I'd buy.

ARV. I'll make 't my comfort
He is a man, I'll love him as my brother,

And ſuch a welcome, as I'd give to him,
After long abſence, ſuch is yours. Moſt welcome!
Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mong'ſt friends?
IMO. 'Mong'ſt friends?
If brothers, would it had been ſo, that they
Had been my father's ſons! then had my prize } [Aſide.
Been leſs, and ſo more equal ballaſting
To thee, Poſthumus.
BEL. He wrings at ſome diſtreſs.
GUID. 'Would I could free 't!
ARV. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it coſt, what danger. Gods!
BEL. Hark, boys. [Whiſpering.
IMO. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themſelves and had the virtue
Which their own conſcience ſeal'd them, laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,
Could not out-peer theſe twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my ſex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus is falſe.
BEL. It ſhall be ſo.
Boys, we'll go dreſs our hunt. Fair youth, come in;
Diſcourſe is heavy, faſting; when we've ſupp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy ſtory,
So far as thou wilt ſpeak it.
GUID. I pray, draw near.
ARV. The night to the owl, and morn to th'lark, leſs welcome!
IMO. Thanks, ſir.
ARV. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. Changes to Rome.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 SEN. This is the tenor of the Emperor's writ;
That ſince the common men are now in action
'Gainſt the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our war againſt
The fall'n-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this buſineſs. He creates
Lucius Pro-conſul; and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His abſolute commiſſion. Long live Cæſar!

TRI. Is Lucius gen'ral of the forces?

2 SEN. Ay,

TRI. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 SEN. With thoſe legions
Which I have ſpoke of, whereunto your levy
Muſt be ſuppliant: The words of your commiſſion
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their diſpatch.

TRI. We will diſcharge our duty. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Foreſt in Wales.

Enter Cloten alone.

I Am near to th' place where they ſhould meet, if Piſanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments ſerve me! why ſhould his miſtreſs, who was made by him that made

the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, ſaving reverence of the word, becauſe, 'tis ſaid, a woman's fitneſs comes by fits. Therein I muſt play the workman. I dare ſpeak it to myſelf, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glaſs to conſer; in his own chamber I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no leſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike converſant in general ſervices, and more remarkable in ſingle oppoſitions? yet this ill-perſeverant thing loves him in my deſpight. What mortality is! Poſthumus, thy head, which is now growing upon thy ſhoulders, ſhall within this hour be off, thy miſtreſs enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces before her face; and all this done, ſpurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my ſo rough uſage; but my mother, having power of his teſtineſs, ſhall turn all into my commendations. My horſe is ty'd up ſafe. Out, ſword, and to a ſore purpoſe! Fortune, put them into my hand. This is the very deſcription of their meeting place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

SCENE II. Changes to the front of the cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen, from the cave.

BEL. You are not well; remain here in the cave:
We'll come t' you after hunting.

ARV. Brother, ſtay here. [To Imogen.
Are we not brothers?———

IMO. So man and man ſhould be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I'm very ſick.

GUID. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.
IMO. So ſick I am not, yet I am not well;
But not ſo citizen a wanton, as
To ſeem to die ere ſick: ſo pleaſe you, leave me;
Stick to your journal courſe; the breach of cuſtom
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not ſociable. I'm not very ſick,
Since I can reaſon of it. Pray you, truſt me here,
I'll rob none but myſelf; and let me die,
Stealing ſo poorly.
GUID. I love thee, I have ſpoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
BEL. What? how? how?
ARV. If it be ſin to ſay ſo, ſir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault;——I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you ſay,
Love's reaſon's without reaſon. The bier at door,
And a demand who is 't ſhall die, I'd ſay,
"My father, not this youth."
BEL. O noble ſtrain!
O worthineſs of nature, breed of greatneſs!
Cowards father cowards, and baſe things ſire the baſe:
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this ſhould be,
Doth miracle itſelf, lov'd before me!
—'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn.
ARV. Brother, farewel.
IMO. I wiſh ye ſport.
ARV. You health——So pleaſe you, ſir.

IMO. [Aſide.] Theſe are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard!
Our courtiers ſay, all's ſavage but at court:
Experience, oh, how thou diſprov'ſt report.
Th' imperious ſeas breed monſters; for the diſh
Poor tributary rivers as ſweet fiſh.
I am ſick ſtill, heart-ſick——Piſanio,
I'll now taſte of thy drug. [Drinks out of the phial.
GUID. I could not ſtir him.
He ſaid, he was gentle, but unfortunate:
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.
ARV. Thus did he anſwer me; yet ſaid, hereafter
I might know more.
BEL. To th' field, to th' field.
—We'll leave you for this time; go in and reſt.
ARV. We'll not be long away.
BEL. Pray, be not ſick,
For you muſt be our houſewife.
IMO. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. [Exit Imogen to the cave.
BEL. And ſhalt be ever.
This youth, howe'er diſtreſs'd, appears to have had
Good anceſtors.
ARV. How angel-like he ſings!
GUID. But his neat cookery!
ARV. He cut our roots in characters;
And ſauc'd our broth, as Juno had been ſick,
And he her dieter.
ARV. Nobly he yokes
A ſmiling with a ſigh, as if the ſigh
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a ſmile,
The ſmile mocking the ſigh, that it would fly

From ſo divine a temple, to commix
With winds that ſailors rail at.

GUID. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their ſpurs together.

ARV. Grow, patience!
And let the ſtinking elder, grief, untwine
His periſhing root, with the encreaſing vine!

BEL. It is great morning. Come; away. Who's there?

SCENE III. Enter Cloten.

CLOT. I cannot find thoſe runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me.——————I am faint.

BELL. Thoſe runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the ſon o' th' queen. I fear ſome ambuſh.
I ſaw him not theſe many years, and yet
I know, 'tis he. We're held as outlaws. Hence.

GUID. He is but one; you and my brother ſearch
What companies are near. Pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt Bellarius and Arviragus.

CLOT. Soft! what are you,
That fly me thus? ſome villain mountaineer.
I've heard of ſuch. What ſlave art thou?

GUID. A thing
More ſlaviſh did I ne'er, than anſwering
A ſlave without a knock.

CLOT. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

GUID. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I ſhould yield to thee?

CLOT. Thou villain baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my clothes?

GUID. No, nor thy tailor, raſcal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made thoſe clothes,
Which, as it ſeems, make thee.

CLOT. Thou precious varlet!
My tailor made them not.

GUID. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art ſome fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.

CLOT. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

GUID. What's thy name?

CLOT. Cloten, thou villain.

GUID. Cloten, then, double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, ſpider,
'Twould move me ſooner.

CLOT. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy meer confuſion thou ſhalt know
I'm ſon to th' queen.

GUID. I'm ſorry for't; not ſeeming
So worthy as thy birth.

CLOT. Art not afraid?

GUID. Thoſe that I rev'rence, thoſe I fear, the wiſe;
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

CLOT. Die the death!——
When I have ſlain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow thoſe that even now fled hence,

And on the gates of Lud's town ſet your heads.
Yield, ruſtick mountaineer. [Fight, and Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

BEL. No company's abroad.

ARV. None in the world; you did miſtake him, ſure.

BEL. I cannot tell: long is it ſince I ſaw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of favour
Which then he wore; the ſnatches in his voice,
And burſt of ſpeaking, were as his: I'm abſolute
'Twas very Cloten.

AVR. In this place we left them;
I wiſh my brother make good time with him,
You ſay, he is ſo fell.

BEL. Being ſcarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cauſe of fear. But ſee, thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

GUID. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purſe,
There was no money in't; not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none.
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

BEL. What haſt thou done?

GUID. I'm perfect, what; cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and ſwore
With his own ſingle hand he'd take us in;
Diſplace our heads, where, thanks, ye Gods, they grow,
And ſet them on Lud's town.

BEL. We're all undone!

GUID. Why, worthy father, what have we to loſe
But what he ſwore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of fleſh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himſelf
For we do fear the law? What company
Diſcover you abroad?

BEL. No ſingle ſoul
Can we ſet eye on; but, in all ſafe reaſon,
He muſt have ſome attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worſe; not frenzy,
Not abſolute madneſs, could ſo far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone; although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that ſuch as we
Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head: the which he hearing,
As it is like him, might break out, and ſwear,
He'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, nor he ſo undertaking,
Nor they ſo ſuffering; then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

ARV. Let ordinance
Come, as the Gods foreſay it; howſoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

BEL. I had no mind
To hunt this day; the boy Fidele's ſickneſs
Did make my way long forth.

GUID. With his own ſword,
Which he did wave againſt my throat, I've ta'en

His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock, and let it to the ſea,
And tell the fiſhes, he's the Queen's ſon, Cloten.
That's all I reck. [Exit.

BEL. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd.
'Would, Paladour, thou hadſt not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

ARV. 'Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone purſu'd me! Paladour,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou'ſt robb'd me of this deed; I would, revenges,
That poſſible ſtrength might meet would ſeek us thro',
And put us to our anſwer.

BEL. Well, 'tis done:
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor ſeek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock.
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll ſtay
'Till haſty Paladour return, and bring him
To dinner preſently.

ARV. Poor ſick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour,
I'd let a pariſh of ſuch Clotens blood,
And praiſe myſelf for charity. [Exit.

BEL. O thou goddeſs,
Thou divine nature, how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two princely boys! they are as gentle,
As Zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as th' rudeſt wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them

To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not ſeen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been ſow'd. Yet ſtill it 's ſtrange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

GUID. Where's my brother?
I have ſent Cloten's clot-pole down the ſtream,
In embaſſy to his mother. His body's hoſtage
For his return. [Solemn muſick.

BEL. My ingenious inſtrument!
Hark, Paladour! it ſounds: bnt what occaſion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? hark!

GUID. Is he at home?

BEL. He went hence even now.

GUID. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'ſt mother,
It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
Should anſwer ſolemn accidents. The matter?——
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

SCENE V. Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his arms.

BEL. Look, here he comes!
And brings the dire occaſion, in his arms
Of what we blame him for.

ARV. The bird is dead,
That we have made ſo much on! I had rather

Have ſkipt from ſixteen years of age to ſixty;
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have ſeen this.

GUID. Oh ſweeteſt, faireſt lily!
My brother wears thee not one half ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thyſelf.

BEL. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh carrack
Might eas'lieſt harbour in?——thou bleſſed thing!
Jove knows, what man thou might'ſt have made; but ah!
Thou dy'dſt, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy!
How found you him?

ARV. Stark, as you ſee,
Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at; his right cheek
Repoſing on a cuſhion.

GUID. Where?

ARV. O' th' floor.
His arms thus leagu'd. I thought, he ſlept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.

GUID. Why, he but ſleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

ARV. With faireſt flow'rs,
Whilſt ſummer laſts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave. Thou ſhalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale primroſe; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of Eglantine, which not to ſlander,

Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath. The ruddock would,
With charitable bill, oh bill, ſore-ſhaming
Thoſe rich left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument! bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flow'rs are none,
To winterground thy coarſe———

GUID. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.——To th' grave.

ARV. Say, where ſhall 's lay him?

GUID. By good Euriphile, our mother.

ARV. Be't ſo:
And let us, Paladour, though now our voices
Have got the manniſh crack, ſing him to th' ground,
As, once, our mother; uſe like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile muſt be Fidele.

GUID. Cadwal.
I cannot ſing; I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Than prieſts and fanes that lye.

ARV. We'll ſpeak it then.

BEL. Great griefs, I ſee, med'cine the leſs. For Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's ſon, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: tho' mean and mighty rotting
Together, have one duſt, yet reverence,
That angel of the world, doth make diſtinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him, as a prince.

GUID. Pray, fetch him hither.
Therſites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.
ARV. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll ſay our ſong the whilſt. Brother, begin.
GUID. Nay, Cadwal, we muſt lay his head to th' eaſt;
My father had a reaſon for 't.
ARV. 'Tis true.
GUID. Come on then, and remove him.
ARV. So, begin.

SONG.

GUID. Fear no more the heat o' th' ſun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly taſk haſt done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Both golden lads and girls all muſt
As chimney ſweepers, come to duſt.

ARV. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke;
Care no more to cloath and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The ſceptre, learning, phyſick, muſt
All follow this, and come to duſt.

GUID. Fear no more the lightning-flaſh.
ARV. Nor th' all dreaded thunder-ſtone.
GUID. Fear not ſlander, cenſure raſh.
ARV. Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan.
BOTH. All lovers young, all lovers muſt
Conſign to thee, and come to duſt.

GUID. No exorciſer harm thee!
ARV. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
GUID. Ghoſt, unlaid forbear thee!
ARV. Nothing ill come near thee!
BOTH. Quiet conſummation have,
And renowned be thy grave!

SCENE VI. Enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

GUID. We've done our obſequies: come, lay him down.
BELL. Here's a few flowers, but about midnight more;
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' th' night,
Are ſtrewings fitt'ſt for graves—Upon their faces—
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even ſo
Theſe herbelets ſhall, which we upon you ſtrow.
Come on, away. Apart upon your knees.
—The ground that gave them firſt, has them again:
Their pleaſure here is paſt, ſo is their pain. [Exeunt.

Imogen, awaking.

IMO. Yes, ſir, to Milford-haven, which is the way?——
I thank you———by yond buſh?———pray, how far thither?———
'Ods pittikens——can it be ſix miles yet?———
I've gone all night——'faith, I'll lay down and ſleep.
But, ſoft! no bedfellow,——Oh gods and goddeſſes!
[Seeing the dead body.
Theſe flowers are like the pleaſures of the world;
This bloody man the care on't.——I hope, I dream;
For ſure I thought, I was a cave-keeper.
And cook to honeſt creatures. But 'tis not ſo:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes,

Are ſometimes like our judgments, blind, good faith,
I tremble ſtill with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heav'n as ſmall a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods! a part of it!
The dream's here ſtill; ev'n when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headleſs man!——the garments of Poſthumus?
I know the ſhape of 's leg, this is his hand,
His foot mercurial, his martial thigh,
The brawns of Hercules: but his jovial face——
Murder in heaven?——how!——'tis gone!——Piſanio!—
All curſes madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou,
'Twas thou, conſpiring with that devil Cloten,
Haſt here cut off my lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treach'rous!——Damn'd Piſanio!——
Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Piſanio!————
From this the braveſt veſſel of the world
Struck the main-top! oh Poſthumus, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? ah me, where's that?
Piſanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How ſhould this be? Piſanio?——
'Tis he and Cloten. Malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. Oh, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which, he ſaid, was precious
And cordial with me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to th' ſenſes? that confirms it home:
This is Piſanio's deed, and Cloten's. Oh!
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may ſeem to thoſe
Which chance to find us. Oh, my lord! my lord?

SCENE VII. Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothſayer.

CAP. To them, the legions garriſon'd in Gallia,
After your will, have croſs'd the ſea, attending
You here at Milford-Haven; with your ſhips,
They are in readineſs.

LUC. But what from Rome?

CAP. The ſenate hath ſtirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy, moſt willing ſpirits,
That promiſe noble ſervice; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

LUC. When expect you them?

CAP. With the next benefit o' th' wind.

LUC. This forwardneſs
Makes our hopes fair. Command our preſent numbers
Be muſter'd; bid the captains look to't. Now, ſir,
What have you dream'd of late, of this war's purpoſe?

SOOTH. Laſt night, the very Gods ſhew'd me a viſion.
(I faſt, and pray'd for their intelligence)
I ſaw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the ſpungy ſouth, to this part of the weſt,
There vaniſh'd in the ſun-beams; which portends,
Unleſs my ſins abuſe my divination,
Succeſs to th' Roman hoſt.

LUC. Dream often ſo,
And never falſe!——Soft, ho, what trunk is here
Without his top? the ruin ſpeaks, that ſometime
It was a worthy building. How! a page!——
Or dead, or ſleeping on him? but dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or ſleep upon the dead.
Let's ſee the boy's face.

CAP. He's alive, my lord.

LUC. He'll then inſtruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for, it ſeems,
They crave to be demanded: who is this,
Thou mak'ſt thy bloody pillow? who was he,
That, otherwiſe than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy intereſt
In this ſad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

IMO. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This was my maſter,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies ſlain: alas!
There are no more ſuch maſters: I may wander
From eaſt to occident, cry out for ſervice,
Try many and all good, ſerve truly, never
Find ſuch another maſter.

LUC. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'ſt no leſs with thy complaining, than
Thy maſter in bleeding: ſay his name, good friend.

IMO. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope, [Aſide.
They'll pardon it. Say you, ſir?

LUC. Thy name?

IMO. Fidele, ſir.

LUC. Thou doſt approve thyſelf the very ſame;
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not ſay
Thou ſhalt be ſo well maſter'd, but, be ſure
No leſs belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a conſul to me, ſhould not ſooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

IMO. I'll follow, ſir. But firſt, an't pleaſe the gods,
I'll hide my maſter from the flies as deep
As theſe poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' ſtrew'd his grave,
And on it ſaid a century of pray'rs,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and ſigh;
And, leaving ſo his ſervice, follow you,
So pleaſe you entertain me.

LUC. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than maſter thee.
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties. Let us
Find out the prettieſt dazied-plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans
A grave. Come, arm him. Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he ſhall be interr'd
As ſoldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to ariſe. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. Changes to Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Piſanio.

CYM. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the abſence of her ſon;
Madneſs, of which her life 's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me. Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone! my queen
Upon a deſperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! her ſon gone,
So needful for this preſent. It ſtrikes me, paſt
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeem ſo ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee

By a ſharp torture.

PIS. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly ſet it at your will; but, for my miſtreſs,
I nothing know where ſhe remains; why, gone;
Nor when ſhe purpoſes return. 'Beſeech your highneſs,
Hold me your loyal ſervant.

LORD. Good my liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and ſhall perform
All parts of his ſubjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

CYM. The time is troubleſome,
We'll ſlip you for a ſeaſon, but our jealouſy [To Piſanio.
Does yet depend.

LORD. So pleaſe your majeſty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coaſt, with a ſupply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the ſenate ſent.

CYM. Now for the counſel of my ſon and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

LORD. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſs
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put theſe powers in motion,
That long to move.

CYM. I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it ſeeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.——Away. [Exeunt.

PIS. I heard no letter from my maſter, ſince
I wrote him, Imogen was ſlain. 'Tis ſtrange;

Nor hear I from my miſtreſs, who did promiſe
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I,
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplext in all. The heavens ſtill muſt work.
Wherein I'm falſe, I'm honeſt; not true, to be true.
Theſe preſent wars ſhall find, I love my country,
Ev'n to the note o' th' king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune bri..gs in ſome boats, that are not ſteer'd. [Exit.

SCENE IX. Changes to the Foreſt.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

GUID. The noiſe is round about us.

BEL. Let us from it.

ARV. What pleaſure, ſir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

GUID. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans
Muſt or for Britons ſlay us, or receive us
For barb'rous and unnatural revolts
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.

BEL. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains, there ſecure us.
To the king's party there 's no going; newneſs
Of Cloten's death, we being not known, nor muſter'd
Among the bands, may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd, and ſo extort from us
That which we've done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

GUID. This is, ſir, a doubt,
In ſuch a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor ſatisfying us.

ARV. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horſes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears ſo cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.
BEL. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you ſee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, beſides the king
Hath not deſerv'd my ſervice, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding;
The certainty of this hard life, aye, hopeleſs
To have he courteſy your cradle promis'd;
But to be ſtill hot ſummers, tanlings, and
The ſhrinking ſlaves of winter.
GUID. Than be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray, ſir, to th' army;
I and my brother are not known; yourſelf
So out of thought, and thereto ſo o'er-grown,
Cannot be queſtion'd.
ARV. By this ſun that ſhines,
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never
Did ſee man die, ſcarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veniſon,
Never beſtrid a horſe ſave one, that had
A rider like myſelf who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel? I am aſham'd
To look upon the holy ſun, to have
The benefit of his beſt beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
GUID. By heav'ns, I'll go;

If you will bleſs me, ſir, and give me leave.
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

ARV. So ſay I, Amen.

BEL. No reaſon I, ſince of your lives you ſet
So ſlight a valuation, ſhould reſerve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys;
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads; and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead. The time ſeems long: their blood thinks ſcorn
[Aſide.
'Till it fly out, and ſhew them Princes born. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the Britiſh and Roman Camps.

Enter Poſthumus, with a bloody handkerchief.

POSTHUMUS.

YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wiſht.
Thou ſhouldſt be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this courſe, how many
Muſt murder wives much better than themſelves.
For wrying but a little? Oh, Piſanio!
Every good ſervant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do juſt ones.——Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I ne'er
Had liv'd to put on this: ſo had you ſav'd
The noble Imogen to repent, and ſtruck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,

You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more; you ſome permit
To ſecond ills with ills, each elder worſe,
And make them dread it to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen's your own. Do your beſt wills,
And make me bleſt t' obey!——I am brought hither
Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight
Againſt my lady's kingdom. 'Tis enough,
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy miſtreſs. Peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,
Hear patiently my purpoſe. I'll diſrobe me
Of theſe Italian weeds, and ſuit myſelf
As does a Briton peaſant; ſo I'll fight
Againſt the part I come with; ſo I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death; and thus unknown,
Pitied, not hated, to the face of peril
Myſelf I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits ſhow;
Gods, put the ſtrength o' th' Leonati in me!
To ſhame the guiſe o' th' world, I will begin
The faſhion. Leſs without, and more within. [Exit.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door; and the Britiſh army at another; Leonatus Poſthumus following the Britiſh like a poor ſoldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in ſkirmiſh Iachimo, and Poſthumus; he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

IACH. The heavineſs, and guilt, within my boſom,
Takes off my manhood. I've bely'd a lady,
The princeſs of this country; and the air on't

Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature, have ſubdu'd me
In my profeſſion? Knighthoods and honours born
As I wear mine are titles but of ſcorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lowt, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

The battle continues; the Britons fly, Cymbeline is taken; then enter to his reſcue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

BEL. Stand, ſtand. We have th'advantage of the ground;
That lane is guarded; nothing routs us, but
The villany of our fears.
GUID. ARV. Stand; ſtand and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, and ſeconds the Britons. They reſcue Cymbeline, and exeunt.
Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

LUC. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thyſelf;
For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As war were hood-wink'd.
IACH. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.
LUC. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely. Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Another part of the field of Battle.
Enter Poſthumus, and a Britiſh Lord.

LORD. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?
POST. I did.
Though you, it ſeems, came from the fliers.
LORD. I did.

POST. No blame be to you, ſir, for all was loſt,
But that the heavens fought. The king himſelf
Of his wings deſtitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britain ſeen; all flying
Through a ſtrait lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with ſlaught'ring, having work
More plentiful, than tools to do't, ſtruck down
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Meerly through fear, that the ſtrait paſs was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd ſhame.

LORD. Where was this lane?

POST. Cloſe by the battle; ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an antient ſoldier,
An honeſt one, I warrant, who deſerv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to
In doing this for 's country. 'Thwart the lane,
He, with two ſtriplings, lads, more like to run
The country baſe, than to commit ſuch ſlaughter;
With faces fit for maſks, or rather fairer
Than thoſe for preſervation cas'd, or ſhame,
Made good the paſſage; cry'd to thoſe that fled,
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men;
"To darkneſs fleet ſouls, that fly backwards! Stand;
"Or we are Romans, and will give you that
"Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly, and may ſave
"But to look back in frown. Stand, ſtand."—Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, (in act as many;
For three performers are the file, when all
The reſt do nothing) with this word, "Stand, ſtand,"
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleneſs which could have turn'd

A diſtaff to a lance, gilded pale looks;
Part ſhame, part ſpirit renew'd; that ſome, turn'd coward
But by example, (oh, a ſin in war,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
A ſtop i' th' chaſer, a retire; anon,
A rout, confuſion thick. Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they ſtoop'd eagles; ſlaves,
The ſtrides they victors made: and now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' th' need; having found the back door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound
Some ſlain before, ſome dying; ſome their friends
O'er-borne i' th' former wave; ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty;
Thoſe, that would die or ere reſiſt, are grown
The mortal bugs o' th' field.

LORD. This was ſtrange chance.
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

POST. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhime upon 't?
And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
"Preſerv'd the Britons, was the Romans bane."

LORD. Nay, be not angry, ſir.

POST. 'Lack! to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendſhip too.
You have put me into rhimes.

LORD. Farewel, you are angry. [Exit.

POST. Still going? This it a lord! oh noble miſery,
To be i' th' field, and aſk what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To've ſav'd their carcaſſes? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he ſtruck. Being an ugly monſter,
'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more miniſters than we,
That draw his knives i' th' war—Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I've reſum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriеſt hind, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Here made by th' Roman; great the anſwer be
Britons muſt take. For me, my ranſom's death;
On either ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by ſome means for Imogen.

Enter two Britiſh Captains and Soldiers.

1 CAP. Great Jupiter be prais'd, Lucius is taken.
'Tis thought, the old man, and his ſons, were angels.

2 CAP. There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gave th' affront with them.

1 CAP. So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found. Stand, who's there?

POST. A Roman———
Who had not now been drooping here, if ſeconds
Had anſwer'd him.

2 CAP. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome ſhall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He brags his ſervice,
As if he were of note; bring him to th' king.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio, and Roman captives. The captains preſent Poſthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a gaoler. After which, all go out.

SCENE III. Changes to a Priſon.

Enter Poſthumus, and two gaolers.

1 GAOL. You ſhall not now be ſtol'n, you've locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find paſture.

2 GAOL. Ay, or ſtomach. [Exeunt Gaolers.

POST. Moſt welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think to liberty; yet am I better
Than one that's ſick o' th' gout, ſince he had rather
Groan ſo in perpetuity than be cur'd
By th' ſure phyſician, death; who is the key
T' unbar theſe locks. My conſcience! thou art fetter'd
More than my ſhanks and wriſts; you good Gods, give me
The penitent inſtrument to pick that bolt;
Then, free for ever. Is 't enough, I'm ſorry?
So children temp'ral fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy. Muſt I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Deſir'd, more than conſtrain'd; to ſatisfy,
I doff my freedom; 'tis the main part; take
No ſtricter render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,

A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my deſire;
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it.
'Tween man and man they weigh not every ſtamp,
Though light, take pieces for the figure's ſake;
You rather, mine, being yours: and ſo, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel thoſe cold bonds. Oh Imogen!
I'll ſpeak to thee in ſilence.——— [He ſleeps.

Solemn muſick: Enter, as in an apparition. Sicilius Leonatus, father to Poſthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an antient matron, his wife, and mother to Poſthumus, with muſick before them. Then, after other muſick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Poſthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Poſthumus round as he lies ſleeping.

SICI. No more thou thunder-maſter, ſhew
Thy ſpite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.——
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whoſe face I never ſaw?
I dy'd, whilſt in the womb he ſtay'd,
Attending nature's law.
Whoſe father, Jove! (as men report
Thou orphans' father art)
Thou ſhouldſt have been, and ſhielded him
From his earth-vexing ſmart.

MOTH. Lucina lent me not her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me my Poſthumus ript,
Came crying 'mong his foes,
A thing of pity!——————

SICI. Great nature, like his anceſtry,
Moulded the ſtuff ſo fair;
That he deſerv'd the praiſe o' th' world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 BRO. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he,
That could ſtand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that beſt
Could deem his dignity?

MOTH. With marriage wherefore was he mockt,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonatus' ſeat, and caſt
From her his deareſt one?
Sweet Imogen!——————

SICI. Why did you ſuffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needleſs jealouſy,
And to become the geek and ſcorn
O' th' other's villainy?

2 BRO. For this, from ſtiller ſeats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, ſtriking in our country's cauſe
Fell bravely and were ſlain;
Our fealty and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Poſthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd;
Then, Jupiter, thou King of gods,
Why haſt thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy cryſtal window ope; look out;
No longer exerciſe,
Upon a valiant race thy harſh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our ſon is good,
Take off his miſeries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble manſion, help!
Or we poor ghoſts will cry
To th' ſhining ſynod of the reſt
Againſt thy deity.

2 Breth. Help, Jupiter, or we appeal,
And from thy juſtice fly.

Jupiter deſcends in thunder and lightning, ſitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghoſts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty ſpirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; huſh!——How dare you, ghoſts,
Accuſe the thunderer, whoſe bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coaſts?
Poor ſhadows of Elyſium, hence and reſt
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is; you know 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I love, I croſs; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,

Your low-laid ſon our godhead will uplift;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are ſpent;
Our Jovial ſtar reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Riſe, and fade!
He ſhall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breaſt, wherein
[Jupiter drops a tablet.
Our pleaſure his full fortune doth confine;
And ſo, away. No farther with your din
Expreſs impatience, leſt you ſtir up mine,
Mount, eagle, to my palace, cryſtalline. [Aſcends.

SICI. He came in thunder, his cœleſtial breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us; his aſcenſion is
More ſweet than our bleſt fields, his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

ALL. Thanks, Jupiter!

SICI. The marble pavement cloſes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof. Away! and to be bleſt
Let us with care perform his great beheſt. [Vaniſh.

POST. [waking] Sleep, thou haſt been a grandſire, and begot
A father to me, and thou haſt created
A mother and two brothers. But, oh ſcorn!
Gone—they went hence as ſoon as they were born.
And ſo I am awake——Poor wretches, that depend
On greatneſs' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.——But, alas, I ſwerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deſerve,
And yet are ſteep'd in favours; ſo am I

That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!
Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt unlike our courtiers;
As good as promiſe.

[Reads.]

"WHEN as the lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Britain be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty."

'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff, as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing;
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot untie, be what it is;
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for ſympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

GAOL. Come, ſir, are you ready for death?

POST. Over-roaſted rather; ready long ago.

GAOL. Hanging is the word, ſir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

POST. So if I prove a good repaſt to the ſpectators, the diſh pays the ſhot.

GAOL. A heavy reckoning for you, ſir; but the comfort is, you ſhall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you come in faint for want of meat,

depart reeling with too much drink; ſorry that you have paid too much, and ſorry that you are paid too much, purſe and brain, both empty, the brain the heavier, for being too light: the purſe too light, being drawn of heavineſs. Oh, of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit: oh, the charity of a penny cord, it ſums up thouſands in a trice; you have no true debtor, and creditor, but it; of what's paſt is, and to come, the diſcharge; your neck, ſir, is pen, book, and counters; ſo the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, ſir, he that ſleeps, feels not the tooth-ache: but a man that were to ſleep your ſleep, and a hang-man to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer; for look you, ſir, you know not which way you ſhall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, co I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not ſeen him ſo pictur'd. You muſt either be directed by ſome who take upon them to know; or take upon yourſelf that, which, I am ſure, you do not know; or jump the after enquiry on your own peril: and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journey's-end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as wink, and will not uſe them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſs! I am ſure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles. Bring your priſoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'ſt good news; I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou ſhalt be then freer than a goaler; no bolts for the dead. [Exeunt Poſthumus and Meſſenger.

Gaol. Unleſs a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo prone. Yet, on my conſcience, there are verier knaves deſire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be ſome of them too, that die againſt their wills; ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were deſolation of gaolers and gallowſes; I ſpeak againſt my preſent profit, but my wiſh hath a preferment in't.

[Exit.

Scene IV. Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Piſanio and lords.

Cym. Stand by my ſide, you, whom the Gods have made
Preſervers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor ſoldier, that ſo richly fought,
Whoſe rags ſham'd gilded arms, whoſe naked breaſt
Stept before targes of proof, cannot be found;
He ſhall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him ſo.

Bel. I never ſaw
Such noble fury in ſo poor a thing!
Such precious deed in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor looks.

Cym. No tydings of him?

Pis. He hath been ſearch'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

CYM. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain;
[To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.
By whom, I grant, ſhe lives. 'Tis now the time
To aſk of whence you are. Report it.

BEL. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen;
Farther to boaſt, were neither true nor modeſt,
Unleſs I add, we're honeſt.

CYM. Bow your knees. [They kneel.
Ariſe my knights o' th' battle; I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your eſtates.

Enter Cornelius, and ladies.

There's buſineſs in theſe faces. Why ſo ſadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' th' court of Britain.

COR. Hail, great king!
To ſour your happineſs, I muſt report
The queen is dead.

CYM. Whom worſe than a phyſician
Would this report become? but I conſider,
By med'cine life may bo prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the Doctor too. How ended ſhe?

COR. With horror, madly dying, like herſelf,
Who, being cruel to the world, concluded
Moſt cruel to herſelf. What ſhe confeſt,
I will report, ſo pleaſe you: Theſe her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.

CYM. Pr'ythee, ſay.

Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſs'd, ſhe never lov'd you, only
Affected greatneſs got by you, not you.
Married your royalty, was wife to your place,
Abhorr'd your perſon.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I could not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to love
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſs,
Was as a ſcorpion to her ſight, whoſe life,
But that her flight prevented it, ſhe had
Ta'en off by poiſon.

Cym. O moſt delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More, ſir, and worſe. She did confeſs, ſhe had
For you a mortal mineral, which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring
By inches waſte you. In which time ſhe purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
O'ercome you with her ſhew, yes, and in time,
When ſhe had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her ſon into th' adoption of the crown;
But failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſs, deſperate, open'd, in deſpight
Of heav'n and men, her purpoſes, repented
The ills ſhe hatch'd were not effected, ſo,
Deſpairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, ſo pleaſe your highneſs.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,

That thought her like her ſeeming. It had been vicious
To have miſtruſted her. Yet, oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'ſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

SCENE V. Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman priſoners; Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou com'ſt not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loſs
Of many a bold one, whoſe kinſmen have maid ſuit,
That their good ſouls may be appeas'd with ſlaughter
Of you their captives, which ourſelf have granted.
So, think of your eſtate.

LUC. Conſider, ſir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We ſhould not, when the blood was cold, have threatened
Our priſoners with the ſword. But, ſince the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ranſom, let it come. Sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can ſuffer.
Auguſtus lives to think on't. And ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ranſom'd; never maſter had
A page ſo kind, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occaſions, true,
So feat, ſo nurſe-like. Let his virtue join
With my requeſt, which, I'll make bold, your highneſs
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he hath ſerv'd a Roman. Save him, ſir,
And ſpare no blood beſide.

CYM. I've ſurely ſeen him;
His favour is familiar to me.
Boy, thou haſt look'd thyſelf into my grace,
And art mine own, I know not why, nor wherefore,
To ſay, "live, boy:" ne'er thank thy maſter, live;
And aſk of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a priſoner,
The nobleſt ta'en.

IMO. I humbly thank your highneſs.

LUC. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

IMO. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand: I ſee a thing
Bitter to me, as death; your life, good maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for itſelf.

LUC. The boy diſdains me,
He leaves me, ſcorns me; briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys!
Why ſtands he ſo perplext?

CYM. What wouldſt thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more,
What's beſt to aſk. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on, ſpeak,
Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy friend?

IMO. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highneſs; who, being born your vaſſal,
Am ſomething nearer.

CYM. Wherefore eye'ſt him ſo?

IMO. I'll tell you, ſir, in private, if you pleaſe
To give me hearing.

CYM. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?

IMO. Fidele, ſir.

CYM. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy maſter. Walk with me, ſpeak freely.
[Cymbeline, and Imogen walk aſide.

BEL. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

ARV. One ſand another
Not more reſembles. That ſweet roſy lad,
Who dy'd and was Fidele. What think you?

GUID. The ſame dead thing alive.

BEL. Peace, peace, ſee more; he eyes us not; forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I'm ſure,
He would have ſpoke t' us.

GUID. But we ſaw him dead.

BEL. Be ſilent: let's ſee further

PIS. 'Tis my miſtreſs. [Aſide.
Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,
To good or bad. [Cymb. and Imog. come forward.

CYM. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide,
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, ſtep you forth.
[To Iachimo.
Give anſwer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatneſs and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood.———On; ſpeak to him.

IMO. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

POST. What's that to him?

CYM. That diamond upon your finger, ſay,
How came it yours?

IACH. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken that,
Which to be ſpoke would torture thee.

CYM. How? me?

IACH. I'm glad to be conſtrain'd to utter what
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didſt baniſh, and, which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me, a nobler ſir ne'er liv'd
'Ywixt ſky and ground. Will you hear more, my lord?

CYM. All that belongs to this.

IACH. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember—give me leave, I faint.———

CYM. My daughter, what of her? renew thy ſtrength;
I'd rather thou ſhouldſt live, while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and ſpeak.

IACH. Upon a time, unhappy was the clock,
That ſtruck the hour; it was in Rome, accurs'd
The manſion where; 'twas at a feaſt, oh, 'would
Our viands had been poiſon'd, or at leaſt,
Thoſe which I heav'd to head; the good Poſthumus——
What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the beſt of all
Amongſt the rar'ſt of good ones—ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeak, for feature, laming
The ſhrine of Venus, or ſtraight-pight Minerva,
Poſtures, beyond brief nature; for condition,
A ſhop of all the qualities, that man
Loves woman for; beſides that hook of wiving,
Fairneſs, which ſtrikes the eye———

CYM. I ſtand on fire.
Come to the matter.

IACH. All to ſoon I ſhall,
Unleſs thou wouldſt grieve quickly.—This Poſthumus,
Moſt like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And, not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calm as virtue, he began
His miſtreſs' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd-or kitchen-trulls, or his deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking ſots.

CYM. Nay, nay, to th' purpoſe.

IACH. Your daughter's chaſtity—there it begins—
He ſpake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold; whereat, I, wretch!
Made ſcruple of his praiſe: and wag'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainſt this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In ſuit the place of's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No leſſer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this ring;
And would ſo, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Been all the worth of's car. Away to Britain
Poſt I in this deſign. Well may you, ſir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
By your chaſte daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operáte
Moſt vilely, for my vantage excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd,

That I return'd with ſimilar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown,
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
Oh, cunning! how I got it; nay, ſome marks
Of ſecret on her perſon; that he could not
But think her bond of chaſtity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon——
Methinks, I ſee him now———

Post. Ay, ſo thou do'ſt, [Coming forward.
Italian fiend!——ah me, moſt credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains paſt, in being,
To come—Oh, give me cord, or knife, or poiſon,
Some upright juſticer! thou, king, ſend out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend,
By being worſe than they. I am Poſthumus
That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a leſſer villain than myſelf,
A ſacrilegious thief, to do 't. The temple
Of virtue was ſhe, yea, and ſhe herſelf.
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt mire upon me, ſet
The dogs o' th' ſtreets to bay me; every villain
Be call'd Poſthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy leſs than 'twas!—Oh Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! oh Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord, hear hear———

Post. Shall 's have a play of this?

Thou ſcornful page, there lie thy part.

[Striking her, ſhe falls.

PIS. Oh, gentlemen, help,
Mine, and your miſtreſs—Oh, my lord Poſthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now——Help, help,
Mine honour'd lady————

CYM. Does the world go round?

POST. How come theſe ſtaggers on me?

PIS. Wake, my miſtreſs!

CYM. If this be ſo, the gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.

PIS. How fares my miſtreſs?

IMO. O, get thee from my ſight;
Thou gav'ſt me poiſon: dang'rous fellow, hence!
Breathe not, where princes are.

CYM. The tune of Imogen!

PIS. Lady, the gods throw ſtones of ſulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

CYM. New matter ſtill?

IMO. It poiſon'd me.

COR. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confeſs'd,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt. If Piſanio
Have, ſaid ſhe, giv'n his miſtreſs that confection,
Which I gave him for cordial, ſhe is ſerv'd
As I would ſerve a rat.

CYM. What 's this, Cornelius?

COR. The queen, ſir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poiſons for her; ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs

Of no eſteem; I, dreading that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain ſtuff, which, being ta'en would ceaſe
The preſent power of life; but, in ſhort time,
All offices of nature ſhould again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it,

IMO. Moſt like I did, for I was dead.

BEL. My boys, there was our error.———

GUID. This is, ſure, Fidele.

IMO. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again.

POST. Hang there like fruit, my ſoul,
'Till the tree die!

CYM. How now, my fleſh? my child?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not ſpeak to me?

IMO. Your bleſſing, ſir. [Kneeling.

BEL. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for 't, [To Guiderius, Arviragus.

CYM. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy-water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

IMO. I'm ſorry for 't, my lord.

CYM. Oh, ſhe was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely; but her ſon
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

PIS. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak truth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's miſſing, came to me
With his ſword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore,
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe went,

It was my inſtant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my maſter's
Then in my pocket; which directed her
To ſeek him on the mountains near to Milford:
Where, in a frenſy, in my maſter's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he poſts
With unchaſte purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour. What became of him,
I further know not.

GUID. Let me end the ſtory;
I ſlew him there.

CYM. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not, thy good deeds ſhould from my lips
Pluck a hard ſentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.

GUID. I've ſpoke it, and I did it.

CYM. He was a prince.

GUID. A moſt incivil one. The wrongs, he did me,
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me ſpurn the ſea,
If it could ſo roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not ſtanding here
To tell this tale of mine.

CYM. I'm ſorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.

IMO. That headleſs man.
I thought had been my lord.

CYM. Bind the offender
And take him from our preſence.

BEL. Stay, ſir king,
This man is better than the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thyſelf; and hath

More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever ſcar for——Let his arms alone; [To the guard.
They were not born for bondage.

CYM. Why, old ſoldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By taſting of our wrath? how of deſcent
As good as we?

ARV. In that he ſpake too far.

CYM. And thou ſhalt die for't.

BEL. We will die all three,
But I will prove, that two on's are as good
As I've giv'n out of him. My ſons, I muſt,
For my own part unfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though haply, well for you.

ARV. Your danger's ours.

GUID. And our good, his.

BEL. Have at it then, by leave:
Thou had'ſt, great king, a ſubject who was call'd
Belarius.

CYM. What of him? a baniſh'd traitor.

BEL. He it is, that hath
Aſſum'd this age; indeed, a baniſh'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

CYM. Take him hence,
The whole world ſhall not ſave him.

BEL. Not too hot.
Firſt, pay me for the nurſing of thy ſons;
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoon
As I've receiv'd it.

CYM. Nurſing of my ſons?

BEL. I am too blunt, and ſaucy; here's my knee.
Ere I ariſe, I will prefer my ſons,

Then ſpare not the old father. Mighty ſir,
Theſe two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my ſons, are none of mine;
They are the iſſue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

CYM. How, my iſſue?

BEL. So ſure as you, your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you ſometime baniſh'd;
Your pleaſure was my near offence, my puniſhment
Itſelf, and all my treaſon; that I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. Theſe gentle princes,
For ſuch and ſo they are, theſe twenty years
Have I train'd up; ſuch arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was, ſir, as
Your highneſs knows. Their nurſe, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, ſtole theſe children.
Upon my baniſhment I mov'd her to 't;
Having receiv'd the puniſhment before,
For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treaſon. Their dear loſs,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Unto my end of ſtealing them. But, ſir,
Here are your ſons again; and I muſt loſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt companions in the world.
The benediction of theſe covering heav'ns
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To in-lay heav'n with ſtars.

CYM. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt.
The ſervice that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my children——
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier ſons.

BEL. Be pleas'd a while———
This gentleman, whom I call Paladour,
Moſt worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely ſon; he, ſir, was lapt
In a moſt curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his Queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with eaſe produce.

CYM. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a ſanguine ſtar;
It was a mark of wonder.

BEL. This is he;
Who hath upon him ſtill that nat'ral ſtamp:
It was wiſe nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

CYM. Oh, what am I
A mother to the birth of three! ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; bleſt may you be,
That, after this ſtrange ſtarting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now. Oh Imogen,
Thou 'ſt loſt by this a kingdom.

IMO. No, my lord:
I've got two worlds by 't. Oh, my gent'le brothers,
Have we thus met? oh, never ſay hereafter,
But I am trueſt ſpeaker. You call'd me brother,
When I was but your ſiſter: I, you brothers;
When ye were ſo, indeed.

CYM. Did you e'er meet?

ARV. Ay, my good lord.

GUID. And at firſt meeting lov'd;
Continued ſo, until we thought he died.

COR. By the Queen's dram ſhe ſwallow'd.

CYM. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumſtantial branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And whence came you to ſerve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how firſt met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither?———Theſe,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, ſhould be demanded;
And all the other by dependances
From chance to chance: but not the time, nor place,
Will ſerve long interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And ſhe, like harmleſs lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her maſter; hitting
Each object with a joy. The counter-change
Is ſev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoke the temple with our ſacrifices.
Thou art my brother; ſo we'll hold thee ever.
[To Belarius.

IMO. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon!

CYM. All o'er joy'd,
Save theſe in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they ſhall taſte our comfort.

IMO. My good maſter,
I will yet do you ſervice.

LUC. Happy be you!

CYM. The forlorn ſoldier, that ſo nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

POST. I am, ſir,

The ſoldier, that did company theſe three,
In poor beſeeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd, That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo, I had you down, and might
Have made you finiſh.

IACH. I am down again:
But now my heavy conſcience ſinks my knee, [Kneels.
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beſeech you,
Which I ſo often owe; but, your ring firſt;
And here the bracelet of the trueſt princeſs,
That ever ſwore her faith.

POST. Kneel not to me:
The pow'r, that I have on you, is to ſpare you,
The malice tow'rds you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better!

CYM. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeneſs of a ſon-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

ARV. You help'd us, ſir,
As you did mean, indeed, to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

POST. Your ſervant, princes. Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your Soothſayer. As I ſlept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my boſom; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſs, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him ſhew
His ſkill in the conſtruction.

LUC. Philarmonus,———

SOOTH. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[Reads.]

" When as a lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown,
" without ſeeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of ten-
" der air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopt
" branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after re-
" vive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow; then
" ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Britain be fortunate,
" and flouriſh in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt conſtruction of thy name,
Being Leonatus, doth import ſo much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[To Cymbeline.
Which we call Mollis Aer; and Mollis Aer
We term it Mulier, which Mulier, I divine,
Is this moſt conſtant wife; who, even now,
Anſwering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unſought, were clipt about
With this moſt tender air.

Cym. This has ſome ſeeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Perſonates thee; and thy lopt branches point
Thy two ſons forth, who, by Belarius ſtol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majeſtic cedar join'd; whoſe iſſue
Promiſes Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. My peace we will begin; and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we ſubmit to Cæſar,
And to the Roman empire, promiſing,
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which

We were diſſuaded by our wicked queen;
On whom heav'n's juſtice both on her, and hers,
Hath laid moſt heavy hand.

SOOTH. The ſingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the viſion,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the ſtroke
Of this yet ſcarce cold battle, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the Roman eagle,
From ſouth to weſt on wing ſoaring aloſt,
Leſſen'd herſelf, and in the beams o' th' ſun
So vaniſh'd; which foreſhew'd, our princely eagle
Th' imperial Cæſar, ſhould again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which ſhines here in the weſt.

CYM. Laud we the gods!
And let the crooked ſmokes climb to their noſtrils
From our bleſt altars! Publiſh we this peace
To all our ſubjects. Set we forward. Let
A Roman and a Britiſh enſign wave
Friendly together; ſo through Lud's town march,
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify. Seal it with feaſts.
Set on, there. Never was a war did ceaſe,
Ere bloody hands were waſh'd, with ſuch a peace.

[Exeunt omnes.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the ſcene: from Iſles of Greece
The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens ſent their ſhips,
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ranſack Troy; within whoſe ſtrong immures,
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris ſleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come———
And the deep-drawing barks do there diſgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains,
The freſh, and yet unbruiſed, Greeks do pitch
Their brave Pavillions. Priam's ſix gates i' th' city,
Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with maſſy ſtaples
And correſponſive and fulfilling bolts
Sperre up the ſons of Troy.———
Now expectation tickling ſkittiſh ſpirits
On one and other ſide, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but ſuited
In like conditions as our argument;
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broils,
'Ginning i' th' middle: ſtarting thence away,
To what may be digeſted in a play.
Like, or find fault,——do, as your pleaſures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM,
HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,
ÆNEAS,
PANDARUS,
ANTENOR,
} TROJANS.

A baſtard ſon of Priam.

AGAMEMNON,
ACHILLES,
AJAX,
MENELAUS,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
THERSITES,
CALCHAS,
} GREEKS.

HELEN, wife to Menelaus.
ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.
CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam, a propheteſs.
CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas.
ALEXANDER, Creſſida's ſervant.
BOY, page to Troilus.

Trojan, and Greek ſoldiers, with other attendants.

SCENE, Troy; and the Grecian camp, before it.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace in Troy.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

TROILUS.

CALL here my varlet. I'll unarm again.
Why ſhould I war without the walls of Troy,
That find ſuch cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none

PAN. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

TROI. The Greeks are ſtrong, and ſkilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their ſkill, and to their fierceneſs valiant.
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than ignorance;
Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
And ſkill-leſs as unpractis'd infancy.

PAN. Well, I have told you enough of this. For my part, I'll not meddle or make any further. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, muſt needs tarry the grinding.

TROI. Have I not tarried?

PAN. Ay, the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

TROI. Have I not tarried?

PAN. Ay, the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leav'ning.

TROI. Still have I tarried.

PAN. Ay, to the leav'ning; but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

TROI. Patience herſelf, what goddeſs ere ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I ſit,
And when fair Creſſid comes into my thoughts,
So traitor!———when ſhe comes! When is ſhe thence?

PAN. Well, ſhe look'd yeſternight fairer than ever I ſaw her look, or any woman elſe.

TROI. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedg'd with a ſigh, would rive in twain,
Leſt Hector or my father ſhould perceive me,
I have, as when the ſun doth light a ſtorm,
Buried the ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile;
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

PAN. And her hair were not ſomewhat darker than Helen's———well, go to, there were no more compariſon between the women.———But, for my part, ſhe is my kinſwoman; I would not, as they term it, praiſe her. But I would, ſomebody had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did. I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter Caſſandra's wit, but,——

TROI. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus!
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Creſſid's love. Thou anſwer'ſt, ſhe is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe———O that! her hand!

In whoſe compariſon, all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cignet's down is harſh, and ſpirit of ſenſe
Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'ſt me,
As true thou tell'ſt me, when I ſay, I love her;
But ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ſt, in every gaſh that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

PAN. I ſpeak no more than truth.

TROI. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

PAN. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is, if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not, ſhe has the mends in her own hands.

TROI. Good Pandarus; how now, Pandarus?

PAN. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you; gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

TROI. What art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

PAN. Becauſe ſhe is kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as Helen; and ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an ſhe were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

TROI. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

PAN. I do not care whether you do or no; ſhe's a fool to ſtay behind her father. Let her to the Greeks, and ſo I'll tell her the next time I ſee her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' th' matter.

TROI. Pandarus———

PAN. Not I.

TROI. Sweet Pandarus———

PAN. Pray you, ſpeak no more to me. I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [Exit Pan.

[Sound alarm.

TROI. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude ſounds!
Fools on both ſides.———Helen muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument,
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword.
But Pandarus———O gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Creſſid, but by Pandar;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to wooe,
As ſhe is ſtubborn-chaſte againſt all ſute.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Creſſid is, what Pandar, and what we.
Her bed is India, there ſhe lies, a pearl;
Between our Ilium, and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourſelf the merchant; and this ſailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

SCENE II. [Alarm.] Enter Æneas.

ÆNE. How now, Prince Troilus? wherefore not a field?
TROI. Becauſe not there. This woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?
ÆNE. That Paris is return'd home, and hurt.
TROI. By whom, Æneas?
ÆNE. Troilus, by Menelaus.
TROI. Let Paris bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [Alarm.
ÆNE. Hark, what good ſport is out of town to-day?
TROI. Better at home, if would I might, were may—
But to the ſport abroad—are you bound thither?

ÆNE. In all ſwift haſte.

TROI. Come, go we then together. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Changes to a public ſtreet, near the walls of Troy.

Enter Creſſida, and Alexander, her Servant.

CRE. Who were thoſe went by?

SERV. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

CRE. And whither go they?

SERV. Up to th' eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the fight. Hector, whoſe patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to day was mov'd,
He chid Andromache, and ſtruck his armorer;
And like as there were huſbandry in war,
Before the Sun roſe, he was harneſs'd light,
And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foreſaw,
In Hector's wrath.

CRE. What was his cauſe of anger?

SERV. The noiſe goes thus; There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector,
They call him Ajax.

CRE. Good; and what of him?

SERV. They ſay, he is a very man per ſe, and ſtands alone.

CRE. So do all men, unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no legs.

SERV. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of their particular addition; he is as valiant as the lion, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath ſo crowded humours, that his valour is cruſht into folly,

his folly ſauced with diſcretion; there is no man hath a virtue, that he has not a glimpſe of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no uſe; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no ſight.

CRE. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile, make Hector angry?

SERV. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd Hector in the battle and ſtruck him down; the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept Hector faſting and waking.

SCENE IV. Enter Pandarus.

CRE. Who comes here?

SERV. Madam, your uncle Pandarus:

CRE. Hector's a gallant man.

SERV. As may be in the world, lady.

PAN. What's that? what's that?

CRE. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

PAN. Good morrow, couſin Creſſid; what do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander——How do you, couſin? when were you at Ilium?

CRE. This morning, uncle.

PAN. What were you taking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd and gone, ere you came to Ilium? Helen was not up? was ſhe?

CRE. Hector was gone: but Helen was not up.

PAN. E'en ſo; Hector was ſtirring early.

CRE. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

PAN. Was he angry?

CRE. So he ſays, here.

PAN. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's Troilus will not come far behind him, let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too?

CRE. What is he angry too?

PAN. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

CRE. O Jupiter! there's no compariſon.

PAN. What, not between Troilus and Hector? do you know a man, if you ſee him?

CRE. Ay, if I ever ſaw him before, and knew him.

PAN. Well, I ſay, Troilus is Troilus.

CRE. Then you ſay, as I ſay; for, I am ſure, he is not Hector.

PAN. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in ſome degrees.

CRE. 'Tis juſt to each of them. He is himſelf.

PAN. Himſelf? alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were.

CRE. So he is.

PAN. 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

CRE. He is not Hector.

PAN. Himſelf? No, he's not himſelf. 'Would, he were himſelf! Well, the gods are above; time muſt friend, or end. Well, Troilus, well, I would, my heart were in her body!——no, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

CRE. Excuſe me.

PAN. He is elder.

CRE. Pardon me, pardon me.

PAN. Th' other's not come to't; you ſhall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't; Hector ſhall not have his wit this year.

CRE. He ſhall not need it, if he have his own.

PAN. Nor his qualities.

CRE. No matter.

PAN. Nor his beauty.

CRE. 'Twould not become him; his own's better.

PAN. You have no judgment, niece. Helen herſelf ſwore th' other day, that Troilus for a brown favour, for ſo 'tis, I muſt confeſs——Not brown neither——

CRE. No, but brown.

PAN. 'Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown.

CRE. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

PAN. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

CRE. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

PAN. So he has.

CRE. Then Troilus ſhould have too much, if ſhe prais'd him above; his complexion is higher than his, he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper-noſe.

PAN. I ſwear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

CRE. Then ſhe's a merry Greek, indeed.

PAN. Nay, I am ſure, ſhe does. She came to him th' other day into the compaſs-window; and, you know, he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.

CRE. Indeed, a tapſter's arithmetick may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total.

PAN. Why he is very young; and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother Hector.

CRE. Is he ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?

PAN. But to prove to you that Helen loves him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

CRE. Juno, have mercy! how come it cloven?

PAN. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think, his ſmiling becomes him better, than any man in all Phrygia.

CRE. Oh, he ſmiles valiantly.

PAN. Does he not?

CRE. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

PAN. Why, go to then——but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus.——

CRE. Troilus will ſtand to the proof, if you'll prove it ſo.

PAN. Troilus? why he eſteems her no more than I eſteem an addle egg.

CRE. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' th' ſhell.

PAN. I cannot chuſe but laugh to think how ſhe tickled his chin; indeed, ſhe has a marvellous white hand, I muſt needs confeſs.

CRE. Without the rack.

PAN. And ſhe takes upon her to ſpy a white hair on chin.

CRE. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

PAN. But there was ſuch laughing. Queen Hecuba laught, that her eyes run o'er.

CRE. With milſtones.

PAN. And Caſſandra laught.

CRE. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

PAN. And Hector laught.

CRE. At what was all this laughing?

PAN. Marry, at the white hair that Helen ſpied on Troilus's chin.

CRE. An't it had been a green hair, I ſhould have laught too.

PAN. They laught not ſo much at the hair, as at hi pretty anſwer.

CRE. What was his anſwer?

PAN. Quoth ſhe, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

CRE. This is her queſtion.

PAN. That's true, make no queſtion of that. One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons. Jupiter! quoth ſhe, which of theſe hairs is Paris, my huſband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck it out, and give it him. But there was ſuch laughing, and Helen ſo bluſhed, and Paris ſo chaf'd, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

CRE. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

PAN. Well, couſin, I told you a thing yeſterday. Think on't.

CRE. So I do.

PAN. I'll be ſworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. [Sound a retreat.

CRE. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle againſt May.

PAN. Hark, they are coming from the field: ſhall we ſtand up here, and ſee them, as they paſs towards Ilium? Good niece, do; ſweet niece Creſſida.

CRE. At your pleaſure.

PAN. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may ſee moſt bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they paſs by; but mark Troilus above the reſt.

Æneas paſſes over the ſtage.

CRE. Speak not ſo loud.

PAN. That's Æneas; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; but mark Troilus, you ſhall ſee anon.

Antenor paſſes over the ſtage.

PAN. That's Antenor, he has a ſhrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o' th' ſoundeſt judgment in Troy whoſoever, and a proper man of perſon. When comes Troilus? I'll ſhew you Troilus anon; if he ſee me, you ſhall ſee him nod at me.

CRE. Will he give you the nod?

PAN. You ſhall ſee.

CRE. If he do, the rich ſhall have more.

Hector paſſes over.

PAN. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that. There's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector; there's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! look, how he looks! there's a countenance! is 't not a brave man?

CRE. O brave man?

PAN. Is he not? It does a man's heart good. Look you, what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you ſee? look you there! there's no jeſting; there's laying on, take 't off who will, as they ſay, there be hacks.

CRE. Be thoſe with ſwords?

Paris paſſes over.

PAN. Swords, any thing, he cares not. An the devil come to him, it's all one. By godſlid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece, is't not a gallant man too? Why, this is brave now: who ſaid, he came home hurt to-day? he's

not hurt; why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha? 'Would, I could ſee Troilus now; you ſhall ſee Troilus anon.

CRE. Who's that?

Helenus paſſes over.

PAN. That's Helenus. I marvel, where Troilus is That's Helenus—I think, he went not forth to-day.—That's Helenus.

CRE. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

PAN. Helenus, no—yes, he'll fight indifferent well—I marvel, where Troilus is? hark, do you not hear the people cry Troilus? Helenus is a prieſt.

CRE. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus paſſes over.

PAN. Where! yonder? that's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece——Hem!——Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

CRE. Peace, for ſhame, peace.

PAN. Mark him, note him. O brave Troilus! look well upon him, niece; look you how his ſword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! had I a ſiſter were a grace, or a daughter a goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! Paris is dirt to him, and, I warrant, Helen to change would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

CRE. Here come more.

PAN. Aſſes, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran:

porridge after meat. I could live and die i' th' eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws. I had rather be ſuch a man as Troïlus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

CRE. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

PAN. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

CRE. Well, well.

PAN. Well, well—why, have you any diſcretion? have you any eyes? Do you know, what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth, the ſpice and ſalt, that ſeaſons a man?

CRE. Ay, a minc'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.

PAN. You are ſuch another woman, one knows not at what ward you lie.

CRE. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my ſecreſy to defend mine honeſty; my maſk to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe. At all theſe wards I lie, and at a thouſand watches.

PAN. Say one of your watches.

CRE. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

PAN. You are ſuch another.

Enter Boy.

BOY. Sir, my lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

PAN. Where?

BOY. At your own houſe, there he unarms him.

PAN. Good boy, tell him I come. I doubt, he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

CRE. Adieu, uncle.

PAN. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

CRE. To bring, uncle——————

PAN. Ay, a token from Troilus.

CRE. By the ſame token, you are a bawd.

[Exit Pandarus.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize;
But more in Troilus thouſand-fold I ſee,
Than in the glaſs of Pandar's praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done; joy's ſoul lies in the doing:
That ſhe belov'd knows nought, that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is
That ſhe was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
"Atchievement is command; ungain'd, beſeech."
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appear. [Exit.

SCENE V. Changes to Agamemnon's Tent in the Grecian Camp.

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

AGA. Princes,
What grief hath ſet the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample propoſition, that hope makes

In all deſigns begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeneſs. Checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of actions higheſt rear'd;
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap
Infect the ſound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo far,
That after ſev'n years' ſiege, yet Troy-walls ſtand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart; not anſwering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abaſh'd behold our works?
And think them ſhame, which are, indeed, nought elſe
But the protractive trial, of great Jove?
To find perſiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd, and kin;
But in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath maſs, or matter by itſelf;
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

NEST. With due obſervance of thy godlike ſeat,
Great Agamemnon, Neſtor ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the ſea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail

Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
With thoſe of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon, behold,
The ſtrong-ribb'd bark thro' liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moiſt elements,
Like Perſeus' horſe. Where's then the ſaucy boat,
Whoſe weak untimber'd ſides but even now
Co-rival'd greatneſs? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toaſt for Neptune. Even ſo
Doth valour's ſhew, and valour's worth divide
In ſtorms of fortune; for in her ray and brightneſs,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger; but when ſplitling winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under ſhade; why then the thing of courage,
As rouz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize;
And, with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

ULYS. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, ſoul, and only ſpirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be ſhut up, hear, what Ulyſſes ſpeaks.
Beſides th' applauſe and approbation
The which, moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,
[To Agamemnon.
And thou, moſt rev'rend for thy ſtretcht-out life,
[To Neſtor.
I give to both your ſpeeches; which were ſuch,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again,

As venerable Neſtor, hatch'd in ſilver,
Should with a bond of air, ſtrong as the axle-tree
On which heav'n rides, knit all the Grecians' ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
Thou great, and wiſe, to hear Ulyſſes ſpeak.

AGA. Speak, prince of Ithaca, we leſs expect
That matter needleſs, of importleſs burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident
When rank Therſites opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſic, wit and oracle.

ULYS. Troy, yet upon her baſis, had been down,
And the great Hector's ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpeciality of rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many Grecian tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this plain, ſo many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the maſk.
The heav'ns themſelves, the planets, and this center,
Obſerve degree, priority and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office and cuſtom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd
Amidſt the reſt, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,
And poſts like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?

What raging of the ſea? ſhaking of the earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of ſtates
Quite from their fixture? Oh, when degree is ſhaken,
Which is the ladder to all high deſigns,
The enterprize is ſick. How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable ſhores,
The primogeniture, and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, lawrels,
But by degree, ſtand in authentick place?
Take but degree away, untune that ſtring,
And hark what diſcord follows; each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Should lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength ſhould be lord of imbecillity,
And the rude ſon ſhould ſtrike his father dead:
Force ſhould be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whoſe endleſs jar juſtice reſides,
Should loſe their names, and ſo ſhou'd juſtice too;
Then every thing include itſelf in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an univerſal wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with will and power,
Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
And laſt eat up itſelf. Great Agamemnon!
This Chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this neglection of degree is it,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpoſe

It hath to climb. The general's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next;
The next, by, by him beneath; ſo every ſtep,
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodleſs emulation.
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.

NEST. Moſt wiſely hath Ulyſſes here diſcover'd
The fever, whereof all our power is ſick.

AGA. The nature of the ſickneſs found, Ulyſſes,
What is the remedy?

ULYS. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The ſinew and the fore-hand of our hoſt,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our deſigns. With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks ſcurril jeſts;
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls,
He pageants us. Sometimes, great Agamemnon,
Thy topleſs deputation he puts on;
And, like a ſtrutting player, whoſe conceit
Lies in his ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the ſcaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wreſted ſeeming
He acts thy greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unſquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropt,

Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff
The large Achilles, on his preſt-bed lolling,
From his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe:
Cries——"excellent!——'tis Agamemnon juſt——
"Now play me Neſtor——hum, and ſtroke thy beard,
"As he, being 'dreſt to ſome oration."
That's done——as near as the extremeſt ends
Of parallels; as like, as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles ſtill cries, "excellent!
"'Tis Neſtor right! now play him me, Patroclus,
"Arming to anſwer in a night alarm."
And, then forſooth, the faint defects of age
Muſt be the ſcene of mirth, to cough and ſpit,
And with a palſy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet——and at this ſport,
Sir Valour dies; cries "Oh!——enough, Patroclus—
"Or give me ribs of ſteel, I ſhall ſplit all
"In pleaſure of my ſpleen." And, in this faſhion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs, or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two to make paradoxes.

NEST. And in the imitation of theſe twain,
Whom, as Ulyſſes ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice, many are infect:
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd, and bears his head
In ſuch a rein, in full as proud a place,
As broad Achilles; and keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feaſts, rails on our ſtate of war,

Bold as an oracle? and ſets Therſites,
A ſlave, whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint,
To match us in compariſons with dirt;
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How rank ſoever rounded in with danger.

ULYS. They tax our policy, and call it cowardiſe,
Count wiſdom as no member of the war;
Foreſtall our preſcience, and eſteem no act
But that of hand: The ſtill and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
When fitneſs call them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſervant toil the enemies' weight;
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work, mapp'ry, cloſet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or thoſe, that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
By reaſon guide his execution.

NEST. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horſe
Makes many Thetis' ſons. [Tucket ſounds.

AGA. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

MEN. From Troy.

SCENE VI. Enter Æneas.

AGA. What would you 'fore our tent?

ÆNE. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you!

AGA. Even this.

ÆNE. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his kingly ears?

AGA. With ſurety ſtronger than Achilles' arm,
'Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voice

Call Agamemnon head and general.

ÆNE. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

AGA. How?

ÆNE. I aſk, that I might waken reverence.
And bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that God in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

AGA. This Trojan ſcorns us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

ÆNE. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would ſeem ſoldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace, Æneas;
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If he, that's prais'd, himſelf bring the praiſe forth:
But what th' repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.

AGA. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourſelf Æneas?

ÆNE. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

AGA. What's your affair, I pray you?

ÆNE. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

AGA. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

ÆNE. Nor I from Troy come not to whiſper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.

AGA. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not Agamemnon's ſleeping hour;
That thou ſhalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.

ÆNE. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy braſs voice thro' all theſe lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know
What Troy means fairly, ſhall be ſpoke aloud.

[The trumpets ſound.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long continu'd truce
Is ruſty grown; he bade me take a trumpet
And to this purpoſe ſpeak: Kings, princes, lords,
If there be one amongſt the fair'ſt of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his eaſe,
That ſeeks his praiſe more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his miſtreſs more than in confeſſion
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers; to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it,
He hath a lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compaſs in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouze a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, Hector ſhall honour him:
If none, he'll ſay in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are ſun-burn'd, and not worth

The ſplinter of a lance. Even ſo much.

AGA. This ſhall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas.
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none elſe, I'm he.

NEST. Tell him of Neſtor; one, that was a man
When Hector's grandſire ſuckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian hoſt
One noble man that hath one ſpark of fire,
To anſwer for his love, tell him from me,
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

ÆNE. Now heav'ns forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth!

ULYS. Amen.

AGA. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand:
To our pavilion ſhall I lead you firſt:
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of Greece from tent to tent:
Yourſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Manent Ulyſſes and Neſtor.

ULYS. Neſtor,——

NEST. What ſays Ulyſſes?

ULYS. I have a young conception in my brain.

Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.

NEST. What is't?

ULYS. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the ſeeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, muſt or now be cropt,
Or, ſhedding breed a nurſery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.

NEST. Well, and how?

ULYS. This challenge that the gallant Hector ſends,
However it is ſpread in general name,
Relates in purpoſe only to Achilles.

NEST. The purpoſe is perſpicuous ev'n as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up.
And, in the publication, make no ſtrain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, tho', Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough, will with great ſpeed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpoſe
Pointing on him.

ULYS. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?

NEST. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; whom may you elſe oppoſe,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? though a ſportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells.
For here the Trojans taſte our dear'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt palate: and truſt to me, Ulyſſes,
Our imputation ſhall be odly pois'd
In this wild action. For the ſucceſs,
Although particular, ſhall give a ſcantling
Of good or bad unto the general,
And in ſuch indexes, although ſmall pricks

To their ſubſequent volumes, there is ſeen
The baby figure of the giant-maſs
Of things to come, at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He that meets Hector iſſues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our ſouls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere, from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
Out of our virtues, who miſcarrying,
What heart from thence receives the conq'ring part,
To ſteel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his inſtruments,
In no leſs working, than are ſwords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

ULYS. Give pardon to my ſpeech;
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, ſhew our foulеſt wares,
And think, perchance, they'll ſell; if not,
The luſtre of the better, yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not then conſent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet:
For both our honour and our ſhame in this
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange followers.

NEST. I ſee them not with my old eyes: what are they?

ULYS. What glory our Achilles ſhares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent;
And we were better parch in Africk ſun,
Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,
Should he 'ſcape Hector fair. If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a lott'ry;
And by device let blockiſh Ajax draw

The ſort to fight with Hector: 'mong our ſelves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applauſe, and make him fall
His creſt, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainleſs Ajax come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices; if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But, hit or miſs,
Our project's life this ſhape of ſenſe aſſumes,
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

NEST. Ulyſſes, now I reliſh thy advice,
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To Agamemnon; go we to him ſtraight;
Two curs ſhall tame each other; pride alone
Muſt tar the maſtiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Therſites.

AJAX.

THERSITES,———

THER. Agamemnon—how if he had boiles——full, all over, generally. [Talking to himſelf.

AJAX. Therſites.———

THER. And thoſe boiles did run——ſay ſo——did not the general run? were not that a botchy core?

AJAX. Dog!———.

THER. Then there would come ſome matter from him; I ſee none now.

AJAX. Thou bitch-wolf's ſon, canſt thou not hear? feel then. [Strikes him.

THER. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord!

AJAX. Speak then, thou unſalted leaven, ſpeak; I will beat thee into handſomeneſs.

THER. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit and holineſs; but, I think, thy horſe will ſooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book? thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

AJAX. Toads-ſtool, learn me the proclamation.

THER. Doeſt thou think, I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

AJAX. The proclamation———

THER. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

AJAX. Do not, porcupine, do not. My fingers itch.

THER. I would, thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee; I would make thee the loathſom'ſt ſcab in Greece.

AJAX. I ſay, the proclamation———

THER. Thou grumbleſt and raileſt every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatneſs, as Cerberus is at Proſerpina's beauty: ay, that thou bark'ſt at him,

AJAX. Miſtreſs Therſites!———

THER. Thou ſhouldſt ſtrike him.

AJAX. Cobloaf!

THER. He would pound thee into ſhivers with his fiſt, as a ſailor breaks a biſket.

AJAX. You whoreſon cur!——— [Beating him.

THER. Do, do.

AJAX. Thou ſtool for a witch!———

THER. Ay, do, do, thou ſodden-witted lord? thou haſt no more brain than I have in my elbows: an Aſſinego may tutor thee. Thou ſcurvy valiant aſs! thou art here but to traſh Trojans, and thou art bought and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlave. If thou uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

AJAX. You dog!

THER. You ſcurvy lord!

AJAX. You cur! [Beating him.

THER. Mars his ideot! do, rudeneſs, do; camel, do, do.

SCENE II. Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

ACH. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you this? How now, Therſites? what's the matter, man?

THER. You ſee him there, do you?

ACH. Ay, what's the matter?

THER. Nay, look upon him.

ACH. So I do, what's the matter?

THER. Nay, but regard him well.

ACH. Well, why, I do ſo.

THER. But yet you look not well upon him: for whoſoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

ACH. I know that, fool.

THER. Ay but that fool knows not himſelf.

AJAX. Therefore I beat thee.

THER. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones. I will buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his Pia Mater is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow. This lord (Achilles) Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I ſay of him.

ACH. What?

[Ajax offers to ſtrike him, Achilles interpoſes.

THER. I ſay, this Ajax———

ACH. Nay, good Ajax.

THER. Has not ſo much wit———

ACH. Nay, I muſt hold you.

THER. As will ſtop the eye of Helen's needle, for when he comes to fight———

ACH. Peace, fool!

THER. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not; he there, that he, look you there.

AJAX. O thou damn'd cur, I ſhall———

ACH. Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?

THER. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will ſhame it.

PAT. Good words, Therſites.

ACH. What's the quarrel?

AJAX. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

THER. I ſerve thee not.

AJAX. Well, go to, go to.

THER. I ſerve here voluntary.

ACH. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.

THER. Ev'n ſo———a great deal of your wit too lies in your ſinews, or elſe there be liars. Hector ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

ACH. What, with me too, Therſites?

THER. There's Ulyſſes and old Neſtor, (whoſe wit was mouldy ere your grandſires had nails on their toes,) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

ACH. What! what!

THER. Yes, good ſooth; to, Achilles; to Ajax! to——

AJAX. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

THER. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou afterwards.

PAT. No more words, Therſites. Peace.

THER. I will hold my peace, when Achilles' brach bids me, ſhall I?

ACH. There's for you, Patroclus.

THER. I will ſee you hang'd like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.

PAT. A good riddance.

ACH. Marry, this ſir, is proclaim'd through all our hoſt,
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the ſun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To morrow morning call ſome knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach, ſuch a one that dare
Maintain I know not what. 'Tis traſh, farewel.

AJAX. Farewel! who ſhall anſwer him?

ACH. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry, otherwiſe
He knew his man.

AJAX. O, meaning you. I'll go learn more of it. [Exit.

SCENE III. Changes to Priam's Palace in Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.

PRI. After ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once again ſays Neſtor from the Greeks:
Deliver Helen, and all damage elſe,
As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant war,
Shall be ſtruck off. Hector, what ſay you to't?

HECT. Though no man leſſer fears the Greeks than I,
As far as touches my particular, yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more ſoſter bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,
More ready to cry out, "who knows what follows?"
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is ſurety,
Surety ſecure; but modeſt doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wiſe; the tent that ſearches
To th' bottom of the worſt. Let Helen go.
Since the firſt ſword was drawn about this queſtion,
Ev'ry tithe ſoul 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes
Hath been as dear as Helen. I mean, of ours.
If we have loſt ſo many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reaſon which denies
The yielding of her up?

TROI. Fy, fy, my brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
So great as our dread father, in a ſcale
Of common ounces? will you with counters ſum
The paſt-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waiſt moſt fathomleſs,
With ſpans and inches ſo diminutive
As fears and reaſons? Fy, for godly ſhame!

HEL. No marvel, though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons,
You are ſo empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great ſway of his affairs with reaſons;
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none, that tells him ſo?

TROI. You are for dreams and ſlumbers, brother prieſt,
You fur your gloves with reaſons. Here are your reaſons;

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a ſword employ'd is perilous;
And reaſon flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his ſword, if he do ſet
The very wings of reaſon to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a ſtar diſorb'd!—Nay, if we talk of reaſon,
Let's ſhut our gates, and ſleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reaſon; reaſon and reſpect
Make livers pale, and luſtyhood deject.

HECT. Brother ſhe is not worth what ſhe doth coſt
The holding.

TROI. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

HECT. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds its eſtimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itſelf,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the ſervice greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiouſly itſelf affects,
Without ſome image of th' affected's merit.

TROI. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of will and judgment; how may I avoid,
Although my will diſtaſte what is elected,
The wife I chuſe? there can be no evaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by honour.
We turn not back the ſilks upon the merchant,

When we have ſoil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
We do not throw in unreſpective ſieve,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full conſent bellied his ſails,
The ſeas and winds old wranglers took a truce,
And did him ſervice; he touch'd the ports deſir'd,
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whoſe youth and freſhneſs
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? why, ſhe is a pearl,
Whoſe price hath launch'd above a thouſand ſhips,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wiſdom Paris went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cry'd, "go, go")
If you'll confeſs, he brought home noble prize,
(As you muſt needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
And cry'd, "ineſtimable!") why do you now
The iſſue of your proper wiſdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar that eſtimation which you priz'd
Richer than ſea and land? O theft moſt baſe!
That we have ſtol'n what we do fear to keep!
But thieves, unworthy of a thing ſo ſtol'n,
Who in their country did them that diſgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

CAS. [within] Cry, Trojans, cry!

PRI. What noiſe? what ſhriek is this?

TROI. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voice.

CAS. [within] Cry, Trojans!

HECT. It is Caſſandra.

SCENE IV. Enter Caſſandra, with her hair about her ears.

CAS. Cry, Trojans, cry; lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

HECT. Peace, ſiſter, peace.

CAS. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that maſs of moan to come:
Cry, Trojans, cry; practiſe your eyes with tears,
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly Ilion ſtand:
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe;
Cry, cry, Troy burns, or elſe let Helen go. [Exit.

HECT. Now, youthful Troilus, do not theſe high ſtrains
Of divination in our ſiſter work
Some touches of remorſe? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe,
Can qualify the ſame?

TROI. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe Caſſandra's mad; her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's ſons
And, Jove forbid! there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things, as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen
To fight for and maintain.

PAR. Elſe might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the Gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

PRI. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one befotted on your ſweet delights:
You have the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall;
So, to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

PAR. Sir, I propoſe, not merely to myſelf
The pleaſure ſuch a beauty brings with it:
But I would have the ſoil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What reaſon were it to the ranſack'd queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion? can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain, as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſoms?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw
When Helen is defended: none ſo noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
When Helen is the ſubject. Then, I ſay,

Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large ſpaces cannot parallel.

HECT. Paris and Troilus, you have both ſaid well;
And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand
Have gloz'd; but ſuperficially, not much
Unlike young men, whom Ariſtotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philoſophy.
The reaſons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleaſure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true deciſion. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners; now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the huſband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benummed wills, reſiſt the ſame;
There is a law in each well-ordered nation,
To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known ſhe is, theſe moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheleſs,
My ſprightly brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep Helen ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance

Upon our joint and ſeveral dignities.

TROI. Why, there you touch'd the life of our deſign:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving ſpleens,
I would not wiſh a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theam of honour and renown;
A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For, I preſume, brave Hector would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As ſmiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

HECT. I am yours,
You valiant off-ſpring of great Priamus.———
I have a roiſting challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſy ſpirits.
I was advertis'd, their great general ſlept,
Whilſt emulation in the army crept;
This, I preſume will wake him. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Before Achilles's tent, in the Grecian camp.

Enter Therſites ſolus.

How now, Therſites? what, loſt in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him. O worthy ſatisfaction! 'would, it were otherwiſe; that I could beat him, whilſt he rail'd at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raiſe devils, but I'll ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,

a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken 'till theſe two undermine it, the walls will ſtand 'till they fall of themſelves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods, and, Mercury, loſe all the ſerpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little, little, leſs than little wit from them that they have; which ſhort-arm'd ignorance itſelf knows is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a ſpider, without drawing the maſſy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the bonach, for that, methinks, is the curſe dependant on thoſe that war for a placket. I have ſaid my prayers, and devil envy ſay Amen. What ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

PATR. Who's there? Therſites? Good Therſites, come in and rail.

THER. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit thou could'ſt not have ſlipp'd out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thyſelf upon thyſelf! The common curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bleſs thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death, then if ſhe, that lays thee out, ſays thou art a fair coarſe, I'll be ſworn and ſworn upon't, ſhe never ſhrowded any but Lazars; Amen. Where's Achilles?

PATR. What, art thou devout? waſt thou in prayer?

THER. Ay, the heav'ns hear me!

Enter Achilles.

ACH. Who's there?

PATR. Therſites, my lord.

ACH. Where, where? art thou come? Why, my cheeſe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerved thyſelf up to my table, ſo many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon!

THER. Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

PATR. Thy lord, Therſites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyſelf?

THER. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

PATR. Thou muſt tell, that know'ſt.

ACH. O tell, tell,——

THER. I'll decline the whole queſtion. Agamemnon commands Achilles, Achilles is my lord, I am Patroclus's knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

PATR. You raſcal———

THER. Peace, fool, I have not done.

ACH. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, Therſites.

THER. Agamemnon is a fool, Achilles is a fool, Therſites is a fool, and, as aforeſaid, Patroclus is a fool.

ACH. Derive this; come.

THER. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles, Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon, Therſites is a fool to ſerve ſuch a fool, and Patroclus is a fool poſitive.

PATR. Why am I a fool?

THER. Make that demand of the prover.———It ſuffices me, thou art.

SCENE VI. Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Calchas.

Look you, who comes here?

ACH. Patroclus, I'll ſpeak with no body. Come in with me, Therſites. [Exit.

THER. Here is ſuch patchery, ſuch juggling, and ſuch knavery. All the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry Serpigo on the ſubject, and war and lechery confound all! [Exit.

AGA. Where is Achilles?

PATR. Within his tent, but ill diſpos'd, my lord.

AGA. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He ſhent our meſſengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him;
Let him be told ſo, leſt, perchance, he think
We dare not move the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

PATR. I ſhall ſo ſay to him. [Exit.

ULYS. We ſaw him at the op'ning of his tent,
He is not ſick.

AJAX. Yes, lion-ſick, ſick of a proud heart. You may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why?——let him ſhew us the cauſe. A word, my lord.

[To Agamemnon.

NEST. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

ULYS. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

NEST. Who, Therſites?

ULYS. He.

NEST. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have loſt his argument.

ULYS. No, you ſee, he is his argument, that has his argument, Achilles.

NEST. All the better; their fraction is more our wiſh than their faction; but it was a ſtrong compoſure, that a fool could diſunite.

ULYS. The amity, that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily untye.

SCENE VII. Enter Patroclus.

Here comes Patroclus.

NEST. No Achilles with him?

ULYS. The elephant hath joints, but none for courteſy; His legs are for neceſſity, not flexure.

PATR. Achilles bid me ſay, he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure
Did move your greatneſs, and this noble ſtate,
To call on him; he hopes, it is no other,
But for your health and your digeſtion ſake;
An after-dinner's breath.

AGA. Hear you, Patroclus;
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers;
But his evaſion, wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon
Why we aſcribe it to him; yet all his virtues,
Not virtuouſly on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſs;
Yea like fair fruit in an unwholeſome diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted. Go and tell him,
We come to ſpeak with him; and you ſhall not ſin
If you do ſay, we think him over-proud,
And under honeſt, in ſelf-aſſumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himſelf
Here tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on,
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command,
And under-write in an obſerving kind

His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettiſh lunes, his ebbs and flows; as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he over-hold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report,
" Bring action hither, this can't go to war:
" A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give,
" Before a ſleeping giant;" tell him ſo.

PATR. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently. [Exit.

AGA. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeak with him. Ulyſſes, enter.

[Exit Ulyſſes.

AJAX. What is he more than another?

AGA. No more than what he thinks he is.

AJAX. Is he ſo much? Do you not think, he thinks himſelf a better man than I am?

AGA. No queſtion.

AJAX. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay, he is?

AGA. No, noble Ajax, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

AJAX. Why ſhould a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

AGA. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He, that is proud, eats up himſelf. Pride is his own glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praiſes itſelf but in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe.

SCENE VIII. Re-enter Ulyſſes.

AJAX. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendring of toads.

NEST. [Aſide.] Yet he loves himſelf: is't not ſtrange?

ULYS. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

AGA. What's his excuſe?

ULYS. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar, and in ſelf-admiſſion.

AGA. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Un-tent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?

ULYS. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only,
He makes important; poſſeſt he is with greatneſs,
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himſelf. What ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, no recovery.

AGA. Let Ajax go to him.
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis ſaid, he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelf.

ULYS. O, Agamemnon, let it not be ſo.
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that Ajax makes,
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam,
And never ſuffers matters of the world

Enter his thoughts, (ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf,) ſhall he be worſhipp'd
Of that, we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Muſt not ſo ſtale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, aſſubjugate his merit,
As amply titled, as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were t' inlard his pride, already fat
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him? Jupiter forbid,
And ſay in thunder, Achilles, go to him!

NEST. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.
[Aſide.

DIO. And how his ſilence drinks up this applauſe!
[Aſide.

AJAX. If I go to him——with my armed fiſt I'll paſh him o'er the face.

AGA. O no, you ſhall not go.

AJAX. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeſe his pride; let me go to him.

ULYS. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

AJAX. A paltry inſolent fellow——

NEST. How he deſcribes himſelf!

AJAX. Can he not be ſociable?

ULYS. The raven chides blackneſs.

AJAX. I'll let his humours blood.

AGA. He'll be the phyſician, that ſhould be the patient.

AJAX. An all men were o' my mind——

ULYS. Wit would be out of faſhion.

AJAX. He ſhould not bear it ſo, he ſhould eat ſwords

firſt: ſhall pride carry it?

NEST. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

ULYS. He would have ten ſhares.

AJAX. I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple.——

NEST. He's not yet through warm: force him with praiſes; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

ULYS. My lord, you feed too much on this diſlike.

NEST. Our noble general, do not do ſo.

DIO. You muſt prepare to fight without Achilles.

ULYS. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a man———but 'tis before his face———
I will be ſilent.

NEST. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

ULYS. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

AJAX. A whoreſon dog! that palters thus with us—
'Would he were a Trojan!

NEST. What a vice were it in Ajax now———

ULYS. If he were proud.

DIO. Or covetous of praiſe.

ULYS. Ay, or ſurly borne.

DIO. Or ſtrange, or ſelf affected.

ULYS. Thank the heav'ns, lord, thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, her that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half; and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yields
To ſinewy Ajax; I'll not praiſe thy wiſdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts. Here's Neſtor,
Inſtructed by the antiquary times;
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe:
But pardon, father Neſtor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.

AJAX. Shall I call you father?

NEST. Ay, my good ſon.

DIO. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

ULYS. There is no tarrying here; the Hart Achilles
Keeps thicket; pleaſe it our great general
To call together all his ſtate of war;
Freſh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow, friends,
We muſt with all our main of pow'r ſtand faſt:
And here's a lord. Come knights from eaſt to weſt,
And cull their flow'r, Ajax ſhall cope the beſt.

AGA. Go we to council, let Achilles ſleep;
Light boats ſail ſwift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Paris's apartments in the Palace, in Troy.

Enter Pandarus, and a ſervant. [Muſick within.

PANDARUS.

FRIEND! you! pray you, a word. Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

SERV. Ay, ſir, when he goes before me.

PAN. You do depend upon him, I mean?

SERV. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

PAN. You do depend upon a noble gentleman. I muſt needs praiſe him.

SERV. The lord be praiſed!

PAN. You know me, do you not?

SERV. Faith, ſir, ſuperficially.

PAN. Friend, know me better. I am the lord Pandarus.

SERV. I hope, I ſhall know yonr honour better.

PAN. I do deſire it.

SERV. You are in the ſtate of grace.

PAN. Grace? not ſo, friend. Honour, and lordſhip, are my titles.
What muſick is this?

SERV. I do but partly know, ſir; it is muſick in parts.

PAN. Know you the muſicians?

SERV. Wholly, ſir

PAN. Who play they to?

SERV. To the hearers, ſir.

PAN. At whoſe pleaſure, friend?

SERV. At mine, ſir, and theirs that love muſick.

PAN. Command, I mean, friend.

SERV. Who ſhall I command, ſir?

PAN. Friend, we underſtand not one another. I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt do theſe men play?

SERV. That's to't, indeed, ſir. Marry, ſir, at the requeſt of Paris my lord, who's there in perſon; with him the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's viſible ſoul.

PAN. Who, my couſin Creſſida?

SERV. No, ſir, Helen. Could you not find out that by her attributes?

PAN. It ſhould ſeem, fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the lady Creſſida. I come to ſpeak with Paris from the prince Troilus; I will make a complimental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeethes.

SERV. Sodden buſineſs! there's a ſtew'd phraſe, indeed.

SCENE II. Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

PAN. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair deſires in all fair meaſure fairly guide them; eſpecially to you, fair queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

HEL. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

PAN. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken muſick.

PAR. You have broken it, couſin, and, by my life, you ſhall make it whole again; you ſhall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

PAN. Truly, lady, no.

HEL. O, ſir——

PAN. Rude, in ſooth; in good ſooth, very rude.

PAR. Well ſaid, my lord; well, you ſay ſo in fits.

PAN. I have buſineſs to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchſafe me a word?

HEL. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out; we'll hear you ſing, certainly.

PAN. Well, ſweet queen, you are pleaſant with me, but, marry thus, my lord.——My dear lord, and moſt eſteemed friend, your brother Troilus——

HEL. My lord Pandarus, honey-ſweet lord——

PAN. Go to, ſweet queen, go to———
Commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you.

HEL. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody, if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

PAN. Sweet queen, ſweet queen, that's a ſweet queen, I'faith———

HEL. And to make a ſweet lady ſad, is a ſour offence.

PAN. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, that ſhall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no. And, my lord, he deſires you, that if the king call for him at ſupper, you will make his excuſe.

HEL. My lord Pandarus,———

PAN. What ſays my ſweet queen, my very very ſweet queen?

PAR. What exploit's in hand, where ſups he to-night?

HEL. Nay, but my lord,———

PAN. What ſays my ſweet queen? my couſin will fall out with you.

HEL. You muſt know where he ſups.

PAR. I'll lay my life, with my diſpoſer Creſſida.

PAN. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide; come your diſpoſer is ſick.

PAR. Well, I'll make excuſe.

PAN. Ah, good my lord, why ſhould you ſay, Creſſida? no, your poor diſpoſer's ſick.

PAR. I ſpy———

PAN. You ſpy, what do you ſpy? come, give me an inſtrument. Now, ſweet queen.

HEL. Why, this is kindly done.

PAN. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, ſweet queen.

HEL. She ſhall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

PAN. He? no, ſhe'll none of him, they two are twain.

HEL. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

PAN. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll ſing you a ſong now.

HEL. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, ſweet lord, thou haſt a fine fore-head.

PAN. Ay, you may, you may———

HEL. Let thy ſong be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

PAN. Love!——ay, that it ſhall, i'faith.

PAR. Ay, good now. Love, love, nothing but love.

PAN. In good troth, it begins ſo. Love, love, nothing but love; ſtill love, ſtill more.

For O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe;
The ſhaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore.
Theſe lovers cry,
Oh! oh! they die,
Yet that, which ſeems the wound to kill,
Doth turn, oh! oh! to ha, ha, he:
So dying love lives ſtill.
O ho, a while; but ha, ha, ha;
O ho groans out for ha, ha, ha——hey ho!

HEL. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the noſe!

PAR. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

PAN. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why, they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers?——Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

PAR. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy. I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it ſo. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

HEL. He hangs the lip at ſomething. You know all, lord Pandarus.

PAN. Not I, honey-ſweet queen. I long to hear how they ſped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuſe.

PAR. To a hair.

PAN. Farewel, ſweet queen.

HEL. Commend me to your niece.

PAN. I will, ſweet queen. [Exit. Sound a retreat.

PAR. They're come from field. Let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I muſt woo you
To help unarm our Hector; his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinews; you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland kings, diſarm great Hector.

HEL. 'Twill make us proud to be his ſervant, Paris:
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, over-ſhines ourſelf.

PAR. Sweet. Above thought I love her. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. An Orchard to Pandarus's houſe.

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus's man.

PAN. Now, where's thy maſter? at my couſin Creſſida's?

SERV. No, ſir, he ſtays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

PAN. O, here he comes. How now, how now?

TROI. Sirrah, walk off.

PAN. Have you ſeen my couſin?

TROI. No, Pandarus, I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Creſſid.

PAN. Walk here i' th' orchard. I will bring her ſtraight.
[Exit Pandarus.

TROI. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round;
Th' imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it enchants my ſenſe; what will it be,
When that the watry palate taſtes, indeed,
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle-potent, tun'd too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my ruder powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

PAN. She's making her ready, ſhe'll come ſtraight. You muſt be witty now. She does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a ſprite. I'll bring her. It is the prettieſt villain. She fetches her breath as ſhort as a new-ta'en ſparrow. [Exit Pandarus.

TROI. Ev'n ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom:
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulſe;
And all my pow'rs do their beſtowing loſe,
Like vaſſalage at unawares encountring
The eye of majeſty.

SCENE IV. Enter Pandarus and Creſſida.

PAN. Come, come; what need you bluſh? ſhame's a baby. Here ſhe is now. Swear the oaths now to her, that you have ſworn to me. What, are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd ere you be made tame, muſt you? come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward we'll put you i' the files.—Why do you not ſpeak to her? come, draw this curtain, and let's ſee your picture. [Snatching her maſk.] Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light? an 'twere dark, you'd cloſe ſooner. So, ſo, rub on, and kiſs the miſtreſs. How now, a kiſs in fee-farm? build there, carpenter, the air is ſweet. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out, ere I part you The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river. Go, to, go to.

TROI. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

PAN. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but ſhe'll bereave you of deeds too, if ſhe call your activity in queſtion. What, billing again? here's, in witneſs whereof the parties interchangeably——Come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [Exit Pandarus.

CRE. Will you walk in, my lord?

TROI. O Creſſida, how often have I wiſht me thus?

CRE. Wiſht, my lord! the Gods grant——O my lord.

TROI. What ſhould they grant? what make this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg eſpies my ſweet lady in the fountain of our love?

CRE. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

TROI. Fears make devils of cherubims, they never ſee truly.

CRE. Blind fear, which ſeeing reaſon leads, finds ſafer footing than blind reaſon ſtumbling without fear. To fear the worſt, oft cures the worſe.

TROI. O let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is preſented no monſter.

CRE. Nor nothing monſtrous neither?

TROI. Nothing but our undertakings; when we vow to weep ſeas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our miſtreſs to deviſe impoſition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty impoſed. This is the monſtroſity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the exedution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſs, and the act a ſlave to limit.

CRE. They ſay, all lovers ſwear more performance than they are able; and yet reſerve an ability, that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten, and diſcharging leſs than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monſters?

TROI. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we. Praiſe us as we are taſted, allow us as we prove: our head ſhall go bare, 'till merit crown it; no perfection in reverſion ſhall have a praiſe in preſent: we will not name deſert before

his birth, and, being born, his addition ſhall be humble; few words to fair faith. Troilus ſhall be ſuch to Creſſida, as what envy can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can ſpeak trueſt, not truer than Troilus.

CRE. Will you walk in, my lord?

SCENE V. Enter Pandarus.

PAN. What, bluſhing ſtill? have you not done talking yet?

CRE. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

PAN. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he flinch chide me for it.

TROI. You know now your hoſtages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

PAN. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are conſtant, being won. They are burrs, I can tell you, they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

CRE. Boldneſs comes to me now, and brings me heart.
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

TROI. Why was my Creſſid then ſo hard to win?

CRE. Hard to ſeem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the firſt glance that ever——pardon me—
If I confeſs much you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not till now, ſo much
But I might maſter it———in faith, I lye——
My thoughts were, like unbridled children, grown
Too headſtrong for their mother. See, we fools;
Why have I blabb'd? who ſhall be true to us,
When we are ſo unſecret to ourſelves?

But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wiſht myſelf a man,
Or that we women had mens' privilege,
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent. See, ſee, your ſilence
Cunning in dumbneſs, from my weakneſs draws
My very ſoul of counſel. Stop my mouth.

TROI. And ſhall, albeit ſweet muſic iſſues thence.

[Kiſſing.

PAN. Pretty, i'faith.

CRE. My lord, I do beſeech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſs.
I am aſham'd;—O heavens, what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

TROI. Your leave, ſweet Creſſid?

PAN. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning———

CRE. Pray you, content you.

TROI. What offends you, lady?

CRE. Sir, mine own company.

TROI. You cannot ſhun yourſelf.

CRE. Let me go and try.
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you:
But an unkind ſelf, that itſelf will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone. I ſpeak, I know not what.

TROI. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.

CRE. Perchance, my lord, I ſhew more craft than love,
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,

Or elſe you love not; to be wiſe and love,
Exceeds man's might, that dwells with Gods above.
TROI. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
As, if it can, I will preſume in you,
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her conſtancy in plight and youth
Out-living beauties outward; with a mind
That doth renew ſwifter than blood decays!
Or, that perſuaſion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of ſuch a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
I am as true as truth's ſimplicity,
And ſimpler than the infancy of truth:
CRE. In that I'll war with you.
TROI. O virtuous fight!
When right with right wars who ſhall be moſt right.
True ſwains in love ſhall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus; when their rhymes,
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimilies: truth, tir'd with iteration,
As true as ſteel, as plantage to the moon,
As ſun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center,
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
"As true as Troilus," ſhall crown up the verſe,
And ſanctify the numbers.
CRE. Prophet may you be!
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itſelf,

When water-drops have worn the ſtones of Troy,
And blind oblivion ſwallow'd cities up,
And mighty ſtates characterleſs are grated
To duſty nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſhood! when they've ſaid, as falſe
As air, as water, as wind, as ſandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſhood,
As falſe as Creſſid.———

PAN. Go to, a bargain made. Seal it, ſeal it, I'll be the witneſs.——Here I hold your hand; here my couſin's. If ever you prove falſe to one another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name; call them all Pandars. Let all inconſtant men be Troilus's, all falſe women Creſſida's, and all brokers between Pandars. Say, Amen.

TROI. Amen!

CRE. Amen!

PAN. Amen. Whereupon I will ſhew you a bed-chamber; which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death. Away.
And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, and Pandar to provide this geer!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Changes to the Grecian camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

CAL. Now, princes, for the ſervice I have done you,

Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind
That, through the ſight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy, leſt my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd myſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniencies,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſtring from me all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature,
And here, to do you ſervice, am become
As new into the world, ſtrange, unacquainted.
I do beſecch you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſtered in promiſe,
Which, you ſay, live to come in my behalf.

AGA. What wouldſt thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

CAL. You have a Trojan priſoner, call'd Antenor,
Yeſterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, often have you thanks therefore,
Deſir'd my Creſſid in right-great exchange,
Whom Troy hath ſtill deny'd; but this Antenor,
I know, is ſuch a wreſt in their affairs,
That their negociations all muſt ſlack,
Wanting his manage, and they will almoſt
Give us a prince o' th' blood, a ſon of Priam,
In change of him. Let him be ſent, great princes,
And he ſhall buy my daughter, and her preſence
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſervice I have done,
In moſt accepted pain.

AGA. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Creſſid hither; Calchas ſhall have
What he requeſts of us. Good Diomede,

Furniſh you fairly for this enterchange;
Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready.

DIO. This ſhall I undertake, and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear. [Exit.

SCENE VII. Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their Tent.

ULYS. Achilles ſtands i' th' entrance of his tent,
Pleaſe it our general to paſs ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loſe regard upon him.
I will come laſt; 'tis like, he'll queſtion me,
Why ſuch unplauſive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him;
If ſo, I have deriſion medicinable
To uſe between your ſtrangeneſs and his pride,
Which his own will ſhall have deſire to drink;
It may do good; pride hath no other glaſs
To ſhew itſelf, but pride; for ſupple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

AGA. We'll execute your purpoſe, and put on
A form of ſtrangeneſs as we paſs along;
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall make him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

ACH. What, comes the general to ſpeak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainſt Troy.

AGA. What ſays Achilles? would he aught with us?

NEST. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

ACH. No.

NEST. Nothing, my lord.

AGA. The better.

ACH. Good day, good day.

MEN. How do you? how do you?
ACH. What, does the cuckold ſcorn me?
AJAX. How now, Patroclus?
ACH. Good-morrow, Ajax.
AJAX. Ha?
ACH. Good-morrow.
AJAX. Ay, and good next day too. [Exeunt.
ACH. What mean theſe fellows? Know they not Achilles?
PAT. They paſs by ſtrangely. They were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.
ACH. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatneſs, once fall'n out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too; what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall? for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wing, but to the ſummer,
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath any honour, but honour by thoſe honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit,
Which when they fall, (as being ſlipp'ry ſtanders)
The love that lean'd on them, as ſlipp'ry too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me;
Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe men's looks! who do, methink, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding,
As they have often giv'n. Here is Ulyſſes.
I'll interrupt his reading.——How now, Ulyſſes?

ULYS. Now, great Thetis' ſon!
ACH. What are you reading?
ULYS. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes, me, that man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues ſhining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.
ACH. This is not ſtrange, Ulyſſes.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itſelf
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itſelf,
That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe, behold itſelf
Not going from itſelf; but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each other's form.
For ſpeculation turns not to itſelf,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee its ſelf. This is not ſtrange at all.
ULYS. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar, but the author's drift;
Who, in his circumſtance, expreſly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Tho' in, and of him there be much conſiſting,
'Till he communicate his thoughts to others;
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for aught
'Till he behold them form'd in their applauſe
Where they're extended, who, like an arch, reverb'rate
The voice again; or, like a gate of ſteel
Fronting the ſun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this,

And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax;
Heav'ns! what a man is there? a very horſe,
That has he knows not what. Nature! what things there are,
Moſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe?
What things again moſt dear in the eſteem,
And poor in worth? Now ſhall we ſee to-morrow
An act, that very chance doth throw upon him.
Ajax renown'd! O heav'ns, what ſome men do,
While ſome men leave to do!
How ſome men creep in ſkittiſh fortune's hall,
While others play the ideots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſs!
To ſee theſe Grecian lords! why ev'n already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the ſhoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breaſt,
And great Troy ſhrinking.

ACH. I do believe it;
For they paſs'd by me, as miſers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look.
What! are my deeds forgot!

ULYS. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.
A great ſiz'd monſter, of ingratitudes,
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt, which are devour'd
As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
As done: Perſeverance keeps honour bright:
To have done, is to hang quite out of faſhion,
Like ruſty mail in monumental mockery.
Then, dear my lord, take you the inſtant way:

For honour travels in a ſtreight ſo narrow,
Where but one goes abreaſt? keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thouſand ſons,
That one by one purſue; if you give way,
Or hedge aſide from the direct forth-right,
Like to an entred tide, they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindermoſt; and there you lie,
Like to a gallant horſe fall'n in firſt rank,
For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run
And trampled on: Then what they do in preſent,
Tho' leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'er-top yours.
For time is like a faſhionable hoſt,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting gueſt by th' hand;
But with his arms out-ſtretch'd, as he would fly,
Graſps in the comer. For welcome ever ſmiles,
And farewel goes out ſighing. O, let not virtue ſeek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit, high birth, deſert in ſervice,
Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all, with one conſent, praiſe new-born gawds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things paſt;
And ſhew to duſt, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-duſted.
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent object;
Then marvel not, thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greeks begin to worſhip Ajax;
Since things in motion ſooner catch the eye,
Than what not ſtirs. The cry went once for thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldſt not entomb thyſelf alive,

And caſe thy reputation in thy tent;
Whoſe glorious deeds, but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the gods themſelves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

ACH. Of this my privacy
I have ſtrong reaſons.

ULYS. 'Gainſt your privacy
The reaſons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

ACH. Ha! known!

ULYS. Is that a wonder?
The providence, that's in a watchful ſtate,
Knows almoſt every grain of Pluto's gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehenſive deep:
Keeps place with thought; and almoſt, like the gods,
Does even thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a myſtery, with which relation
Durſt never meddle, in the ſoul of ſtate;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expreſſure to.
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena.
But it muſt grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame ſhall in our iſlands ſound her trump;
And all the Greekiſh girls ſhall tripping ſing,
"Great Hector's ſiſter did Achilles win;
"But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."
Farewel, my lord. I, as your lover, ſpeak;
The fool ſlides o'er the ice, that you ſhould break. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.

PAT. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you;
A woman, impudent and manniſh grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of act.——I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little ſtomach to the war,
And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus.
Sweet, rouſe yourſelf; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unlooſe his am'rous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be ſhook to air.

ACH. Shall Ajax fight with Hector!

PAT. Ay, and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

ACH. I ſee, my reputation is at ſtake;
My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.

PAT. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves.
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary
Seals a commiſſion to a blank of danger,
And danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
Even then, when we ſit idly in the ſun.

ACH. Go call Therſites hither, ſweet Patroclus;
I'll ſend the fool to Ajax, and deſire him
T'invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
To ſee us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am ſick withal,
To ſee great Hector in the weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,
Ev'n to my full of view.——A labour ſav'd!

SCENE IX. Enter Therſites.

THER. A wonder!

ACH. What?

THER. Ajax goes up and down the field, aſking for himſelf.

ACH. How ſo?

THER. He muſt fight ſingly to-morrow with Hector, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

ACH. How can that be?

THER. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand; ruminates like an hoſteſs, that hath no arithmetic but her brain, to ſet down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in this head, if 'wou'd out; and ſo there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' th' combat, he'll break't himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me. I ſaid, good-morrow, Ajax; and he replies, Thanks, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? he's grown a very land-fiſh, language-leſs, a monſter. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both ſides, like a leather jerkin.

ACH. Thou muſt be my ambaſſador to him, Therſites.

THER. Who, I?—why, he'll anſwer no body; he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggars. He wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his preſence; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the pageant of Ajax.

ACHIL. To him, Patroclus. Tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant Ajax, to invite the moſt valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon of the magnanimous and moſt illuſtrious, ſix or

ſeven times honour'd, captain-general, of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

PAT. Jove bleſs great Ajax!

THER. Hum———

PAT. I come from the worthy Achilles.

THER. Ha!

PAT. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite Hector to his tent.

THER. Hum———

PAT. And to procure ſafe conduct from Agamemnon.

THER. Agamemnon———

PAT. Ay, my lord.

THER. Ha!

PAT. What ſay you to't?

THER. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

PAT. Your, anſwer, ſir.

THER. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

PAT. Your anſwer, ſir,

THER. Fare ye well, with all my heart.

ACH. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

THER. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What muſick will be in him, when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not; but, I am ſure, none; unleſs the fidler Apollo get his ſinews to make catlings of.

ACH. Come, thou ſhalt bear a letter to him ſtraight.

THER. Let me carry another to his horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

ACH. My mind is troubled like a fountain ſtirr'd,
And I myſelf ſee not the bottom of it. [Exit.

THER. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear

again, that I might water an aſs at it! I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in TROY.

Enter at one door Æneas, with a torch; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes the Grecian, with Torches.

PARIS.

SEE, ho! who is that there?

DEI. It is the lord Æneas.

ÆNE. Is the prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nought but heav'nly buſineſs
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

DIO. That's my mind too. Good-morrow, lord Æneas.

PAR. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand.
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech, wherein
You told, how Diomede a whole week, by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

ÆNE. Health to you, valiant ſir,
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.

DIO. The one and th' other Diomede embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and, ſo long, health;
But when contention and occaſion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuit and policy.

ÆNE. And thou ſhalt hunt a lion that will fly

With his face backward. In humane gentleneſs,
Welcome to Troy. Now, by Anchiſes' life,
Welcome, indeed! by Venus' hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love, in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

DIO. We ſympathize.——Jove, let Æneas live
If to my ſword his fate be not the glory,
A thouſand complete courſes of the ſun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.

ÆNE. We know each other well.

DIO. We do; and long to know each other worſe.

PAR. This is the moſt deſpightful, gentle greeting.
The nobleſt hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What buſineſs, lord, ſo early?

ÆNE. I was ſent for to the king; but why, I know not.

PAR. His purpoſe meets you; 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' houſe, and there to render him
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Creſſid.
Let's have your company; or, if you pleaſe,
Haſte there before. I conſtantly do think,
Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night.
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I fear,
We ſhall be much unwelcome,

ÆNE. That I aſſure you.
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Creſſid borne from Troy.

PAR. There is no help;
The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, lord, we'll follow you.

ÆNE. Good-morrow all. [Exit.

PAR. And tell me, noble Diomede, tell me true,
Ev'n in the ſoul of good ſound fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits fair Helen moſt?
Myſelf, or Menelaus?

DIO. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth ſeek her,
Not making any ſcruple of her ſoilure,
With ſuch a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour,
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a letcher, out of whoriſh loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors.
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no leſs nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

PAR. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

DIO. She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris,
For ev'ry falſe drop in her baudy veins
A Grecian's life hath ſunk; for every ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been ſlain. Since ſhe could ſpeak,
She hath not giv'n ſo many good words breath,
As, for her, Greeks and Trojans ſuffer'd death.

PAR. Fair Diomede, you do as chapman do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this virtue well;
We'll not commend what we intend to ſell.
Here lies our way. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Changes to Pandarus's houſe.

Enter Troilus and Creſſida.

TROI. Dear, trouble not yourſelf; the morn is cold,
CRE. Then, ſweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down:
He ſhall unbolt the gates,
TROI. Trouble him not.
To bed, to bed. Sleep kill thoſe pretty eyes,
And give as ſoft attachment to thy ſenſes,
As infants empty of all thought!
CRE. Good-morrow then.
TROI. I pr'ythee now, to bed.
CRE. Are you a weary of me?
TROI. O Creſſida! but that the buſy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rouz'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
CRE. Night hath been too brief.
TROI. Beſhrew the witch! with venomous wights ſhe ſtays
As tediouſly as hell; but flies the graſps of love,
With wings more momentary-ſwift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.
CRE. Pry'thee, tarry———you men will never tarry.
O fooliſh Creſſida! I might have ſtill held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.
PAN. [within] What's all the doors open here?
TROI. It is your uncle,

Enter Pandarus.

CRE. A peſtilence on him! now will he be mocking.
I ſhall have ſuch a life———

PAN. How now, how now? How go maiden-heads? Hear you! maid! where's my couſin Creſſida?

CRE. Go hang yourſelf, you naughty mocking uncle: You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

PAN. To do what? to do what? Let her ſay, what. What have I brought you to do?

CRE. Come, come, beſhrew your heart; you'll never be good; nor ſuffer others.

PAN. Ha! ha! alas, poor wretch; a poor Capocchia, ——haſt not ſlept to-night? Would he not a naughty man let it ſleep? a bugbear take him! [One knocks.

CRE. Did not I tell you?—'would, he were knock'd o' th' head!———Who's that at the door?———Good uncle, go and ſee!———My lord, come you again into my chamber.———You ſmile and mock, as if I meant naughtily.

TROI. Ha, ha———

CRE. Come, you are deceived, I think of no ſuch thing. How earneſtly they knock———Pray you, come in, [Knock.

I would not for half Troy have you ſeen here. [Exeunt.

PAN. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now, what's the matter?

SCENE III. Enter Æneas.

ÆNE. Good-morrow, lord, good-morrow.

PAN. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you ſo early?

ÆNE. Is not prince Troilus here?

PAN. Here! what ſhould he do here?

ÆNE. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him. It doth import him much to ſpeak with me.

PAN. Is he here, ſay you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be ſworn. For my own part, I came in late. What ſhould he do here?

ÆNE. Phoo!——nay, then—Come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere y'are aware; you'd be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither. Go. [As Pandarus is going out.

Enter Troilus.

TROI. How now, what's the matter?

ÆNE. My lord, I ſcarce have leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh. There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomede, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us: and for him forthwith,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this hour,
We muſt give up to Diomede's hand
The lady Creſſida.

TROI. Is it concluded ſo?

ÆNE. By Priam, and the general ſtate of Troy.
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

TROI. How my atchievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my lord Æneas)
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

ÆNE. Good, good, my lord; the ſecrets of neighbour Pandar
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Enter Creſſida to Pandarus.

PAN. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck.

CRE. How now? What's the matter? Who was here?

PAN. Ah, ah!

CRE. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my lord? gone? Tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?

PAN. 'Would, I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

CRE. O the gods! what's the matter?

PAN. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'would, thou hadſt ne'er been born. I knew, thou wouldſt be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon Antenor!———

CRE. Good uncle, I beſeech you, on my knees, I beſeech you, what's the matter?

PAN. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone, thou art chang'd for Antenor; thou muſt go to thy father, and be gone from Troilus. 'Twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

CRE. O you immortal gods! I will not go.

PAN. Thou muſt.

CRE. I will not, uncle. I've forgot my father,
I know no touch of conſanguinity:
No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo near me,
As the ſweet Troilus. O you gods divine!
Make Creſſid's name the very crown of falſhood,
If ever ſhe leaves Troilus. Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the ſtrong baſe and building of my love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.——I'll go and weep,———

PAN. Do, do.

CRE. Tea my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding Troilus. I'll not go from Troy. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. Before Pandarus's houſe.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.

PAR. It is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes faſt upon us; good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe,
TROI. Walk into her houſe.
I'll bring her to the Grecian preſently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus,
A prieſt, there offering to it his own heart.
PAR. I know, what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I ſhall pity, I could help.
———Pleaſe you, walk in, my lords. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. An apartment in Pandarus's houſe.

Enter Pandarus and Creſſida.

PAN. Be moderate, be moderate.
CRE. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taſte,
And in its ſenſe is no leſs ſtrong, than that
Which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying droſs.

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in ſuch a precious loſs.

PAN. Here, here, here he comes,———ah, ſweet duck!———

CRE. O Troilus, Troilus!

PAN. What a pair of ſpectacles is here! let me embrace too:

"O heart," (as the goodly ſaying is!)

"O heart, O heavy heart,

"Why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking?

where he anſwers again;

"Becauſe thou can'ſt not eaſe thy ſmart,

"By friendſhip nor by ſpeaking."

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe. We ſee it, we ſee it. How now, lambs?

TROI. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrain'd a purity,
That the bleſt Gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion, which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

CRE. Have the Gods envy?

PAN. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a caſe.

CRE. And is it true, that I muſt go from Troy?

TROI. A hateful truth!

CRE. What, and from Troilus too?

TROI. From Troy, and Troilus.

CRE. Is it poſſible?

TROI. And ſuddenly: where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, ſtrangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs

Did buy each other, muſt poorly ſell ourſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up all in one looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.

ÆNEAS within.] My lord, is the lady ready?

TROI. Hark! you are call'd. Some ſay the genius ſo cries COME! to him that inſtantly muſt die.
—Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.

PAN. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [Exit Pan.

CRE. I muſt then to the Grecians?

TROI. No remedy.

CRE. A woeful Creſſid 'mongſt the merry Greeks!
When ſhall we ſee again?

TROI. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart——

CRE. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

TROI. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:———
I ſpeak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee:
For I will throw my glove to death himſelf,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But, be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation. Be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.

CRE. O, you ſhall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent. But, I'll be true.

TROI. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

CRE. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

TROI. I will corrupt the Grecian centinels
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

CRE. O heav'ns! be true, again?

TROI. Hear, why I speak it, love.
The Grecian youths are full of subtle quality,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature
Flowing, and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts with person,——
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy,
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,
Makes me afraid.

CRE. O heavens, you love me not!

TROI. Die I a villain then!
In this, I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit. I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high la Volt; nor sweeten talk;
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

CRE. Do you think, I will?

TROI. No.
But something may be done, that we will not;
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency,

ÆNEAS within.] Nay, good my lord,——

TROI. Come, kiſs, and let us part.

PARIS within.] Brother Troilus,———

TROI. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

CRE. My lord, will you be true?

TROI. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault.
While others fiſh, with craft, for great opinion;
I with great truth, catch meer ſimplicity.
While ſome with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainneſs I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is "plain and true," there's all the reach of it.

SCENE VII. Enter Æneas, Paris, and Diomede.

Welcome, ſir Diomede; here is the lady,
Whom for Antenor we deliver you.
At the port (Lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſs thee what ſhe is.
Entreat her fair; and by my ſoul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword,
Name Creſſid, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As Priam is in Ilion.

DIO. Fair lady Creſſid,
So pleaſe you, ſave the thanks this prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads your fair uſage; and to Diomede
You ſhall be miſtreſs, and command him wholly.

TROI. Grecian, thou doſt not uſe me courteouſly,
To ſhame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praiſing her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-ſoaring o'er thy praiſes,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her ſervant.

I charge thee, uſe her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadful Pluto, if thou doſt not,
Tho' the great bulk Achilles be thy guard
I'll cut thy throat.

DIO. Oh, be not mov'd, prince Troilus.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free, when I am hence,
I'll anſwer to my liſt; and know, my lord,
I'll nothing do on charge; to her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd; but that you ſay, be't ſo;
I'll ſpeak it in my ſpirit and honour—no.

TROI. Come—To the port—I'll tell thee, Diomede,
This brave ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand———and, as we walk,
To our own ſelves bend we our needful talk.
[Sound trumpet.

PAR. Hark, Hector's trumpet!

ÆNE. How have we ſpent this morning?
The prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.

PAR. 'Tis Troilus's fault. Come, come, to field with him.

DIO. Let us make ready ſtrait.

ÆNE. Yea, with a bridegroom's freſh alacrity
Let us addreſs to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and ſingle chivalry. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. Changes to the Grecian camp.

Enter Ajax armed, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, &c.

AGA. Here art thou in appointment freſh and fair,

Anticipating time with ſtarting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax, that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

AJAX. Thou trumpet, there's my purſe;
Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy ſphered bias cheek
Out-ſwell the cholic of puft Aquilon:
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood:
Thou blow'ſt for Hector.

ULYS. No trumpet anſwers.

ACH. 'Tis but early day.

AGA. Is not yond' Diomede with Calchas' daughter?

ULYS. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He riſes on his toe; that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, with Creſſida.

AGA. Is this the lady Creſſida?

DIO. Ev'n ſhe.

AGA. Moſt dearly welcome to the Greeks, ſweet lady.

NEST. Our general doth ſalute you with a kiſs.

ULYS. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better, ſhe were kiſs'd in general.

NEST. And very courtly counſel. I'll begin.
So much for Neſtor.

ACHIL. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady.
Achilles bids you welcome.

MEN. I had good argument for kiſſing once.

PAT. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
[Stepping between Men. and Creſſ.
And parted, thus, you and your argument.
ULYS. O deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns,
For which we loſe our heads to gild his horns!
PAT. The firſt was Menalaus' kiſs—this mine——
Patroclus kiſſes you.
MEN. O, this is trim.
PAT. Paris and I kiſs evermore for him.
MEN. I'll have my kiſs, Sir. Lady, by your leave,—
CRES. In kiſſing do you render or receive?
PAT. Both take and give.
CRES. I'll make my match to live.
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.——
MEN. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
CRES. You are an odd man, give ev'n, or give none.
MEN. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
CRES. No, Paris is not; for you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is ev'n with you.
MEN. You fillip me o' th' head.
CRES. No, I'll be ſworn.
ULYS. It were no match, your nail againſt his horn.
May I, ſweet lady, beg a kiſs of you?
CRES. You may.
ULYS. I do deſire it.
CRES. Why, beg then.
ULYS. Why then, for Venus' ſake, give me a kiſs,
When Helen is a maid again, and his——
CRE. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
ULYS. Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.

DIO. Lady, a word—I'll bring you to your father.
[Diomedes leads out Creſſida.

NEST. A woman of quick ſenſe!

ULYS. Fy, fy, upon her!
There's language in her eyes, her cheek, her lip:
Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint, and motive of her body.
Oh, theſe encounterers! ſo glib of tongue,
They give a coaſting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickliſh reader; ſet them down
For fluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, and attendants.

ALL. The Trojans' trumpet!

AGA. Yonder comes the troop.

ÆNE. Hail, all the ſtate of Greece! what ſhall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Purſue each other, or ſhall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bade aſk.

AGA. Which way would Hector have it?

ÆNE. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

AGA. 'Tis done like Hector, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deal miſprizing
The knight oppos'd.

ÆNE. If not Achilles, ſir,
What is your name?

ACHIL. If not Achilles, nothing.

ÆNE. Therefore, Achilles; but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little
Valour and pride excel themſelves in Hector;
The one almoſt as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
And that, which looks like pride, is courteſy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood,
In love whereof, half Hector ſtays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector, come to ſeek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

ACHIL. A maiden-battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomedes.

AGA. Here is Sir Diomede. Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax; as you and Lord Æneas
Conſent upon the order of the fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,
Or elſe a breath. The combatants being kin
Half ſtints their ſtrife before their ſtrokes begin.

ULYS. They are oppos'd already.

AGA. What Trojan is that ſame, that looks ſo heavy?

ULYS. The youngeſt ſon of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, ſoon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty;

Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous,
For Hector in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A ſecond hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus ſays Æneas, one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches; and with private ſoul,
Did in great Ilion thus tranſlate him to me.
[Alarm. Hector and Ajax fight.

SCENE IX.

AGA. They are in action.
NEST. Now, Ajax, hold thine own.
TROI. Hector, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
AGA. His blows are well diſpos'd.—There, Ajax.
[Trumpets ceaſe.
DIO. You muſt no more.
ÆNE. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you.
AJAX. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
DIO. As Hector pleaſes.
HECT. Why then, will I no more.
Thou art, great Lord, my father's ſiſter's ſon;
A couſin-german to great Priam's ſeed:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan ſo,
That thou couldſt ſay, this hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the ſinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this ſiniſter
Bounds in my father's: by Jove multipotent,
Thou ſhouldſt not bear from me a Greekiſh member
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our rank feud: but the juſt gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred aunt, ſhould by my mortal ſword
Be drain'd! let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus.——
Couſin, all honour to thee!

AJAX. I thank thee, Hector!
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man.
I came to kill thee, couſin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

HECT. Not Neoptolemus ſo mirable,
On whoſe bright creſt, Fame, with her loud'ſt O yes,
Cries this is he; could promiſe to himſelf
A thought of added honour torn from Hector!

ÆNE. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will do.

HECT. We'll anſwer it.
The iſſue is embracement. Ajax, farewel.

AJAX. If I might in entreaties find ſucceſs,
As ſeld I have the chance, I would deſire
My famous couſin to our Grecian tents.

DIO. 'Tis Agamemnon's wiſh; and great Achilles
Doth long to ſee unarm'd the valiant Hector.

HECT. Æneas call my brother Troilus to me,
And ſignify this loving interview
To the expectors of our Trojan part;
Deſire them home. Give me thy hand, my Couſin,

I will go eat with thee, and ſee your knights.

Agamemnon and the reſt of the Greeks come forward.

AJAX. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
HECT. The worthieſt of them tell me, name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own ſearching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly ſize.
AGA. Worthy of arms! as welcome, as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Underſtand more clear
What's paſt and what's to come is ſtrew'd with huſks
And formleſs ruin of oblivion,
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee with moſt divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.
HECT. I thank thee, moſt imperious Agamemnon.
AGA. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no leſs to you.
[To Troilus.
MEN. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting.
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
HECT. Whom muſt we anſwer?
ÆNE. The noble Menelaus.
HECT. O——you, my Lord——by Mars his gauntlet, thanks.
Mock not that I affect th' untraded oath;
Your quondam wife ſwears ſtill by Venus' glove;
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
MEN. Name her not now, Sir, ſhe's a deadly theme.
HECT. O, pardon——I offend.
NEST. I have, thou gallant Trojan, ſeen thee oft,

Labouring for deſtiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekiſh youth; and I have ſeen thee,
As hot as Perſeus, ſpur thy Phrygian ſteed,
And ſeen thee ſcorning forfeits and ſubduments,
When thou haſt hung thy advanc'd ſword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have ſaid unto my ſtanders-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wreſtling. This I've ſeen:
But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw 'till now. I knew thy grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a ſoldier good;
But by great Mars, the Captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

ÆNE. 'Tis the old Neſtor.

HECT. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moſt reverend Neſtor, I am glad to claſp thee.

NEST. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courteſy.

HECT. I would, they could.

NEST. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have ſeen the time——

ULYS. I wonder now how yonder city ſtands,
When we have here the baſe and pillar by us.

HECT. I know your favour, Lord Ulyſſes, well.
Ah, ſir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since firſt I ſaw yourſelf and Diomede
In Ilion, on your Greekiſh embaſſy.

ULYS. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue;
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own feet.

HECT. I muſt not believe you;
There they ſtand yet; and, modeſtly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian ſtone will coſt
A drop of Grecian blood; the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

ULYS. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant Hector, welcome;
After the general, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my tent.

ACHIL. I ſhall foreſtal thee, Lord Ulyſſes;——thou!
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

HECT. Is this Achilles?

ACHIL. I am Achilles,

HECT. Stand fair, I pr'ythee. Let me look on thee.

ACHIL. Behold thy fill.

HECT. Nay I have done already.

ACHIL. Thou art too brief. I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.

HECT. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me, than thou underſtand'ſt
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eyes?

ACHIL. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? whether there, or there,

That I may give the local wound a name;
And make diſtinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me, heav'ns!

HECT. It would diſcredit the bleſt gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion. Stand again.
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

ACHIL. I tell thee, yea.

HECT. Wert thou the oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that ſtithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wiſeſt Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I never——

AJAX. Do not chafe thee, couſin;
And you, Achilles, let theſe threats alone,
'Till accident or purpoſe bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of Hector,
If you have ſtomach. The general ſtate, I fear,
Can ſcarce intreat you to be odd with him.

HECT. I pray you, let us ſee you in the field:
We have had pelting wars ſince you refus'd
The Grecians' cauſe.

ACHIL. Doſt thou intreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.

HECT. Thy hand upon that match.

AGA. Firſt, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent,

There in the full convive we; afterwards,
As Hector's leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him.
Beat loud the tabourins; let the trumpets blow;
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know.

[Exeunt.

SCENE X. Manent Troilus and Ulyſſes.

TROI. My lord Ulyſſes, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

ULYS. At Menelaus' tent, moſt princely Troilus;
There Diomede doth feaſt with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair Creſſid.

TROI. Shall I, ſweet lord, be bound to thee ſo much,
After you part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

ULYS. You ſhall command me, ſir.
As gently tell me, of what honour was
This Creſſida in Troy; had ſhe no lover there,
That wails her abſence?

TROI. O ſir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth;
But, ſtill, ſweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Achilles's tent, in the Grecian camp.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

ACHILLES.

I'LL heat his blood with Greekiſh wine to-night,
Which with my ſcimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feaſt him to the height.

PATR. Here comes Therſites.

Enter Therſites.

ACH. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou cruſty batch of nature, what's the news?

THER. Why, thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, and idol of idiot-worſhippers, here's a letter for thee.

ACH. From whence, fragment?

THER. Why, thou full diſh of fool, from Troy.

PATR. Who keeps the tent now?

THER. The ſurgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

PATR. Well ſaid, adverſity; and what need theſe tricks?

THER. Pr'ythee, be ſilent, boy, I profit not by thy talk. Thou art thought to be Achilles's male-varlet.

PATR. Male-varlet, you rogue? what's that?

THER. Why, his maſculine whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the ſouth, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' th' back, letharges, cold palſies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impoſt-

hume, ſciatica's, lime-kiln's i' th' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-ſimple of the tetter, take and take again ſuch prepoſterous diſcoveries.

PATR. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meaneſt thou to curſe thus?

THER. Do I curſe thee?

PATR. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whoreſon indiſtinguiſhable cur.

THER. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle immaterial ſkein of ſley'd ſilk, thou green ſarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou taſſel of a prodigal's purſe, thou. Ah, how the poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water flies, diminutives of nature.

PATR. Out, gall!

THER. Finch egg!

ACH. My ſweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have ſworn. I will not break it;
Fall Greeks, fail fame, honour, or go, or ſtay,
My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.
Come, come, Therſites, help to trim my tent,
This night in banqueting muſt all be ſpent.
Away, Patroclus. [Exeunt.

THER. With too much blood, and too little brain, theſe two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he hath not ſo much brain as ear-wax; and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive ſtatue, and obeliſque memorial of cuckolds;

a thrifty ſhooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him? To an aſs were nothing, he is both aſs and ox. To an ox were nothing, he is both ox and aſs. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus ——————I would conſpire againſt deſtiny. Aſk me not what I would be, if I were not Therſites; for I care not, to be the louſe of a lazar, ſo I were not Menelaus.
Hey-dey, ſpirits and fires!

SCENE II. Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, and Diomedes, with lights.

AGA. We go wrong, we go wrong.
AJAX. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we ſee the light.
HECT. I trouble you.
AJAX. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

ULYS. Here comes himſelf to guide you.
ACH. Welcome, brave Hector. Welcome, princes all.
AGA. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night. Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
HECT. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.
MEN. Good night, my lord.
HECT. Good night ſweet lord Menelaus.
THER. Sweet drought. Sweet, quoth a. Sweet ſink. Sweet ſewer.
ACH. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to thoſe That go or tarry.

ACA. Good night.

ACH. Old Neſtor tarries, and you too, Diomedes,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

DIO. I cannot, lord, I have important buſineſs,
The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector.

HEC. Give me your hand.

ULYS. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent.
I'll keep you company. [To Troilus.

TROI. Sweet ſir, you honour me.

HECT. And ſo, good night.

ACH. Come, come, enter my tent. [Exeunt.

THER. That ſame Diomede's a falſe-hearted rogue, a moſt unjuſt knave. I will no more truſt him when he leers, than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes. He will ſpend his mouth and promiſe, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, aſtronomers foretel it, it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: the ſun borrows of the moon, when Diomede keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee Hector, than not dog him; they ſay, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uſes the traitor Calchas his tent. I'll after——Nothing but letchery; all incontinent varlets. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. Changes to Calchas's tent.

Enter Diomedes.

DIO. What are you up here? ho? ſpeak.

CAL. Who calls?

DIO, Diomed——Calchas I think. Where is your daughter?

CAL. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulyſſes, [undiſcovered by Diomede,] after them Therſites, [unſeen by Troilus and Ulyſſes.]

ULYS. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

TROI. Creſſid come forth to him?

DIO. How now, my charge?

CRE. Now, my ſweet guardian? Hark, a word with you. [Whiſpers.

TROI. Yea, ſo familiar?

ULYS. She will ſing any man at firſt ſight.

THER. And any man may ſing her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

DIO. Will you remember?

CRE. Remember? yes.

DIO. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

TRO. What ſhould ſhe remember?

ULYS. Liſt.———

CRE. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

THER. Roguery———

DIO. Nay, then,———

CRE. I'll tell you what.

DIO. Pho! pho! Come. Tell a pin. You are forſworn———

CRE. In faith, I can't. What would you have me do?

THER. A jugling trick, to be ſecretly open.

DIO. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me?

CRE. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet Greek.

DIO. Good night.

TROI. Hold, patience.

ULYS. How now, Trojan?

CRE. Diomede.———

DIO. No, no, good night. I'll be your fool no more.

TROI. Thy better muſt.

CRE. Hark, one word in your ear.

TROI. O plague, and madneſs!

ULYS. You are mov'd, prince. Let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge itſelf
To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;
The time right deadly. I beſeech you, go.

TROI. Behold, I pray you———

ULYS. Good my lord, go off.
You flow to great diſtraction. Come, my lord.

TROI. I pr'ythee, ſtay.

ULYS. You have not patience. Come.

TROI. I pray you, ſtay. By hell, and by hell's torments.
I will not ſpeak a word.

DIO. And ſo, good night.

CRE. Nay, but you part in anger?

TROI. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

ULYS. Why, how now, lord?

TROI. By Jove, I will be patient.

CRE. Guardian. Why, Greek.

DIO. Pho, pho, adieu! You palter.

CRE. In faith, I do not. Come hither once again.

ULYS. You ſhake, my lord, at ſomething. Will you go?
You will break out.

TROI. She ſtrokes his cheek.

ULYS. Come, come.

TROI. Nay, ſtay. By Jove, I will not ſpeak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience. Stay a little while.

THER. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potatoe finger tickles theſe together! Fry, letchery, fry!

DIO. But will you then?

CRE. In faith, I will, lo; never truſt me elſe.

DIO. Give me ſome token for the ſurety of it.

CRE. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

ULYS. You have ſworn patience.

TROI. Fear me not, ſweet lord.
I will not be myſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel. I am all patience.

SCENE IV. Re-enter Creſſida.

THER. Now the pledge; now, now, now.

CRE. Here, Diomede, keep this ſleeve.

TROI. O beauty! where's thy faith?

ULYS. My lord,——

TROI. I will be patient. Outwardly, I will.

CRE. You look upon that ſleeve. Behold it well.—
He lov'd me—— O falſe wench!——Give't me again.

DIO. Whoſe was't?

CRE. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night.
I pr'ythee, Diomede, viſit me no more.

THER. Now ſhe ſharpens. Well ſaid, whetſtone.

DIO. I ſhall have it.

CRE. What, this?

DIO. Ay, that.

CRE. O, all ye gods!—— O pretty, pretty pledge;

Thy maſter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it:
As I kiſs thee.—— [Diomede ſnatches the ſleeve.
Nay, do not ſnatch it from me,
He, that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.

DIO. I had your heart before, this follows it.

TROI. I did ſwear patience.

CRE. You ſhall not have it, Diomede; faith, you ſhall not,
I'll give you ſomething elſe.

DIO. I will have this. Whoſe was it?

CRE. 'Tis no matter.

DIO. Come, tell me whoſe it was?

CRE. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

DIO. Whoſe was it?

CRE. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,
And by herſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.

DIO. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his ſpirit, that dares not challenge it.

TROI. Wert thou the devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn,
It ſhould be challeng'd.

CRE. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt; and yet it is not.
I will not keep my word.

DIO. Why then, farewel.
Thou never ſhall mock Diomede again.

CRE. You ſhall not go.——One cannot ſpeak a word,
But it ſtraight ſtarts you.

DIO. I do not like this fooling.

THER. Nor I, by Pluto. But that that likes not you, pleaſes me beſt.

DIO. What, ſhall I come? The hour?

CRE. Ay, come:—— O Jove!—— Do. Come.——I ſhall be plagu'd.

DIO. Farewel 'till then. [Exit.

CRE. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.
Troilus, farewel; one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth ſee.
Ah, poor our ſex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, muſt err; O then conclude,
Minds ſway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [Exit.

SCENE V.

THER. A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Unleſs ſhe ſays, my mind is now turn'd whore.

ULYS. All's done, my lord.

TROI. It is.

ULYS. Why ſtay we then?

TROI. To make a recordation to my ſoul,
Of every ſyllable that here was ſpoke.
But if I tell how theſe two did co-act,
Shall I not lye in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth invert th' atteſt of eyes and ears;
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Creſſid here?

ULYS. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

TROI. She was not, ſure.
ULYS. Moſt ſure, ſhe was.
TROI. Why my negation hath no taſte of madneſs.
ULYS. Nor mine, my lord. Creſſid was here but now.
TROI. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To ſtubborn criticks, apt, without a theme
For depravation, to ſquare the general ſex
By Creſſid's rule. Rather think this not Creſſid.
ULYS. What hath ſhe done, prince, that can ſoil our mothers?
TROI. Nothing at all, unleſs that this was ſhe.
THER. Will he ſwagger himſelf out of his own eyes?
TROI. This ſhe? no, this is Diomedes' Creſſida.
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe:
If ſouls guide vows, if vows be ſanctimony,
If ſanctimony be the Gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itſelf,
This is not ſhe. O madneſs of diſcourſe!
That cauſe ſet'ſt up with and againſt thyſelf!
Bi-fold authority! where reaſon can revolt
Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt. This is, and is not, Creſſid.
Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate
Divides far wider than the ſky and earth;
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion
Admits no orifice for a point, as ſubtle
As ſlight Arachne's broken woof to enter.
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as Pluto's gates!
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'ns;
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as heav'n itſelf!

The bonds of heav'n are ſlipp'd, diſſolv'd and loos'd:
And with another knot five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomede.

ULYS. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſs?

TROI. Ay, Greek, and that ſhall be divulged well
In characters, as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus. Ne'er did young man fancy
With ſo eternal, and ſo fix'd a ſoul.
Hark, Greek, as much as I do Creſſid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomede.
That ſleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm;
Were it a caſk compos'd by Vulcan's ſkill,
My ſword ſhould bite it; not the dreadful ſpout,
Which ſhip-men do the hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty ſun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his deſcent, than ſhall my prompted ſword
Falling on Diomede.

THER. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

TROI. O Creſſid! O falſe Creſſid! falſe, falſe, falſe!
Let all untruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And they'll ſeem glorious.

ULYS. O, contain yourſelf;
Your paſſion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

ÆNE. I have been ſeeking you this hour, my lord,
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy.

Ajax, your guard, ſtays to conduct you home.

TROI. Have with you, prince. My courteous lord, adieu.
Farewel, revolted fair. And, Diomede,
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head!

ULYS. I'll bring you to the gates.

TROI. Accept diſtracted thanks.

[Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulyſſes.

THER. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomede, I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore; the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Letchery, letchery, ſtill wars and letchery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning devil take them! [Exit.

SCENE VI. Changes to the palace in Troy.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

AND. When was my lord ſo much ungently temper'd
To ſtop his ears againſt admoniſhment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.

HECT. You train me to offend you. Get you gone.
By all the everlaſting Gods, I'll go.

AND. My dreams will, ſure, prove ominous to-day.

HECT. No more, I ſay.

Enter Caſſandra.

CAS. Where is my brother Hector?

AND. Here, ſiſter, arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Conſort with me in loud and dear petition;
Purſue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence and this whole night

Hath nothing been but ſhapes and forms of ſlaughter.

CAS. O, 'tis true.

HECT. Ho! bid my trumpet ſound.

CAS. No notes of ſally for the heav'ns, ſweet brother.

HECT. Be gone, I ſay: the Gods have heard me ſwear.

CAS. The Gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.

AND. O! be perſuaded, do not count it holy
To hurt by being juſt; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

CAS. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vow
But vows to every purpoſe muſt not hold.
Unarm, ſweet Hector.

HECT. Hold you ſtill, I ſay.
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'ſt thou to fight to-day?

AND. Caſſandra, call my father to perſuade.

[Exit Caſſandra.

HECT. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harneſs, youth;
I am to-day i' th' vein of chivalry.
Let grow thy ſinews till their knots be ſtrong,
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the war.
Unarm thee; go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll ſtand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

TROI. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;

Which better fits a lion, than a man.

HEC. What vice is that? good Troilus, chide me for it.

TROI. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.

HECT. O, 'tis fair play

TROI. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

HECT. How now? how now?

TROI. For love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armour buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.

HECT. Fy, ſavage, fy!

TROI. Hector, thus 'tis in wars.

HECT. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

TROI. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourſe of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true ſword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,
But by my ruin.

SCENE VII. Enter Priam and Caſſandra.

CAS. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him faſt,
He is thy crutch; now if thou loſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

PRIAM. Come, Hector, come, go back;
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had viſions;

Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I myſelf
Am, like a prophet, ſuddenly enrapt
To tell thee, that this day is ominous.
Therefore come back.

HECT. Æneas is a field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many Greeks,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

PRIAM. But thou ſhalt not go.

HECT. I muſt not break my faith.
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear ſir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam,

CAS. O, Priam, yield not to him.

AND. Do not, dear father.

HECT. Andromache, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit Andromache.

TROI. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girl
Makes all theſe bodements.

CAS. O farewel, dear Hector,
Look, how thou dy'ſt; look, how thy eyes turn pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars; how Hecuba cries out;
How poor Andromache ſhrills her dolour forth!
Behold, diſtraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witleſs anticks, one another meet,
And all cry Hector, Hector's dead! O Hector!

TROI. Away!——Away!——

CAS. Farewel. Yes, ſoft. Hector, I take my leave;
Thou do'ſt thyſelf and all our Troy deceive. [Exit.

HECT. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.
Go in and cheer the town; we'll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praiſe, and tell you them at night.

PRIAM. Farewel. The Gods with ſafety ſtand about thee. [Alarm.

TROI. They're at it; hark. Proud Diomede, believe——
I come to loſe my arm, or win my ſleeve.

SCENE VIII. Enter Pandarus.

PAN. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

TROI. What now?

PAN. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

TROI. Let me read.

PAN. A whoreſon ptiſick, a whoreſon raſcally ptiſick ſo troubles me; and the fooliſh fortune of this girl, and what one thing and what another, that I ſhall leave you one o' theſe days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and ſuch an ach in my bones that unleſs a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to think on't. What ſays ſhe, there?

TROI. Words, words, mere words; no matter from the heart.
Th' effect doth operate another way. [Tearing the letter.
Go, wind to wind; there turn and change together.
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

PAN. Why, but hear you——

TROI. Hence, broker lacquey! ignominy and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [Exeunt.

SCENE IX. Changes to the field between Troy and the camp.

[Alarm.] Enter Therſites.

THER. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on. That diſſembling abominable varlet, Diomede, has got the ſame ſcurvy, doating, fooliſh young knave's ſleeve of Troy, there, in his helm; I would fain ſee them meet; that, that ſame young Trojan aſs, that loves the whore there, might ſend that Greekiſh whore-maſterly villain with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, of a ſleeveleſs errand. O th' other ſide, the policy of thoſe crafty ſneering raſcals, that ſtale old-mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe Neſtor, and that ſame dog-fox Ulyſſes, is not prov'd worth a black-berry.———They ſet me up in policy that mungril cur Ajax, againſt that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles. And now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbariſm, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomedes and Troilus.

Soft——here comes ſleeve, and t'other.

TROI. Fly not; for ſhouldſt take the river Styx,
I would ſwim after.

DIO. Thou doſt miſcall retire.
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee! [They go off fighting.

THER. Hold thy whore, Grecian. Now for thy whore, Trojan. Now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!

SCENE X. Enter Hector.

HECT. What art thou, Greek! art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

THER. No, no. I am a raſcal; a ſcurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

HECT. I do believe thee. Live. [Exit.

THER. God a'mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightning me! what's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have ſwallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a ſort, letchery eats itſelf. I'll ſeek them. [Exit.

Enter Diomedes and ſervant.

DIO. Go, go, my ſervant, take thou Troilus' horſe,
Preſent the fair ſteed to my lady Creſſid:
Fellow, commend my ſervice to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

SERV. I go, my lord.

SCENE XI. Enter Agamemnon.

AGA. Renew, renew. The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon; baſtard Margarelon
Hath Doreus priſoner,
And ſtands Coloſſus wiſe, waving his beam
Upon the paſhed coarſes of the kings,
Epiſtropus and Odius. Polyxenus is ſlain;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or ſlain, and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful ſagittary
Appals our numbers. Haſte we, Diomede,
To reinforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

NEST. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
And bid the ſnail-pac'd Ajax arm for ſhame,
There are a thouſand Hectors in the field:

Now, here he fights on Galathe his horſe,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or die, like ſcaled ſhoals
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the ſtrawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mowers ſwath;
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Ulyſſes.

ULYS. Oh, courage, courage, princes; great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowſy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax has loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth; and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus, who hath done to-day
Mad and fantaſtick execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf.
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck in very ſpite of cunning
Bad him win all.

SCENE XII. Enter Ajax.

AJAX. Triolus, thou coward Troilus? [Exit.
DIO. Ay, there, there.
NEST. So, ſo, we draw together. [Exeunt.

Enter Achilles.

ACHIL. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, ſhew me thy face:

Know, what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [Exit.

Re-enter Ajax.

AJAX. Troilus, thou coward Troilus ſhew thy head!

Re-enter Diomedes.

DIO. Troilus, I ſay, where's Troilus?

AJAX. What wouldſt thou?

DIO. I would correct him.

AJAX. Were I the general, thou ſhouldſt have my office,
Ere that correction. Troilus, I ſay, what! Troilus?

Enter Troilus.

TROI. Oh, traitor Diomede! turn thy falſe face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life, thou oweſt me for my horſe.

DIO. Ha, art thou there?

AJAX. I'll fight with him alone: ſtand, Diomede.

DIO. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

TROI. Come both, you cogging Greeks, have at you both. [Exeunt, fighting.

Enter Hector.

HECT. Yea, Troilus? O well fought! my youngeſt brother.

Enter Achilles.

ACHIL. Now do I ſee thee; have at thee, Hector.

HECT. Pauſe, if thou wilt. [Fight.

ACHIL. I do diſdain thy courteſy, proud Trojan.
Be happy that my arms are out of uſe,
My reſt and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again:
Till when, go ſeek thy fortune.

HECT. Fare thee well;

I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Enter Troilus.

TROI. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas. Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
He ſhall not carry him. I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I ſay;
I reck not, though thou end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter one in armour.

HECT. Stand, ſtand, thou Greek, thou art a goodly mark:
Now? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
I'll fruſh it, and unlock rhe rivets all,
But I'll be maſter of it. Wilt thou not, beaſt, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [Exit.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

ACHIL. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons.
Mark what I ſay. Attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep yourſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In felleſt manner execute your arms.
Follow me, ſirs, and my proceeding eye:
It is decreed, Hector the great muſt die. [Exeunt.

SCENE XIII. Enter Therſites, Menelaus, and Paris.

THER. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now bull, now dog. 'Loo, Paris, 'loo. My double-hen'd ſparrow. 'Loo, Paris, 'loo. The bull has the game; 'ware horns, ho. [Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

BAST. Turn, ſlave, and fight.

THER. What art thou?

BAST. A baſtard ſon of Priam's.

THER. I am a baſtard too, I love baſtards. I am a baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One Bear will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? Take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us: If the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment. Farewel, baſtard.

BAST. The devil take thee, coward. [Exeunt.

SCENE XIV. Enter Hector.

HECT. Moſt putrified core, ſo fair without!——
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Reſt, ſword, thou haſt thy fill of blood and death.
[He puts up his ſword.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

ACHIL. Look, Hector, how the ſun begins to ſet,
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels;
Ev'n with the vail and darkning of the ſun,
To cloſe the day up, Hector's life is done.

HECT. I am unarm'd. Forego this vantage, Greek,

ACHIL. Strike, fellows, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeek.
[They fall upon Hector, and kill him.
So, Ilion fall thou next. Now, Troy, ſink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinews, and thy bone.
On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector ſlain.
Hark, a retreat upon our Grecian part.

MYR. The Trojan trumpets ſound the like, my lord.

ACHIL. The dragon wing of night o'erſpreads the earth;
And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeparates.

My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tie his body to my horſe's tail:
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exeunt.

[Sound retreat. Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomedes, and the reſt marching.

AGA. Hark, hark, what ſhout is that?

NEST. Peace, drums.

SOL. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's ſlain! Achilles.

DIO. The bruit is, Hector's ſlain, and by Achilles.

AJAX. If it be ſo, yet bragleſs let it be:
Great Hector was as good a man as he.

AGA. March haſtily along; let one be ſent
To pray Achilles ſee us at our tent.
If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended.

[Exeunt.

SCENE XV. Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.

ÆNE. Stand, ho! yet are we maſters of the field;
Never go home, here ſtarve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

TROI. Hector is ſlain.

ALL. Hector! the Gods forbid!

TROI. He's dead, and at the murderer's horſe's tail
In beaſtly ſort dragg'd through the ſhameful field.
Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with ſpeed;
Sit, Gods, upon your thrones, and ſmite at Troy!
I ſay, at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.

ÆNE. My lord, you do diſcomfort all the hoſt.

TROI. You underſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I do not ſpeak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men
Addreſs their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who ſhall tell Priam ſo? or Hecuba?
Let him that will a ſcrietch owl ay be call'd,
Go into Troy, and ſay there, Hector's dead:
That is a word will Priam turn to ſtone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives;
Cold ſtatues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itſelf. But march away,
Hector is dead; there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan riſe as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou, great-ſiz'd coward!
No ſpace of earth ſhall ſunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frenzy's thoughts.
—Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go;
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

PAN. But hear you, hear you?

TROI. Hence, broker lacquey; ignominy, ſhame
[Strikes him.
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [Exeunt.

PAN. A goodly med'cine for my aking bones! oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent deſpis'd! oh oh, traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet at work, and how ill requited? why ſhould our endeavour be ſo lov'd,

and the performance ſo loath'd? what verſe for it? what inſtance for it?—let me ſee—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth ſing,
'Till he hath loſt his honey and his ſting;
But being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloths——
As many as be here of Pandar's hall;
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones,
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will ſhall here be made:
It ſhould be now; but that my fear is this,
Some galled gooſe of Winchester would hiſs:
'Till then, I'll ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes;
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. [Exit.

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NOTES

ON

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

☞ *The Reader to find the Line referred to, muſt reckon the Lines of the Text only, beginning at the Top of the Page, omitting all Lines relating to the Entry of Characters,* &c.

The Notes not in Dr. JOHNSON's Edition are marked with an Aſteriſk [*] thus.

THIS PLAY, together with CORIOLANUS, JULIUS CÆSAR, and ſome part of TIMON of ATHENS, are formed upon Plutarch's Lives, in the articles of Coriolanus, Brutus, Julius Cæſar, and Antony: Of which lives there is a French tranſlation of great fame, made by Amiot biſhop of Auxerre and great Almoner of France; which ſome few years after its firſt appearance, was put into an Engliſh dreſs by our countryman Sir Thomas North, and publiſhed in the year 1579, in folio. As the language of this tranſlation is pretty good, for the time, and the ſentiments, which are Plutarch's, breathe the genuine ſpirit of the ſeveral hiſtorical paſſages; Shakeſpeare has with much judgment, introduced no ſmall number of ſpeeches into theſe plays, in the very words of that tranſlator, turning them into verſe: which he has ſo well wrought up, and incorporated with his plays, that what he has introduced, cannot be diſcovered by any reader, until it is pointed out for him. CAPELL.*

P. 4. L. 5. —*reneges*—] Renounces. POPE.

L. 6. *And is become the bellows, and the fan,*
To cool a Gypſy's luſt.—] In this paſſage ſomething ſeems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly uſed for contrary purpoſes, were probably oppoſed by the authour, who might perhaps have written,

—*is become the bellows, and the fan,*
To kindle and *to cool a Gypſy's luſt.* JOHNS.

—*Gypſy's luſt.*—] *Gypſy* is here uſed, both in the original meaning for an *Egyptian*, and in its accidental ſenſe, for a *bad woman*. JOHNS.

L. 9. *The triple pillar*——] *Triple* is here uſed improperly for *third*, or *one of three*. One of the *Triumvirs*, one of the three maſters of the world. JOHNS.

The triple pillar of the world tranſform'd
Into a Strumpet's FOOL.——] The metaphor is here miſerably mangled. We ſhould read,
Into a Strumpet's STOOL.
The *pillar* of the world, ſays he, is transformed into a ſtrumpet's *Stool*. Alluding to the cuſtom of ſtrumpets ſitting in the lap of their lovers. So *Ajax* in *Troilus and Creſſida*, calls *Therſites*, *Thou* STOOL *for a witch*. *Shakeſpeare* too, in the uſe of *pillar* and *ſtool*, had regard perhaps to the etymology of the latter word, which comes from Στύλος, *columna*. WARB.

Ibid.] This emendation is ingenious, but not neceſſary. JOHNS.

L. 12. *There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.*] So *Juliet* ſays, much to the ſame effect, to *Romeo*;
They are but *beggars*, that can *count* their worth.
I will not venture to affirm theſe an imitation from the Claſſics; but I'll quote two hemiſtichs that might very probably have given riſe to our author's reflection on this topick.
Pauperis *eſt* numerare *pecus*—— OVID.
—— *Populus* numerabilis *utpote* parvus. HOR.
THEOB.*

L. 13. —*bourn*—] Bound or limit. POPE.

L. 14. *Then muſt thou needs find out new heav'n*, &c.] Thou muſt ſet the boundary of my love at a greater diſtance than the preſent viſible univerſe affords. JOHNS.

L. 16. ——*The ſum.*] Be brief, *ſum* up thy buſineſs in few words. JOHNS.

P. 5. L. 6. —*and the wide arch*
Of the rang'd Empire fall!—]
Taken from the *Roman* cuſtom of raiſing triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble. WARB.

Ibid.] I am in doubt whether *Shakeſpeare* had any idea but of a fabrick ſtanding on pillars. The later editions have all

printed, the *raiſed* empire, for the *ranged* empire, as it was firſt given. It is not eaſy to gueſs how Dr. *Warburton* miſſed this opportunity of inſerting a *French* word, by reading,

——— *and the wide arch*
Of derang'd *empire fall!*——

Which, if *deranged* were an *Engliſh* word, would be preferable both to *raiſed* and *ranged*. JOHNS.

L. 12. ——*to weet.*] To know. POPE.

L. 16. ——— Antony
Will be himſelf.
Ant. *But ſtirr'd by* Cleopatra.]

But, in this paſſage, ſeems to have the old *Saxon* ſignification of *without*, *unleſs*, *except*. *Antony*, ſays the Queen, *will recollect his thoughts*, unleſs *kept*, he replies, *in commotion by* Cleopatra. JOHNS.

L. 22. *Without ſome pleaſure.* NOW:——] We ſhould read NEW: A ſentiment much in character of the luxurious and debauched *Antony*. It is the antitheſis to *conference harſh*. WARB.*

P. 6. L. 11. *Oh, that I knew this huſband, which, you ſay, muſt* change *his horns with garlands.*] Changing horns with garlands, is ſurely, a ſenſeleſs unintelligible phraſe. We muſt reſtore, in oppoſition to all the printed copies,

——— *which you ſay, muſt* charge *his horns with garlands.*

i. e. muſt be an honourable cuckold, muſt have his horns hung with garlands. *Charge* and *change* frequently uſurp each others place in our author's old editions.

THEOB. WARB. & CAPELL.*

Ibid.] Sir *Thomas Hanmer* reads, not improbably, *change* for *horns* his *garlands*. I am in doubt, whether to *change*, is not merely to *dreſs*, or *to dreſs with changes of* garlands. JOHNS.

P. 7. L. 4. *I had rather heat my liver*—] To know why the lady is ſo averſe from *heating* her *liver*, it muſt be remembered, that a heated liver is ſuppoſed to make a pimpled face. JOHNS.

L. 12. Char. *Oh, excellent! I love long life better than figs.*] Here *Shakeſpeare* has copied ancient manners with as much beauty as propriety: This being one of thoſe *ominous* ſpeeches, in which the ancients were ſo ſuperſtitious: For

the aſpicks, by which *Charmian* died, and after, her miſtreſs, were conveyed in a baſket of *figs*. *Omens* (a ſuperſtition which *Pythagoras* firſt taught the *Greeks*) were the undeſigned conſequence of words caſually ſpoken. The words were ſometimes taken from the ſpeaker, and applied by the hearers to the ſpeaker's own affairs, as in the caſe of *Paulus Æmilius*, after his conqueſt of *Macedon*. Sometimes again the words of the ſpeaker were transferred to the affairs of the hearer, as in the caſe of the ſame *Paulus* before his conqueſt of *Macedon*. *Itaque rebus divinis quæ publicè fierent, ut faverent linguis, imperabatur.* Cicero de Divin. l. 1. WARB.

Ibid.] Mr. Warburton hath here ſquandered away a good deal of good learning concerning omens, to little purpoſe. The expreſſion is merely proverbial, and humourous; and he muſt have a very ſtrong imagination indeed, who can diſcover in it a prediction of the manner of Charmian's death by the bite of an Aſp, from this ſingle circumſtance, that the Aſp which bit her was, for the ſake of concealment, conveyed in a baſket of Figs. REVISAL.*

L. 15. *Then, belike, my children ſhall have no names*;] i. e. They ſhall be illegitimate. This will be very clearly explained by quoting a paſſage from *The Two Gentlemen of* Verona.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath many *nameleſs* virtues.

Launce. That's as much as to ſay, *baſtard* virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have *no names*. THEOB.*

Ibid.] *i. e.* be of no note, a *Greek* mode of expreſſion; in which language, ἀώνυμος ſignifies both *double-named* and *famous*, becauſe antiently famous men had an agnomen taken from their exploits. WARB.

Ibid.] I am not inclined to believe that there is ſo much learning in either of the lady's ſpeeches. She here only ſays, If I have already had the beſt of my fortune, then I ſuppoſe *I ſhall never name children*, that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, *how many boys and wenches?* JOHNS.

L. 17. *If every of your wiſhes had a womb,*
And foretold *ev'ry wiſh, a million.*] *What* foretold? If the *wiſhes* foretold *themſelves?* This can never be genuine

however it has paſſed hitherto upon the editors. It makes the word *womb* abſolutely ſuperfluous, if only the telling her wiſhes beforehand would help her to the children. The poet certainly wrote,

If ev'ry of your wiſhes had a womb,
And fertil *ev'ry wiſh,*——

THEOB. WARB. & CAPELL.*

Ibid.] For *foretel*, in ancient editions, the latter copies have *foretold*. *Foretel* favours the emendation, which is made with great acuteneſs; yet the original reading may, I think, ſtand. *If you had as many wombs as you will have wiſhes, and* I ſhould *foretel all thoſe wiſhes, I ſhould foretel a million of children.* It is an ellipſis very frequent in converſation; *I ſhould ſhame you, and tell all*; that is, *and if I ſhould* tell all. *And* is for *and if*, which was anciently, and is ſtill provincially uſed for *if*. JOHNS.

P. 8. L. 7. Char. *Our worſer thoughts heav'ns mend.*

Alex. *Come, his fortune, his fortune. O, let him marry a woman*, &c.] Whoſe fortune does *Alexas* call out to have told? But, in ſhort, this I dare pronounce to be ſo palpable and ſignal a tranſpoſition, that I cannot but wonder it ſhould have ſlipt the obſervation of all the editors; The fact is evidently this; *Alexas* brings a fortune-teller to *Iras* and *Charmian*, and ſays himſelf, *We'll know all our fortunes.* Well; the ſoothſayer begins with the women; and ſome jokes paſs upon the ſubject of huſbands and chaſtity: After which, the women hoping for the ſatisfaction of having ſomething to laugh at in *Alexas*'s fortune, call him to hold out his hand, and wiſh heartily he may have the prognoſtication of cuckoldom upon him. The whole ſpeech, therefore, muſt be placed to *Charmian*. There needs no ſtronger proof of this being a true correction, than the obſervation which *Alexas* immediately ſubjoins on their wiſhes and zeal to hear him abuſed. THEOB.

P. 9. L. 20. —— *extended* Aſia;] *i. e.* widened or extended the bounds of the leſſer *Aſia*. WARB.

Ibid.] To *extend*, is a term uſed for to *ſeize*; I know not whether that be not the ſenſe here. JOHNS.

P. 10. L. 2. *When our quick* WINDS *lie ſtill*;——] We ſhould read MINDS. The *m* was accidentally turned the

wrong way at the preſs. The ſenſe is this, *While the active principle within us lies immerged in ſloth and luxury, we bring forth vices inſtead of virtues, weeds inſtead of flowers and fruits: But the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honeſtly is, as it were, the firſt culture of the mind, which gives hopes of a future harveſt.* This he ſays to encourage the meſſenger to hide nothing from him. WARB.

Ibid.] This emendation is ingenious, but doubtful. The ſenſe may be, that man, not agitated by cenſure, like ſoil not ventilated by *quick winds*, produces more evil than good. JOHNS.

L. 18. *What our Contempts do often hurl from us,*
We wiſh it ours again;] If this be not imitation, it is certainly ſuch a reſemblance of *Horace*, as would be determined imitation from a pen of known and acknowledged learning.

Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam *ex oculis* quærimus invidi. Lib. III. Ode 24.
THEOB.*

L. 19. —— *the preſent pleaſure,*
By revolution lowering, *does become*
The oppoſite *of itſelf*;———]
The alluſion is to the ſun's diurnal courſe; which riſing in the *eaſt*, and *by revolution lowering*, or ſetting in the *weſt*, becomes *the oppoſite of itſelf*. WARB.

Ibid.] This is an obſcure paſſage. The explanation which Dr. *Warburton* has offered is ſuch, that I can add nothing to it; yet perhaps *Shakeſpeare*, who was leſs learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleaſures, as they are *revolved* in the mind, turn to pain. JOHNS.

P. 11. L. 9. *poorer moment*;] For leſs reaſon; upon meaner motives. JOHNS.

L. 31. *it ſhews to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein*, &c.] I have printed this after the original, which, though harſh and obſcure, I know not how to amend. Sr *Th. Hanmer* reads, They ſhew *to man the tailors of the earth comforting* him therein. I think the paſſage, with ſomewhat leſs alteration, for alteration is always dangerous, may ſtand thus; *It ſhews to* men *the tailors of the earth, comforting* them, &c. JOHNS.

P. 12. L. 13. *The cauſe of our* expedience——] *Expedience*, for expedition. WARB.

L. 15. —— *more urgent touches*,] Things that touch me more ſenſibly, more preſſing motives. JOHNS.

L. 16. Grammar obliges us to read,

Does ſtrongly ſpeak t' us. REVISAL.*

L. 18. *Petition us at home.*——] Wiſh us at home; call for us to reſide at home. JOHNS.

L. 28. —— *the courſer's hair*, &c.] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horſe, dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. POPE.

L. 29. —— *Say, our pleaſure,*
To ſuch whoſe places under us, require
Our quick remove from hence.]

Such is this paſſage in the firſt copy. The late editors have all altered it, or received it altered in ſilence thus:

—— *Say, our pleaſure,*
To ſuch whoſe place is *under us*, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

This is hardly ſenſe. I believe we ſhould read,

Their *quick remove from hence.*

Tell our deſign of going away to thoſe, who being by their places obliged to attend us, muſt remove in haſte. JOHNS.

P. 13 L. 5. *I did not ſend you.*—] You muſt go as if you came without my order or knowledge. JOHNS.

P. 14. L. 19. —*a race of heav'n.*—] *i. e.* had a ſmack or flavour of heaven. WARB.

Ibid.] This word is well explained by Dr. *Warburton*; the *race* of wine is the taſte of the ſoil. Sir *T. Hanmer*, not underſtanding the word, reads, *ray*. JOHNS.

L. 28. *Remains in uſe*——] The poet ſeems to allude to the legal diſtinction between the *uſe* and *abſolute poſſeſſion*. JOHNS.

P. 15. L. 6. —— *My more particular,*
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſave *my going,*
Is Fulvia's *death.*] Thus all the more modern editions; the firſt and ſecond *folio*'s read, *ſafe*: All corruptedly. *Antony* is giving ſeveral reaſons to *Cleopatra*, which make his departure from *Ægypt* neceſſary; moſt of

them, reaſons of ſtate; but the death of *Fulvia*, his wife, was a particular and private call. *Cleopatra* is jealous of *Antony*, and ſuſpicious that he is ſeeking colours for his going. *Antony* replies to her doubts, with the reaſons that obliged him to be abſent for a time; and tells her, that, as his wife *Fulvia* is dead, and ſo ſhe has no rival to be jealous of, that circumſtance ſhould be his beſt plea and excuſe, and have the greateſt weight with her for his going. Who does not ſee now, that it ought to be read,

——*ſhould* ſalve *my going*. THEOB.

Ibid.] Mr. *Upton* reads, I think rightly,

———*ſafe* my going. JOHNS.

L. 16. *O moſt falſe love!*
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhouldſt fill
With ſorrowful water?——]

Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the *Romans* ſometimes put into the urn of a friend. JOHNS.

L. 27. ——*I'm quickly ill, and well,*———
So, Antony *loves.*] It ſhould be pointed thus,
I'm quickly ill and well:
So Antony *loves.*

So, i. e. thus fantaſtically and capriciouſly. But the common pointing makes her ſay the quite contrary. WARB.*

P. 16. L. 3. —*to* Egypt.——] To me, the queen of *Egypt*. JOHNS.

L. 8. Ant. *Now by my ſword.*] An expreſſion uſed by *Shakeſpeare*, *Winter Night's Tale*, act ii. ſc. laſt. *Leontes* to *Antigonus*.

Leo. —" Swear by thy ſword,
" Thou wilt perform my bidding." See act iii. ſc. ii. And in alluſion to the *Daniſh* cuſtoms, *Hamlet*, act. i. ſc. ix. See *Titus Andronicus*, act iv. ſc. i.

Spencer obſerves (in his *View of the State of* Ireland, Works, 12mo. 1564.) from *Lucian*'s *Dialogue*, intitled *Toxaris*, " That the common oath of the *Scythians* was by " the *ſword*, and by the wind; and that the *Iriſh* uſed com- " monly to ſwear by their *ſwords*: and that they do at this " day, when they go out to battle, ſay certain prayers, and " charms to their ſwords, making a croſs therewith on the " earth, and thruſting the points of their blades into the

" ground, thinking thereby to have better ſucceſs in the " fight."

To this cuſtom *Spencer* alludes in other places.

" So ſuff'ring him to riſe, he made him ſwear,
" By his own ſword, and the croſs thereon,
" To take *Briana* for his loving *Fere*."

Fairy Queen, book 6. canto 1—53. Dr. GRAY.

This note, which is referred to this place by its authour, may deſerve more conſideration to the reader of *Hamlet*, where the friends of *Hamlet* are required to ſwear upon his ſword. JOHNS.

L. 18. *Oh, my oblivion is a very* Antony,
And I am all forgotten.] The plain meaning is, *My forgetfulneſs makes me forget my ſelf.* But ſhe expreſſes it by calling *forgetfulneſs*, *Antony*; becauſe *forgetfulneſs* had forgot her, as *Antony* had done. For want of apprehending this quaintneſs of expreſſion, the *Oxford Editor* is forced to tell us news, *That* all forgotten *is an old way of ſpeaking, for* apt to forget every thing. WARB.

Ibid.] I cannot underſtand the learned critick's explanation. It appears to me, that ſhe ſhould rather have ſaid,

O my remembrance *is a very* Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

It was her memory, not her oblivion, that, like *Antony*, was forgetting and deſerting her. I think a ſlight change will reſtore the paſſage. The Queen, having ſomething to ſay, which ſhe is not able, or would ſeem not able to recollect, cries out,

O my oblivion!—'Tis *a very* Antony.

The thought of which I was in queſt is a very *Antony*, is treacherous and fugitive, and has irrevocably left me.

And I am all forgotten.

If this reading ſtand, I think the explanation of *Hanmer* muſt be received. But I will venture another change, by reading,

And I am all forgone

I am all deſerted and undone.

If any regard can be had to exactneſs of verſification, the meaſure authoriſes my reading. JOHNS.

L. 20. *But that your royalty*
Holds Idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you

For Idleneſs itſelf.] i. e. *But that your charms hold me, who am the* greateſt *fool on earth in chains, I ſhould have adjudged you to be the* greateſt. That this is the ſenſe, is ſhewn by her anſwer,

'Tis ſweating labour
To bear ſuch Idleneſs ſo near the heart,
As Cleopatra, this. —— WARB.

P. 17. L. 7. *One great competitor.*——] I have little doubt but Shakeſpeare wrote,

Our great competitor.

i. e. that he doth not naturally bear a perſonal hatred to Antony. REVISAL. & JOHN.*

L. 18. —*as the ſpots of heav'n,*
More fiery by night's blackneſs,]

If by ſpots are meant ſtars, as night has no other fiery ſpots, the compariſon is forced and harſh, ſtars having been always ſuppoſed to beautify the night; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counter-part of this ſimile, which anſwers to night's blackneſs. *Hanmer* reads,

——— *ſpots* on ermine,
Or fires, *by night's blackneſs.* JOHNS.

L. 20. —*purchas'd*;—] Procured by his own fault or endeavour. JOHNS.

L. 27. —*ſay, this becomes him*;
As his compoſure muſt be rare, indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh; ——]

This ſeems inconſequent. I read,

And *his compoſure*, &c.

Grant that this becomes him, and *if it can become him, he muſt have in him ſomething very uncommon*; yet, &c. JOHNS.

P. 18. L. 2. *So great weight in his lightneſs.*—] The word *light* is one of *Shakeſpeare*'s favourite play-things. The ſenſe is, His trifling levity throws ſo much burden upon us. JOHNS.

L. 5. *call on him for't.*—] *Call on him*, is *viſit him.* Says *Cæſar, If* Antony *followed his debaucheries at a time of leiſure, I ſhould leave him to be puniſhed by their natural conſequences, by* ſurfeits *and* dry bones. JOHNS.

L. 8. —*boys, who, being mature in knowledge.*] For this

Hanmer, who thought the *maturity* of a *boy* an inconſiſtent idea, has put,

—*who*, immature *in knowledge*,

but the words *experience* and *judgment* require that we read *mature*: though Dr. *Warburton* has received the emendation. By *boys mature in knowledge*, are meant, *boys old enough to know their duty*. JOHNS.

L. 16. *That only have fear'd* Cæſar:] Thoſe whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to *Cæſar*, now ſhew their affection for *Pompey*. JOHNS.

L. 21. — *he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were:*
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd, *by being lack'd.*]

Let us examine the ſenſe of this in plain proſe. *The earlieſt hiſtories inform us, that the man in ſupreme command was always wiſhed to gain that command, till he had obtained it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly ſeen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be* fear'd *by them.* But do the multitude fear a man, becauſe they want him? Certainly we muſt read,

Comes dear'd, *by being lack'd.*

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Beſides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young *Pompey*, and what occaſioned this reflexion. So in *Coriolanus*,

I ſhall be lov'd, *when I am* lack'd. WARB.

L. 25. *Goes to, and back*, laſhing *the varying tide*,
To rot itſelf with motion.]

How can a flag, or ruſh, floating upon a ſtream, and that has no motion but what the fluctuation of the water gives it, be ſaid to laſh the tide? This is making a ſcourge of a weak ineffective thing, and giving it an active violence in its own power. All the old editions read *lacking*. 'Tis true, there is no ſenſe in that reading; but the addition of a ſingle letter will not only give us good ſenſe, but the genuine word of our author into the bargain.

——— Lacquing *the varying tide*,

i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tide, like a page, or *lacquey*, at his maſter's heels. THEOB.

L. 29. ——*which they ear*—] To *ear*, is to *plow*; a common metaphor. JOHNS.

P. 19. L. 3. *Lack blood to think on't*,—] Turn pale at the thought of it. JOHNS.

P. 20. L. 10. —Mandragora.] A plant, of which the infuſion was ſuppoſed to procure ſleep. *Shakeſpeare* mentions it in *Othello*:

Not poppy, nor Mandragora,
Can ever med'cine thee to that ſweet ſleep. JOHNS.

P. 21. L. 13. *Broad-fronted* Cæſar.] Why broad-fronted? Is there the leaſt ground from medals, ſtatues or hiſtory for ſuch a deſcription of him? No, but the very reverſe. Look on his medals, and particularly on the fine Bronze at Dr. Mead's, and you will find he has a remarkably *ſharp forehead*. But there is a peculiarity in *Cæſar*'s forehead, mentioned by all hiſtorians, and confirmed by medals and ſtatues. He was *bald*, and boaſted that he would cover his temples with laurels inſtead of hair; and for that purpoſe after he was dictator, conſtantly wore his laurel-crown. I read therefore,

Bald-fronted Cæſar.

It is perfectly in character for *Cleopatra* to mention a blemiſh in *Cæſar*, for ſhe a little below ſhews a contempt for his memory in compariſon of her *Antony*. SEWARD.*

P. 21. L. 21. ——*that great med'cine hath*
With his tinct gilded thee.]

Alluding to the philoſopher's ſtone, which, by it's touch, converts baſe metal into gold. The Alchemiſts call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform tranſmutation, a *medicine*. JOHNS.

P. 22. L. 1. ——————— *At whoſe foot,*
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms.]

At whoſe foot has relation neither to *Cleopatra*, nor her throne; but means, that *in ſequel* of the preſent ſent, he would *ſecond* it with a richer. We have a ſimilar expreſſion in the next *Act*.

——————— I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;
At heel of that defy him. THEOB.*

L. 3. —— *I will* PIECE
Her opulent throne with kingdoms.]
This expreſſion of *piecing her throne*, is indeed tolerable; but barely ſo. No bungling carpenter could have expreſſed his labour worſe. I ſuſpect that *Shakeſpeare* wrote,
—— *I will* PACE
Her opulent throne with kingdoms.
i. e. I will erect an imperial throne for her, and every *ſtep* up to it ſhall be a kingdom. The expreſſion is noble, and the idea vaſtly magnificent. WARB.*

L. 5. — arm-gaunt *ſteed*,] *i. e.* his ſteed worn lean and thin by much ſervice in war. So *Fairfax*,
His ſtall-worn *ſteed the champion ſtout beſtrode.*
WARB.

Ibid.] Mr. Warburton here ſeems to have ſtolen Don Quixote's Roſinante, to mount the demy Atlas of *this* earth; as Cleopatra calls him juſt before. Where is the propriety of this; that a man, who commanded ſo large a part of the world, ſhould have only a *lean*, *thin*, *worn-out* horſe, to carry him to a battle; which was to decide, whether he ſhould be maſter of the reſt or not? However, he ſeems to have matched him well; with one from *Fairfax*, who is *ſtall-worn*.

" A different cauſe, ſays parſon Sly,
" The ſame effect may give." PRIOR.

One is worn-out with too much action, the other with ſtanding ſtill.

But Mr. Warburton, who made this match, has played us a Yorkſhire trick: and the odds are prodigiouſly on old Fairfax's ſide; for when I come to look upon him in his ſtable, he is really not a *ſtall-worn*, but a *ſtalworth* ſteed; NOW STALWORTH, or STALWART, for it is written both ways, ſignifies *bold*, *courageous*, *ſtrong*.

" Wherefore this worthy *ſtalwart* Hercules,"

Gawin Douglas's Æneis, p. 249. l. 45. & *alibi*; and in his Gloſſary he explanes it, *Chalybei animi*, *ſtabilis et firmi animi*, *&c.* CAN.*

Ibid.] On this note Mr. *Edwards* has been very laviſh of his pleaſantry, and indeed has juſtly cenſured the miſquotation of *ſtall-worn* for *ſtall-worth*, which means *ſtrong*, but

makes no attempt to explain the word in the play. Mr. *Seward*, in his preface to *Beaumont*, has very elaborately endeavoured to prove, that an *armgaunt* ſteed is a ſteed with *lean ſhoulders*. *Arm* is the Teutonick word for *want*, or *poverty*. *Arm-gaunt* may be therefore an old word, ſignifying, *lean* for *want*, ill fed. *Edwards*'s obſervation, that a worn-out horſe is not proper for *Atlas* to mount in battle, is impertinent: the horſe here mentioned ſeems to be a poſt-horſe, rather than a war-horſe. Yet as *armgaunt* ſeems not intended to imply any defect, it perhaps means, a horſe ſo ſlender that a man might claſp him, and therefore formed for expedition. *Hanmer* reads,

——— arm-girt *ſteed*. JOHNS.

L. 6. *Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke*
Was beaſtly dumb *by him.*]

Alexas means, the horſe made ſuch a neighing, that if he had ſpoke, he could not have been heard. I ſuſpect, the poet wrote;

Was beaſtly dumb'd *by him.*

i. e. put to ſilence. It is very uſual, as I have obſerv'd, with *Shakeſpeare*, to coin *verbs* out of *adjectives*. So in *Pericles*, a play attributed to our author,

Deep clerks ſhe *dumbs*.

In like manner, in K. *Richard* II.

My death's ſad tale may yet *undeaf* his ear.

THEOB.*

L. 7. *Was beaſtly* DUMB *by him.*] Mr. *Theobald* reads *dumb'd*, put to ſilence. Alexas *means* (ſays he) *the horſe made ſuch a neighing that if he had ſpoke he could not have been heard.* A very pretty ſpeech, and agreeable to the politeneſs of one of *Cleopatra*'s courtiers. *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

Was beaſtly DONE *by him.*

i. e. the ſenſe of what I would have ſpoke the horſe declared, tho' in inarticulate ſounds. The caſe was this, *Alexas* came to take leave of *Antony*, who recommended a meſſage to him to his miſtreſs. *Alexas* then had no more to do but make his compliments; But in that inſtant *Antony* mounted his war-horſe, long accuſtomed to bear him, who no ſooner felt his maſter's weight, but, as is uſual for horſes of ſervice,

neighed in a very ſprightly manner. This circumſtance (ſuch a one as poets and romancers when they ſpeak of their hero's adventures, never fail to improve) *Alexas* is made to turn to a compliment on *Antony*, which could not but pleaſe *Cleopatra*. *I was going*, ſays he, *to pay my farewel compliments to* Antony, *to predict his future ſucceſſes, and to ſalute him with the uſual appellations of victory, when the horſe got the ſtart of me; and by his neighing ſo high and ſprightly, ſhewed him to be ſenſible that he had a hero on his back whom he was bearing to conqueſt.* But we are not to ſuppoſe that *Alexas* after this did not make his ſpeech, but let the hero's horſe do it for him. This was only a ſmall interruption to his compliments, which, as a flattering circumſtance, he mentions to pleaſe his miſtreſs. The error of *dumb* for *done*, ſeems to have been occaſioned by the editor's miſtaking the word *High* for *loud*, whereas it here ſignifies *ſprightly*. WARB.

Ibid.] The paſſage ſeems not to deſerve much care. It probably is as it was written, and means what *Theobald* has expreſſed. JOHN. & REVI.

P. 23. L. 4. ——— *My ſallad days?*
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!] *Cleopatra* may ſpeak very naturally here with contempt of her judgment at that period, but how truly with regard to the coldneſs of her blood, may admit ſome queſtion. *Cæſar* went into *Ægypt* in purſuit of *Pompey*, and had his affair with *Cleopatra* in the year U. C. 705. *Antony* and *Cleopatra* kill themſelves in the year 723, and ſhe was then entered into her 39th year: ſo that deducting 18 years from her demiſe to the time of her amour with *Cæſar*, we ſhall find her then full 20 years old. If an *Ægyptian* could at thoſe years have reaſon to complain of coldneſs of blood, ſhe muſt have a very particular conſtitution. I muſt obſerve, however, in behalf of our poet, that he has the authority of *Plutarch* to bear him out, who ſpeaking, in the life of *Mark Antony*, of her amour with *Cæſar* and young *Pompey*, uſes this expreſſion; Ἐκεῖνοι μὲν γὰρ αὐτὴν ἔτι ΚΟΌΡΗΝ καὶ παίσματων ἄπειρον ἔγνωσαν. I know very well the latitude, and various ſignifications, in which the *Greeks* uſed the word κόρη and therefore becauſe our author poſſibly might

not have dealtwith *Plutarch* in the original, I'll ſubjoin the verſion of this paſſage from the old *Engliſh* edition publiſhed in *Shakeſpeare*'s time. *For* Cæſar *and* Pompey *knew her when ſhe was but a* young thing, *and knew not then what the world meant: but now ſhe went to* Antonius *at the* age *when a woman's* beauty *is at the* prime, *and ſhe alſo of beſt judgment.* THEOB.*

Ibid.] *My ſallad days:*
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!
To ſay, as I ſaid then,——]

This puzzles the late editor, Mr. *Theobald*. He ſays, Cleopatra *may ſpeak very naturally here with contempt of her judgment at that period: But how truly with regard to the coldneſs of her blood may admit ſome queſtion:* And then employs his learning to prove, that at this *cold* ſeaſon of her *blood*, ſhe had ſeen twenty good years. But yet he thinks his author may be juſtified, becauſe *Plutarch* calls *Cleopatra* at thoſe years, κόρη, which by ill luck proves juſt the contrary; for that ſtate which the *Greeks* deſigned by κόρη, was the very height of blood. But *Shakeſpeare*'s beſt juſtification is reſtoring his own ſenſe, which is done merely by a different pointing.

My ſallad days;
When I was green in judgment. Cold in blood!
To ſay as I ſaid then.

Cold in blood, is an upbraiding expoſtulation to her maid. *Thoſe*, ſays ſhe, *were my ſallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the ſame opinion of things now as I had then.*

WARB.

L. 9. ——— *unpeople* Ægypt.] By ſending out meſſengers. JOHNS.

L. 10. The perſons are ſo named in the firſt edition; but I know not why *Menecrates* appears; *Menas* can do all without him. JOHNS.

L. 14. *While we are ſuitors to their Throne,* DECAYS
The thing we ſue for.]

This nonſenſe ſhould be read thus,

While we are ſuitors to their Throne, DELAY'S
The thing we ſue for.

Menecrates had ſaid, *The Gods do not deny that which they delay.* The other turns his words to a different meaning, and replies, *Delay is the very thing we beg of them, i. e.* the delay of our enemies in making preparation againſt us; which he explains afterwards, by ſaying *Mark Antony* was tied up by luſt in *Ægypt*; *Cæſar*, by avarice at *Rome*; and *Lepidus* employed in keeping well with both. WARB.

Ibid.] It is not always prudent to be too haſty in exclamation; the reading which Dr. *Warburton* rejects as *nonſenſe*, is in my opinion right; if *delay* be what they ſue for, they have it, and the conſolation offered becomes ſuperfluous. The meaning is, *While we are praying, the thing for which we pray* is loſing its value. JOHNS.

L. 16. ——————*We, ignorant of our ſelves,*
Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe Powers
Deny us for our good.]

If this be not an imitation of the following incomparable lines of *Juvenal*, they breathe ſo much of the ſame ſpirit and energy, as if the ſoul of the *Roman* ſatiriſt had been transfuſ'd into our poet.

——— *Quid enim ratione timemus,*
Aut cupimus? Quid tàm dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatûs non pœniteat, votique peracti?
Evertêre domus totas optantibus ipſis
Dii faciles ———
Nàm pro jucundis aptiſſima quæque dabunt Dî.
Carior eſt illis homo, quàm ſibi. Nos animorum
Impulſu, & cæcâ magnâque cupidine ducti, &c. Sat. X.
THEOB.*

L. 22. In old editions.

My powers *are creſcent, and my auguring hope*
Says, it will come to the full.]

What does the relative *it* belong to? It cannot in *ſenſe* relate to *hope*, nor in *concord* to *powers*. The Poet's alluſion is to the *moon*; and *Pompey* would ſay, he is yet but a half-moon, or *creſcent*; but his hopes tell him, that creſcent will come to a *full* orb. THEOB.

P. 24. L. 11. ——— *thy wan lip.*] In the old edition it is thy *wand* lip, perhaps, for *fond* lip, or *warm* lip. JOHNS.

L. 28. ——— *But let us rear*
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of Ægypt's *widow pluck*
The near *luſt-wearied* Antony.]

Sextus Pompeius, upon hearing that *Antony* is every hour expected in *Rome*, does not much reliſh the news. He is twice the ſoldier, *(ſays he)* that *Octavius* and *Lepidus* are; and I did not think, the petty war, which I am raiſing, would rouze him from his amours in *Ægypt* —— But why ſhould *Pompey* hold a higher opinion of his own expedition, becauſe it awaked *Antony* to arms, who was *near* weary, *almoſt* ſurfeited, of laſcivious pleaſures? Indolent and ſtupid editors, that can diſpenſe with words without ever weighing the reaſon of them! How eaſy is the change to the true reading!

The ne'er-*luſt-wearied* Antony.

If *Antony*, though *never* tired of luxury, yet moved from that charm, upon *Pompey*'s ſtirring, it was a reaſon for *Pompey* to pride himſelf upon being of ſuch conſequence.

THEOB.

Ibid.] Could it be imagined, after this ſwelling exultation, that the firſt edition ſtands literally thus,

The neere *Luſt-wearied* Antony. JOHNS.

P. 25. L. 10. —*ſquare*—] That is, *quarrel*. JOHNS.

L. 16. *Our lives upon*,] This play is not divided into acts by the authour or firſt editors, and therefore the preſent diviſion may be altered at pleaſure. I think the firſt act may be commodiouſly continued to this place, and the ſecond act opened with the interview of the chief perſons, and a change of the ſtate of action. Yet it muſt be confeſſed, that it is of ſmall importance, where theſe unconnected and deſultory ſcenes are interrupted. JOHNS.

L. 25. *Were I the wearer of* Antonio's beard,
I would not ſhav't to-day.]

Alluding to the phraſe, *I will beard him*. WARB.

Ibid.] I believe he means, *I would meet him undreſſed, without ſhew of reſpect*. JOHNS.

P. 26. L. 18. *Nor curſtneſs grew to th' matter*.] Let not *ill humour* be added to the real *ſubject* of our difference.

JOHNS.

P. 27. L. 17. — *their conteſtation*
Was theam *for you, you were the word of war.*]
The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which *Antony*'s wife and brother made upon *Cæſar*, was *theam* for *Antony* too to make war; or was the occaſion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context, which ſhews, *Antony* did neither encourage them to it, nor ſecond them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote;

——— *and their conteſtation*
Was theam'd *for you.*

i. e. The pretence of their war was on your account, they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and ſubject of their inſurrection. WARB.

Ibid.] I am neither ſatisfied with the reading nor the emendation; *theam'd* is, I think, a word unauthoriſed, and very harſh. Perhaps we may read,

——— *their conteſtation*
Had *theme* from *you, you were the word o' th' war.*

The diſpute derived its ſubject from you. It may be corrected by mere tranſpoſition,

——— *their conteſtation*
You were theme for, *you were the word.* JOHNS.

L. 19. ——— *my brother never*
Did urge me in his act :]
i. e. never did make uſe of my name as a pretence for the war. WARB.

L. 25. *Having alike your cauſe?*—] The meaning ſeems to be, *having the ſame cauſe as you to be offended with me.* But why, becauſe he was offended with *Antony*, ſhould he make war upon *Cæſar?* May it not be read thus,

—— *Did he not rather*
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Hating *alike* our *cauſe?* JOHNS.

L. 27. *As matter whole you've not to make it with,*]
The original copy reads,

As matter whole you have *to make it with.*

Without doubt erroneouſly; I therefore only obſerve it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which

the editors of this authour's works have neceſſarily taken.
JOHNS.

P. 28. L. 6. —*fronted*—] That is, *oppoſed*. JOHNS.

L. 24. *I told him of myſelf*;—] *i. e.* told him the condition I was in, when he had his laſt audience. WARB.

P. 29. L. 1. *The Honour's* ſacred—] *Sacred*, for unbroken, unviolated. WARB.

Ibid.] Dr. *Warburton* ſeems to underſtand this paſſage thus; *The honour which he* talks *of me as* lacking, *is* unviolated, *I never lacked it*. This may perhaps be the true meaning, but before I read the note, I underſtood it thus; *Lepidus* interrupts *Cæſar*, on the ſuppoſition that what he is about to ſay will be too harſh to be endured by *Antony*; to which *Antony* replies, *No*, Lepidus, *let him ſpeak, the ſecurity of* honour on which he now ſpeaks, *on which this conference is held now*, is ſacred, *even* ſuppoſing that I lacked *honour* before. JOHNS.

L. 29. ——*your conſiderate ſtone.*—] This line is paſſed by all the editors, as if they underſtood it, and believed it univerſally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any poſſible meaning. I would therefore read,

Go to then, you *conſiderate* ones.

You, who diſlike my frankneſs and temerity of ſpeech, and are ſo *conſiderate* and diſcreet, *go to*, do your own buſineſs.
JOHNS.

Ibid.] This line is ſuch palpable nonſenſe, that it can tally with nothing which can be imagined as the intended ſupplement of this imperfect ſpeech. Poſſibly the poet might write,

Go to then; your *confederates love.*— REVI.*

L. 30. *I do not much diſlike the* matter, *but*
The manner of his ſpeech:—]

What, not diſlike the *matter* of it? when he ſays preſently after, that he would do every thing to prevent the evil *Enobarbus* predicted. Beſides, are we to ſuppoſe that common civility would ſuffer him to take the ſame liberty with *Antony*'s lieutenant, that *Antony* himſelf did? *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

I do not much diſlike the manner, *but*
The matter *of his ſpeech:* ——

i. e. 'tis not his liberty of ſpeech, but the miſchiefs he ſpeaks of, which I diſlike. This agrees with what follows, and is ſaid with much urbanity, and ſhow of friendſhip. WARB.

Ibid.] I think the old reading right. I do not, ſays *Cæſar*, think the man wrong, but too free of his interpoſition; *for't cannot be, we ſhall remain in friendſhip: yet if it were poſſible, I would endavour it.* The conſideration of the ceremony due from *Cæſar* to the Lieutenant of *Antony*, is a criticiſm of the loweſt rate, unworthy of confutation. JOHNS.

P. 30. L. 10. *If* Cleopatra *heard you, your* proof were
Well deſerved *of raſhneſs.*]

But was *Agrippa*'s barely ſaying, that *Antony* was a widower, any *proof* that he was ſo? Beſides, will *Well deſerved of raſhneſs* run as the initial part of a verſe, in Mr. *Pope*'s ear? If ſo, emphaſis and cadence are tuned peculiarly, to his ſervice. I make no ſcruple to reſtore,

If Cleopatra *heard you, your* approof
Were well deſerv'd *of raſhneſs.*

I have in a former note juſtified our author's uſage of this word, *approof*, i. e. *allowance, admitting.* And ſo the *French* uſe their *approuver*, i. e. *gréer, trouver bon.* THEOB.*

Ibid.] —— *your Reproof*
Were well deſerv'd—]

In the old edition,

——— *your* proof
Were well deſerv'd ———

Which Mr. *Theobald*, with his uſual triumph, changes to *approof*, which he explains, *allowance.* Dr. *Warburton* inſerted *reproof* very properly into *Hanmer*'s edition, but forgot it in his own. JOHNS.

P. 31. L. 19. *Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;*]

Leſt I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I muſt barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him. JOHNS.

P. 33. L. 6. *O'er-picturing that* Venus, *where we ſee*
The Fancy outwork Nature.]

The poet ſeems here to be alluding to that fine picture of *Venus* done by *Apelles*; the beauty and limbs of which, 'tis ſaid, he copied from *Campaſpe*, his beloved miſtreſs, whom he received at the hands of *Alexander* the Great. THEOB.*

Ibid.] *O'er-picturing that* Venus, *where we ſee*, &c.] Meaning the *Venus* of *Protogenes* mentioned by *Pliny*, l. 35. c. 10. WARB.

L. 11. *And what they undid, did.*] It may be read leſs harſhly,

And what they did, undid. JOHNS.

L. 14. — *tended her i' th' eyes*,] Perhaps *tended her* by th' *eyes*, diſcovered her will by her eyes. JOHNS.

L. 15. *And made their Bends* ADORNINGS.—]

This is ſenſe indeed, and may be underſtood thus, her maids bowed with ſo good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is not what *Shakeſpeare* would ſay: *Cleopatra*, in this famous ſcene, perſonated *Venus* juſt riſing from the waves: at which time the Mythologiſts tell us, the Sea-deities ſurrounded the goddeſs to *adore*, and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable *Cleopatra* had dreſſed her maids, the poet tells us, like *Nereids*. To make the whole therefore conformable to the ſtory repreſented, we may be aſſured, *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

And made their Bends ADORINGS.

They did her obſervance in the poſture of *adoration*, as if ſhe had been *Venus*. WARB.

L. 23. —*which, but for vacancy,*
Had gone——]

Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philoſophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum*. WARB.

P. 34. L. 19. *If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle*
The heart of Antony, Octavia *is*
A bleſſed lottery *to him.*]

Methinks, it is a very indifferent compliment in *Mecænas* to call *Octavia* a *lottery*, as if ſhe might turn up *blank*, as well as prove a *prize* to *Antony*. Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly conjectured, that the Poet wrote as I have reformed the text; there being as much difference between *lottery* and *allottery*, as between a preſent deſignation and a future chance. Our Poet has uſed the word, again, in his *As You like it*.

—— — therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor *allottery* my father left me by teſtament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

THEOB. & WARB.*

P. 35. L. 11. *I ſee it in my* Motion, *have it not in my Tongue*;] What *motion*? I can trace no ſenſe in this word here, unleſs the author were alluding to that *agitation* of the *divinity*, which diviners pretend to when the fit of foretelling is upon them; but then, I think verily, he would have wrote, *emotion*. I am perſuaded, *Shakeſpeare* meant that the Soothſayer ſhould ſay, he ſaw a reaſon in his *thought* or *opinion*, though he gave that thought or opinion no utterance. THEOB.

Ibid.] *I ſee it in my* motion,—] *i. e.* the divinitory agitation. WARB.

L. 20. *Becomes a* Fear,——] *i. e.* a fearful thing. The abſtract for the concrete. WARB.

Ibid.] Mr. *Upton* reads,

Becomes afear'd.———

The common reading is more poetical. JOHNS.

Ibid.] I entirely concur in Mr. Upton's opinion, that the poet wrote, *afear'd*. I believe inſtances, will not eaſily be found wherein a *a Fear* is uſed as the denomination of a particular ſpecies of beings, whether real or imaginary: Beſides the poet adds lower,

——————— I ſay again, thy ſpirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him.

where the reader will be pleaſed to obſerve the words *I ſay again*. REVI.*

P. 36. L. 8. ——— *his quails*—] The ancients uſed to match quails as we match cocks. JOHNS.

L. 9. —*inhoop'd, at odds.*—] Thus the old copy, *Inhoop'd* is *incloſed*, *confined*, that they may fight. The modern editions read,

Beat mine, in whoop'd *at odds*. JOHNS.

P. 37. L. 1. —*muſick, moody food.*] The *mood*, is the *mind*, or *mental diſpoſition*. *Van Haaren*'s panegyrick on the *Engliſh* begins, *Groot-moedig Volk*, [*great-minded Nation.*] Perhaps here is a poor jeſt intended between *mood* the *mind* and *moods* of muſick. JOHNS.

L. 13. *Tawny-finn'd fiſh*;—] The firſt copy reads,

Tawney fine *fiſh*.——— JOHNS.

L. 25. *Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilſt*
I wore his ſword Philippan.—] This is finely

imagined. The ſpeaker is ſuppoſed to do this in imitation of *Omphale*, in her treatment of *Hercules* the great anceſtor of *Antony*. WARB.*

L. 26. ——— *Ibid.*] We are not to ſuppoſe, nor is there any warrant from hiſtory, that *Antony* had any particular ſword ſo called. The dignifying weapons, in this ſort, is a cuſtom of much more recent date. This therefore ſeems a compliment *à poſteriori*. We find *Antony* afterwards, in this play, boaſting of his own proweſs at *Philippi*.

Ant. *Yes, my Lord, yes; he at* Philippi *kept*
His ſword e'en like a dancer, while I ſtrook
The lean and wrinkled Caſſius; *&c.*

That was the greateſt action of *Antony*'s life; and therefore this ſeems a fine piece of flattery, intimating, that his ſword ought to be denominated from that illuſtrious battle, in the ſame manner as modern heroes in romance are made to give their ſwords pompous names. THEOB.

P. 38. L. 19. *Not like a* formal *man.*] *Formal*, for ordinary. WARB.

Ibid.] Rather decent, regular. JOHNS.

L. 22. Read, *is well*, and not *'tis well*. OBS. & CONJ.*

L. 24. *I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail*
Rich pearls upon thee.]

That is, I will give thee a kingdom; it being the eaſtern ceremony, at the coronation of their Kings, to powder them with *gold-duſt* and *ſeed pearl*; ſo *Milton*,

—the gorgeous Eaſt with liberal hand
Showers on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold.

In the life of *Timur-bec* or *Tamerlane*, written by a *Perſian* contemporary author, are the following words, as tranſlated by Monſieur *Petit de la Croix*, in the account there given of his coronation, Book ii. chap. 1. *Les Princes du ſang royal & les Emirs repandirent à pleines mains ſur ſa tête quantité d'or & de pierreries* ſelon la coûtume. WARB.

P. 39. L. 2. *The good* precedence;—] *Precedence*, for precedent. WARB.*

L. 8. *Made no ſuch report.* vulg. *no ſuch ſport.* THEOB.*

P. 41. L. 5. *That art not what thou'rt ſure of!*—]

For this, which is not eaſily underſtood, Sir *Tho. Hanmer* has given,

That ſay'ſt but *what thou'rt ſure of!* ——

I am not ſatisfied with the change, which, though it affords ſenſe, exhibits little ſpirit. I fancy the line conſiſts only of abrupt ſtarts.

Oh, that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That art—not what?—Thou'rt ſure on't.—Get thee hence.

That his fault ſhould make a knave of thee that art——but what *ſhall I ſay thou art* not?—Thou art then ſure of this *marriage.*—Get thee hence. Dr. *Warburton* has received Sir *T. Hanmer*'s emendation. JOHNS.

L. 14. Cleo. *Go to the fellow, good* Alexas; *bid them to report the feature of* Octavia, *her years, her inclination; let them not leave out the colour of her hair.*] This is a manifeſt alluſion to the queſtion put by Queen *Elizabeth* to Sir *James Melvil*, concerning his miſtreſs, the Queen of *Scots*. "She "deſired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed "beſt? And whether my Queen's hair or her's was beſt? "And which of them two was faireſt? I anſwered, The "fairneſs of them was not their worſt faults Dr. GRAY.*

L. 18. *Let him for ever go.*—] She is now talking in broken ſentences, not of the Meſſenger, but *Antony*. JOHNS.

Ibid.] Read, Let him for ever go—let him—no—*Charmian.* OBS. & CONJ.*

P. 42. L. 18. *one man but a man.* vulg. *one man a man.* THEOB.*

L. 24. *Thou canſt not fear us,*——] Thou canſt not affright us with thy numerous navy. JOHNS.

L. 29. *But ſince the cuckow builds not for himſelf,*] Since like the cuckow, that ſeizes the neſts of other birds, you have invaded a houſe which you could not build, keep it while you can. JOHNS.

P. 44. L. 2. *What* counts *hard fortune* caſts, &c.] Metaphor from making marks or lines in caſting accounts in arithmetick. WARB.

P. 45. L. 17. *I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me,*] The poet's art in delivering this humourous ſentiment (which gives us ſo very true and natural a picture of the

commerce of the world) can never be ſufficiently admired. The confeſſion could come from none but a frank and rough character like the ſpeaker's: and the moral leſſon inſinuated under it, that *flattery* can make its way through the moſt ſtubborn manners, deſerves our ſerious reflexion. WARB.

P. 47. L. 1. *ſome o' their plants*.] *Plants*, beſides its common meaning, is here uſed for the *foot*, from the *Latin*. JOHNS.

L. 5. *They have made him drink* alms-drink.] A phraſe, amongſt good-fellows, to ſignify that liquor of another's ſhare which his companion drinks to eaſe him. But it ſatirically alludes to *Cæſar* and *Antony*'s admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themſelves the load of envy. WARB.

L. 6. *As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition*,] A phraſe equivalent to that now in uſe, of *Touching one in a ſore place*. WARB.

L. 13. *a Partizan*] A pike. JOHNS.

L. 14. *To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks*.] This ſpeech ſeems to be mutilated; to ſupply the deficiencies is impoſſible, but perhaps the ſenſe was originally approaching to this:

To be call'd into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in it, is a very ignominious ſtate; great offices *are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which*, if eyes be wanting, *pitifully diſaſter the cheeks*. JOHNS.

P. 50. L. 9. ——— *thy* pall'd *fortunes*—] Pall'd, *i. e.* dead. Metaphor taken from funeral ſolemnities. WARB.*

Ibid.] — *thy* pall'd *fortunes*——] *Pall'd*, is *vapid*, paſt its time of excellence; *palled* wine, is wine that has loſt its original ſpritelineſs. JOHNS.

L. 26. —*ſtrike the veſſels*,—] Try whether the caſks ſound as empty. JOHNS.

P. 51. L. 13. *The holding ev'ry man ſhall* beat,] The company are to join in the burden, which the poet ſtiles, the Holding. But how were they to *beat* this with their *ſides*? I am perſuaded, the poet wrote:

The Holding ev'ry man ſhall bear, *as loud*
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

The breaſt and *ſides* are immediately concerned in ſtraining to ſing as loud and forcibly as a man can. THEOB.

P. 52. L. 4. *O* Antony, *you* hate *my father's houſe*;
But, what! we're friends.]

This is a reading of Mr. *Pope*'s, as I conceive, *ex plenitudine ſuæ poteſtatis*; for none of the copies, that I have ſeen, lend it any ſanction. He imagines, it muſt be *hate*, I preſume, becauſe that is a contraſt to *friends* in the enſuing verſe. But I'll be bold to ſay, this is perverting our author's meaning.

Our Poet is alluding to a witticiſm of young *Pompey*'s, which has deſerved the notice of many of the Claſſics. Some readers may not be diſpleaſed to have the fact ſet in a full light. We are to remember, there was a ſtreet in old *Rome* called CARINÆ; (or *Galley*-ſtreet, as we might term it;) it is mentioned by *Virgil* in his 8th *Æneid*.

——— *paſſimque armenta videbant*
Romanoque *Foro*, & *lautis mugire* Carinis. v. 360.

The houſes there, as *Servius* tells us, were built in reſemblance of *Galleies*. *Pompey* the Great had a fine houſe in this ſtreet; which, after his death, *Antony* got poſſeſſion of, and pretended he would purchaſe, tho' he never paid for it. This was a double heart-burning to young *Pompey*. When therefore (upon an interview had for accommodation of differences) *Pompey* was to treat *Octavius Cæſar* and *Antony*, he appointed the entertainment on board his veſſels, and ſaid ſarcaſtically, *Theſe are now my* GALLIES; meaning he had loſt his houſe in *Galley*-ſtreet.

O Antony, *you* have *my father's houſe.*———
THEOB. & WARB.

P. 53. L. 2. ——— *A lower place, note well,*
May make too great an act.]

Plutarch particularly takes notice, that *Ventidius* was careful to act only on lieutenantry; and cautious of aiming at any glory in his own name and perſon. But the ſentiments, he throws in here, ſeem directly copied from *Quintus Curtius*, in *Antipater*'s behaviour with regard to *Alexander*.

———*Et quanquàm fortuna rerum placebat, invidiam tamen, quià* majores res *erant, quàm quas* præfecti modus caperet, *metuebat. Quippe* Alexander *hoſtes vinci voluerat*;

Antipatrum *viciſſe ne tacitus quidèm indignabatur*; ſuæ demptum gloriæ exiſtimans, quicquid ceſſiſſet alienæ. *Itaque* Antipater, *qui probè noſſet ſpiritum ejus*, non eſt auſus ipſe agere arbitria victoriæ. Lib. VI. cap. 1. THEOB.*

L. 18. —— *that, without the which*
A ſoldier and his ſword grant *ſcarce diſtinction:*] *Grant*, for afford. It is badly and obſcurely expreſſed; but the ſenſe is this, *Thou haſt that*, Ventidius, *which if thou didſt want, there would be no diſtinction between thee and thy ſword. You would both be equally cutting and ſenſeleſs.* This was wiſdom or knowledge of the world. *Ventidius* had told him the reaſons why he did not purſue his advantages: And his friend, by this compliment, acknowledges them to be of weight. WARB.

L. 22. *That* magical *word of war*,———] This admirably well expreſſes what the *Romans* meant by their *Auſpicium Ducis:* in which they were ſo remarkably ſuperſtitious. WARB.*

P. 54. L. 13. ——— Arabian *bird!*] The Phœnix. JOHNS.

L. 17. —*bards, poets*,—] Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but the want of a correſpondent action for the *Poet*, whoſe buſineſs in the next line is only to *number*, makes me ſuſpect ſome fault in this paſſage, which I know not how to mend. JOHNS.

L. 28. ——*as my furtheſt bond*] As I will venture the greateſt pledge of ſecurity on the trial of thy conduct. JOHNS.

P. 55. L. 16. *The elements be kind*, &c.] This is obſcure. It ſeems to mean, *May the different* elements *of the body, or principles of life, maintain ſuch proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful.* JOHNS.

P. 56. L. 6. *Believ't, 'till I* weep *too.*] I have ventured to alter *weep* to *wept* here, againſt the authority of all the copies. There was no ſenſe in it, I think, as it ſtood before. THEOB.

P. 57. L. 23. Char. *Three in* Egypt
Cannot make better note.] Alluding to the old catches, which were in three parts Dr. GRAY.

P. 58. L. 6. As low as *ſhe* would wiſh it.] Should we not read? As low as *you* would wiſh it. REVI.*

P. 59. L. 3. *When the beſt hint was giv'n him, he* o'er-look'd,
Or did it from his teeth.]
The firſt folio reads, *not look'd.* Dr. *Thirlby* adviſ'd the emendation which I have inſerted in the text. THEOB.

L. 21. ——*the mean time, lady,*
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war,
Shall ſtain *your brother*;——]
Thus the printed copies. But, ſure, *Antony*, whoſe buſineſs here is to mollify *Octavia*, does it with a very ill grace: and 'tis a very odd way of ſatisfying her, to tell her, the war, he raiſes, ſhall *ſtain*, i. e. caſt an odium upon her brother. I have no doubt, but we muſt read, with the addition only of a ſingle letter,
Shall ſtrain your *brother.*——
i. e. Shall lay him under conſtraints; ſhall put him to ſuch ſhifts, that he ſhall neither be able to make a progreſs againſt, or to prejudice me. *Plutarch* ſays; that *Octavius*, underſtanding the ſudden and wonderful preparations of *Antony*, was aſtoniſhed at it; for he himſelf was in many wants; and the people were ſorely oppreſſed with grievous exactions. THEOB.

Ibid.] I do not ſee but *ſtain* may be allowed to remain unaltered, meaning no more than *ſhame* or *diſgrace.* JOHNS.

L. 27. —— *wars 'twixt you 'twain would be,* &c.]
The thought is wonderfully ſublime. It is taken from *Curtius*'s leaping into the gulf in the Forum, in order to cloſe the gap. As that was cloſed by one *Roman*, ſo it is inſinuated, that if the whole world were to cleave, *Romans* only could *ſolder* up the chaſm. The expreſſion is exact. For as metal is ſoldered by metal more pure and noble, ſo the globe was to be ſoldered up by men, who are only a more refined earth. WARB.

Ibid.] This wonderful alluſion is, I believe, more in the thought of the commentator than of the poet. The ſenſe is, that war between *Cæſar* and *Antony* would engage the world between them, and that the ſlaughter would be great in ſo extenſive a commotion. JOHNS.

P. 60. L. 10. *rivality*,] Equal rank. JOHNS.

L. 13. *Upon his own appeal.*] To *appeal*, in *Shakeſpeare*, is to *accuſe*; *Cæſar* ſeized *Lepidus* without any other proof than *Cæſar*'s accuſation. JOHNS.

L. 15. *Then 'would thou hadſt a pair of chaps, no more, and throw between them all the food thou haſt, they'll grind the other. Where's* Antony?] This is obſcure, I read it thus,

Then, world, *thou haſt a pair of chaps, no more,*
And throw between them all the food thou haſt,
They'll grind the one the *other. Where's* Antony?

Cæſar and *Antony* will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them. JOHNS.

Ibid.] Then would thou hadſt a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou haſt,
They'll grind ONE th' other.

Thus I ſuppoſe this paſſage ſhould be corrected and printed and not as proſe. This reflection is a ſatire on the nature of ambition, which nothing can content, and will not endure a partner. REVI.*

L. 23. —*More*, Domitius.] I have ſomething *more* to tell you, which I might have told at firſt, and delayed my news. *Antony* requires your preſence. JOHNS.

P. 61. L. 9. For *Lydia* Mr. *Upton*, from *Plutarch*, has reſtored *Lybia*. JOHNS.

Ibid.] Notwithſtanding Mr. Upton authoritatively orders us to read *Lybia*, it is certain that in North's tranſlation of Plutarch from the French of *Amyot*, which Shakeſpeare uſed, it is written *Lydia*. FARMER.*

P. 62. L. 22. ——————— *but you are come*
A market-maid to Rome; *and have prevented*
The Oſtentation *of our love, which left unſhewn,*]

This dragging, inharmonious *Alexandrine*, I am perſuaded, is the manufacture of our Player-Editors. They loved a ſounding word; and ſeeing one that did not ſo fully anſwer that end, and one that they, perhaps, were not immediately acquainted with, they, doubtleſs, took it for an abbreviation. I dare ſay, the Poet wrote;

The Oſtent *of our love, which, left unſhewn,*

i. e. the ſhewing, token, demonſtration of our love: and he uſes it both in theſe acceptations, and likewiſe to ſignify

oſtentation. The *Alexandrine* therefore is wholly unneceſſary. THEOB.

P. 63. L. 3. *Which ſoon be granted,*
Being an Abſtract *'tween his luſt and him.*]

Antony very ſoon complyed to let *Octavia* go at her requeſt, ſays *Cæſar*; and why, Becauſe ſhe was an *abſtract* between his inordinate paſſion and him, this is abſurd. We muſt read,

Being an Obſtruct *'tween his luſt and him.*

i. e. his wife being an obſtruction, a bar to the proſecution of his wanton pleaſures with *Cleopatra*. WARB.

L. 14. Mr. *Upton* remarks, that there are ſome errours in this enumeration of the auxiliary Kings; but it is probable that the authour did not much wiſh to be accurate. JOHNS.

P. 64. L. 11. —*potent regiment to a trull*] *Regiment*, is *government*, *authority*; he puts his *power* and his empire into the hands of a falſe woman.

It may be obſerved, that *trull* was not, in our authour's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of ſlight contempt, as *wench* is now. JOHNS.

L. 18. —*foreſpoke my being*—] To *foreſpeak*, is to *contradict*, to *ſpeak againſt*, as *forbid* is to order negatively. JOHNS.

L. 21. Read and point thus,

Is't not? *Denounce* againſt us
Why ſhould not we be there in perſon?

OBS. & CONJ.*

P. 67. L. 3. *By* Hercules, *I think, I am i' th' right.*
Can. *Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows*
Not in the pow'r on't: ———]

That is, his whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right, or by reaſon. JOHNS.

L. 14. ———*diſtractions*——] Detachments; ſeparate bodies. JOHNS.

P. 68. L. 3. *Th' Antonias, &c.*] Which *Plutarch* ſays, was the name of *Cleopatra*'s ſhip. POPE.

L. 9. *The greater* cantle——] A piece or lump. POPE.

Ibid.] *Canile* is rather a *corner*, *Cæſar* in this play mentions

the *three-neck'd world.* Of this triangular world every Triumvir had a corner. JOHNS.

L. 13. ——*token'd*—] Spotted. JOHNS.

L. 14. ——*ribauld nag*] A luxurious ſquanderer. POPE.

Ibid.] Read, ribauld *hag*, i. e. *witch.* OBS. & CONJ.

Ibid.] The word in the old edition *ribaudred*, which I do not underſtand, but mention it, in hopes others may raiſe ſome happy conjecture. JOHNS.

Ibid.] Read, *hag*, that is *witch.* OBS. & CONJ.*

L. 15. *Whom leproſy o'ertake!*——] *Leproſy*, an epidemical diſtemper of the *Ægyptians*; to which *Horace* probably alludes in the controverted line,

Contaminato cum grege turpium
Morbo virorum. JOHNS.

L. 18. *The brieze upon her,*—] The *brieze* is the *gad-fly*, which in ſummer ſtings the cows, and drives them violently about. JOHNS.

P. 69. L. 19. *The wounded chance of* Antony,—] I know not whether the authour, who loves to draw his images from the ſports of the field, might not have written,

The wounded chaſe *of* Antony,—

The alluſion is to a deer wounded and chaſed, whom all other deer avoid. *I will*, ſays *Enobarbus*, *follow Antony*, though *chaſed* and *wounded.*

The common reading however may very well ſtand. JOHNS.

L. 23. —— *ſo lated in the world,*—] Alluding to a benighted traveller. JOHNS.

P. 70. L. 15. —*I've loſt command.*] I am not maſter of my own emotions. JOHNS.

L. 27. ——*He at* Philippi *kept*

His ſword e'en like a dancer,—] In the *Moriſco*, and perhaps anciently in the *Pyrrick* dance, the dancers held ſwords in their hands with the points upward. JOHNS.

P. 71. L. 1. ——— *and 'twas I,*

That the MAD Brutus *ended*;—] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and public liberty, *madneſs.* WARB.

L. 2. ——— *he alone*

Dealt on lieutenantry,——] I know not whether the

meaning is, that *Cæſar* only acted as lieutenant at *Philippi*, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the Generals to *Antony*. JOHNS.

L. 10. —— *death will ſeize her, but*
Your Comfort, &c.] *But* has here, as once before in this play, the force of *except*, or *unleſs*. JOHNS.

L. 16. *How I convey my ſhame*—] How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your ſight. JOHNS.

L. 23. ———*ty'd by th' ſtring*,] That is, by the *heart-ſtring*. JOHNS.

P. 73. L. 5. *The circle of the* Ptolemies—] The diadem; the enſign of royalty. JOHNS.

L. 24. ——*how* Antony *becomes his flaw*;] That is, how *Antony* conforms himſelf to this breach of his fortune. JOHNS.

L. 29. *Think, and die.*] Read,
Drink, *and die.*
This reply of *Enobarbus* ſeems grounded upon a particularity in the conduct of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, which is related by *Plutarch*: that, after their defeat at *Actium*, they inſtituted a ſociety of friends who entered into engagement to die with them, not abating in the mean time any part of their luxury, exceſs and riot, in which they had lived before. HANM. & CAPELL.

Ibid. This reading offered by Sir *T. Hanmer*, is received by Dr. *Warburton* and Mr. *Upton*, but I have not advanced it into the page, not being convinced that it is neceſſary. *Think, and die*; that is, *Reflect on your folly, and leave the world*, is a natural anſwer. JOHNS.

Ibid.] Read, *Wink and die.*
In *The Sea Voyage* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Act i. Sc. 1. Tibalt ſays to Aminta,
———Go take your gilt Prayer-book, and to your buſineſs; *wink* and die. OBS. & CONJ.*

P. 74. L. 9. ———*he being*
The meered queſtion.———] The *meered* queſtion is a term which I do not underſtand. I know not what to offer, except,
The mooted *queſtion.*———
That is, the *diſputed* point, the ſubject of debate. *Mere* is indeed a *boundary*, and the *meered queſtion*, if it can mean

any thing, may, with ſome violence of language, mean, the *diſputed boundary*. JOHNS.

L. 29. *To lay his gay* compariſons *apart*,
And anſwer me declin'd,——] The ſenſe is, let him not inſiſt on the inequality of our conditions, but deſcend to my low eſtate, and meet me ſingle. I ſuppoſe *Shakeſpeare* coined the word *compariſons* analogically from the *Italian*, which ſays, *veſtito poſitivamente*, to ſignify one cloathed ſimply and modeſtly, in oppoſition to the *comparative* and *ſuperlative*. But, as uſual, he has made it ſerve to quibble to—*decline*, another term of Grammar. WARB.*

Ibid.] ——*his gay compariſons apart*,
And anſwer me declin'd,——] I require of *Cæſar* not to depend on that ſuperiority which the *compariſon* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to anſwer me man to man, in this decline of my age or power. JOHNS.

P. 75. L. 14. *The loyalty, well held to fools*, &c.] After *Enobarbus* has ſaid, that his honeſty and he begin to quarrel, he immediately falls into this generous reflection: "Tho' "loyalty, ſtubbornly preſerv'd to a maſter in his declined for- "tunes, ſeems folly in the eyes of fools; yet he, who can "be ſo obſtinately loyal, will make as great a figure on re- "cord, as the conqueror." I therefore read,

Though *loyalty, well held, to fools does make*
Our faith meer folly.—— THEOB.

Ibid.] I have preſerved the old reading: *Enobarbas* is deliberating upon deſertion, and finding it is more prudent to forſake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no poſitive concluſion. Sir *T. Hanmer* follows *Theobald*; Dr. *Warburton* retains the old reading. JOHNS.

L. 23. *He needs as many, Sir, as* Cæſar *has*:
Or needs not us. If Cæſar *pleaſe, our maſter*
Will leap,, &c.] All ſenſe is loſt in this falſe pointing, which ſhould be reformed thus,

He needs as many, Sir, as Cæſar *has*;
Or needs not us if Cæſar *pleaſe. Our maſter*
Will leap, &c.

i. e. while he is at enmity with *Cæſar* he needs a power equal to *Cæſar*'s; but if he pleaſes to receive *Antony* into his

friendſhip, he will then want no other ſupport. This is ſenſible and polite. WARB.*

L. 28. ———Cæſar *intreats*,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt,
Further than he is Cæſar.] i. e. Cæſar *intreats, that at the ſame time you conſider your deſperate fortunes, you would conſider he is* Cæſar: That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to reſtore them. WARB.

P. 76. L. 26. *Moſt kind meſſenger*;
Say to great Cæſar *this in* DISPUTATION,
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand;—] The poet certainly wrote,
Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great Cæſar *this*; *in* DEPUTATION
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:———
i. e. by *Proxy*; I *depute* you to pay him that duty in my name. WARB.

L. 30. *Tell him, that from his all-obeying breath*, &c. *Doom* is declared rather by an *all-commanding*, than an *all-obeying breath*. I ſuppoſe we ought to read,
———*all* obeyed breath. JOHNS.

P. 77. L. 3. —*Give me grace*—] Grant me the favour. JOHNS.

L. 18. *Like boys unto a* muſs,—[*i. e.* a ſcramble. POPE & GRAY.

P. 78. L. 10. *By one that looks on feeders?*] One that waits at the table while others are eating. JOHNS.

L. 32. *The horned herd*,—] It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great Poet meets ſo often with this low jeſt, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury. JOHNS.

P. 79. L. 24. ——*to quit me.*—] To repay me this inſult; to *requite* me. JOHNS.

P. 80. L. 11. *By the* diſcattering *of this pelletted ſtorm*,] This reading we owe firſt, I preſume, to Mr. *Rowe:* and Mr. *Pope* has very faithfully fall'n into it. The old *folio*'s read, *diſcandering:* from which corruption both Dr. *Thirlby* and I ſaw, we muſt retrieve the word *diſcandying*. THEOB.

L. 18. —*and float*,—] This is a modern emendation, perhaps right. *Capell* retains the old reading "*and* fleet." WARB.

L. 27. *Were nice and lucky,*—] *Nice*, for delicate, courtly, flowing in pace. WARB.

Ibid.] *Nice* rather ſeems to be, *juſt fit for my purpoſe, agreeable to my wiſh.* So we vulgarly ſay of any thing that is done better than was expected, it is *nice.* JOHNS.

P. 81. L. 21. ——*Let the old Ruffian know,*
I have many other ways to die: ——]
Read, ſays Sir *T. Hanmer*, Mr. *Upton*, Dr. *Johnſon* and *Capell*, with *Plutarch*, *He hath many other ways to die.*
But *North*'s Tranſlation of *Plutarch* (tho' certainly wrong) agrees perfectly with *Shakeſpeare.* FARM.*

P. 82. L. 5. *Make boot of*——] Take advantage of. JOHNS.

L. 23. ——*take all.*] Let the ſurvivor take all. No compoſition, victory or death. JOHNS.

P. 83. L. 6. *'Tis one of thoſe odd* TRICKS.——] The uniformity of the metaphor leads us to ſee that *Shakeſpeare* wrote TRAITS, arrows, ſhafts. A ſimilar expreſſion we have in *Cymbeline: 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing, which the brain makes of fumes. J'ai eté quelque tems à entendre ce que vous voulez me dire par un* TRAIT *que vous* tirez *contre moi*, ſays M. *de Turenne* in one of his letters; where the word *trait* has much the ſame ſignification as in the place before us. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to *freaks*; but ſure any thing which is predicated of *freaks* may be predicated of *tricks*, and nonſenſe for nonſenſe, the old ſhould keep its ground as being in poſſeſſion. WARB.*

Ibid.] ——*one of thoſe odd tricks,*—] I know not what obſcurity the editors find in this paſſage. *Trick* is here uſed in the ſenſe in which it is uttered every day by every mouth elegant and vulgar. JOHNS.

L. 24. ——*or if,*
A mangled ſhadow.—] *Or if* you ſee me more, you will ſee me *a mangled ſhadow*, only the external form of what I was. JOHNS.

P. 84. L. 3. ——*onion-ey'd.*—] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions. JOHNS.

L. 6. ——*the witch* take *me*,—] *i. e.* blaſt, bewitch. WARB.*

L. 13. ——*death and honour.*——] That is, an honourable death. UPTON.

P. 85. L. 4. 1 Sold. *Muſick i'th' air.* ——— 3 Sold. *Under the earth.* ——— *It ſings well, does it not?*] The old impreſſions concur in reading, as I have reſtor'd the text;

It ſignes well, does it not?

i. e. Is it a good omen? Does it portend well to our general? ——THEOB.*

P. 85. L. 23. ——*thine iron*——] I think it ſhould be rather, ———mine *iron*——— JOHNS.

L. 26. *Nay, I'll help too.*] Theſe three little ſpeeches, which in the other editions are only one, and given to *Cleopatra*, were happily diſentangled by Sir *T. Hanmer*. JOHNS.

P. 86. L. 6. *Briefly, Sir.*] That is, *quickly*, Sir. JOHNS.

P. 87. L. 13. Eros. *The Gods make this a happy day to* Antony!] 'Tis evident, as Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe conjectur'd, by what *Antony* immediately replies, that this line ſhould not be placed to *Eros*, but to the Soldier, who, before the battle of *Actium*, adviſ'd *Antony* to try his fate at land. THEOB.

P. 88. L. 10. —*Diſpatch, my* Eros.] The old edition reads, ———*Diſpatch* Enobarbus.

Perhaps, it ſhould be,

——*Diſpatch! To* Enobarbus! JOHNS.

L. 12. *Our will is,* Antony *be took alive*;] It is obſervable with what judgment *Shakeſpeare* draws the character of *Octavius*. *Antony* was his Hero; ſo the other was not to ſhine: yet being an hiſtorical character, there was a neceſſity to draw him *like*. But the ancient hiſtorians his flatterers, had delivered him down ſo fair, that he ſeems ready cut and dried for a Hero. Amidſt theſe difficulties *Shakeſpeare* has extricated himſelf with great addreſs. He has admitted all thoſe great ſtrokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-ſpirited, narrow-minded, proud and revengeful. WARB.

L. 16. ———*the* three-nook'd *world*

Shall bear the olive freely.] The Poet makes *Cæſar* ſpeak according to the geography of thoſe days; *Europe*, *Aſia* and *Africk* making but three angles of the globe: and the *American* parts not being then diſcover'd. THEOB.*

L. 17. *Shall bear the olive* freely.] *i. e.* ſhall ſpring up every where ſpontaneouſly and without culture. WARB.

L. 24. ——*perſuade*] The old copy has *diſſuade*, perhaps rightly. JOHNS.

P. 89. L. 21. ——*This blows my heart* ;] All the latter editions have,

——*This* bows *my heart* ;

I have given the original word again the place from which I think it unjuſtly excluded. *This generoſity*, ſays *Enobarbus*, ſwells *my heart*, ſo that it will quickly break, *if thought break it not, a ſwifter mean.* JOHNS.

P. 90. L. 1. —*and our* oppreſſion] *Oppreſſion*, for oppoſition. WARB.

Ibid.] Sir *T. Hanmer* has received *oppoſition*. Perhaps rightly. JOHNS.

L. 21. ——*run one before*,

And let the Queen know of our Gueſts;] What *Gueſts* was the Queen to know of? *Antony* was to fight again on the morrow; and he had not yet ſaid a word of marching to *Alexandria*, and treating his officers in the palace. We muſt read,

And let the Queen know of our Geſts.

i. e. *res geſtæ*; our feats, our glorious actions. A term then in common uſe. WARB. & CAPELL.

Ibid.] This paſſage needs neither correction nor explanation. *Antony* after his ſucceſs intends to bring his officers to ſup with *Cleopatra*, and orders notice to be given her of their *gueſts*. JOHNS.

P. 91. L. 6. *To this great fairy*—] Mr. *Upton* has well obſerved, that *fairy*, which Dr. *Warburton* and Sir *T. Hanmer* explain by *Inchantreſs*, compriſes the idea of power and beauty. JOHNS.

L. 8. Chain *mine arm'd neck*;] Alluding to the gothick cuſtom of men of worſhip wearing gold chains about the neck. WARB.*

Ibid.] Your humble ſervant, Mr. Alderman *Antony* —— Your *worſhip* is ſo fine to-day; that I vow I ſcarce knew you. But you will hardly thank Mr. *Warburton*, for the honour he does you.

Chain my arm'd neck, means, entwine me, armed as I am, in thy embraces. A chain, which a gallant man would prefer before any gold one. CAN.*

L. 10. Ride *on the pants triumphing.*] Alluding to an admiral ſhip on the billows after a ſtorm. The metaphor is extremely fine. WARB.*

Ibid.] There are ſome points which our Profeſſed Critic ſhould never touch; for, whenever he does, he only ſhews his ignorance about them. He quite miſtakes the nature of the *pants* here, as well as the *chain* above.

But why *triumphing* like an admiral ſhip on the billows after a ſtorm? I thought victories gained, not ſtorms eſcaped, had been the matter of triumphs; and I ſuppoſe, other ſhips dance on the billows, juſt after the ſame manner as the Admiral's does. CAN.*

L. 18. —*get goal for goal of youth.*—] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal*; *to win a goal*, is to be ſuperior in a conteſt of activity. JOHNS.

L. 28. *Bear our hackt targets, like the men that owe them.*] *i. e.* hackt as much as the men are, to whom they belong. WARB.

Ibid.] Why not rather, *Bear our hack'd targets* with ſpirit and exaltation, ſuch as becomes the brave warriors *that own them.* JOHNS.

P. 92. L. 22. diſpunge *upon me.*] *Diſpunge*, a word of his own invention, from the ſqueezing out a ſpunge upon any one. WARB.*

L. 24. ———*Throw my heart*] The pathetick of *Shakeſpeare* too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble ſcene deſtroyed by the intruſion of a conceit ſo far fetched and unaffecting. JOHNS.

P. 93. L. 14. *Hark, how the drums* demurely——] *Demurely*, for ſolemnly. WARB.

L. 25. *They have put forth the haven.* Further on] Theſe words, *further on*, though not neceſſary, have been inſerted in the later editions, and are not in the firſt. JOHNS.

L. 26. *Where their* appointment *we may beſt diſcover,*
And look on their endeavour.] *i. e.* where we may beſt diſcover their *numbers*, and ſee their *motions.* WARB.

L. 28. *But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,*
Which, as I take't, we ſhall;] *i. e.* unleſs we be charged we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I ſuppoſe we ſhall keep. *But being charged* was a phraſe at that time, equivalent to *unleſs we be*, which the *Oxford Editor* not underſtanding, he has alter'd the lines thus,

Not *being charged, we will be ſtill by land,*
Which as I take't we ſhall not. WARB.

P. 94. L. 17. —*Triple-turn'd whore!*—] She was firſt for *Antony*, then was ſuppoſed by him to have *turned* to *Cæſar*, when he found his meſſenger kiſſing her hand, then ſhe *turned* again to *Antony*, and now has *turned* to *Cæſar*. Shall I mention what has dropped into my imagination, that our authour might perhaps have written *triple-tongued? Double-tongued* is a common term of reproach, which rage might improve to *triple-tongued*. But the preſent reading may ſtand. JOHNS.

L. 22. *Oh, Sun, thy upriſe ſhall I ſee no more:*] *Ajax* in *Sophocles*, when he is on the point of killing himſelf, addreſſes to the Sun in a manner not much unlike this. THEOB.

P. 94. L. 25. ——————*The hearts*
That PANNELL'D *me at heels*, &c.] *Pannelling at heels* muſt mean here, *following:* but where was the word ever found in ſuch a ſenſe? *Pannel* ſignifies but three things, that I know, in the *Engliſh* tongue, none of which will ſuit with the alluſions here requiſite; *viz.* That roll or ſchedule of parchment on which the names of a Jury are enter'd, which therefore is call'd *empannelling*; a pane or ſlip of wainſcot; and a packſaddle for beaſts of burden. The text is corrupt, and *Shakeſpeare* muſt certainly have wrote;

That PANTLER'D *me at heels*;

i. e. run after me like footmen, or *pantlers*; which word originally ſignified the ſervants who had the care of the bread, but is uſed by our poet for a menial ſervant in general, as well as in its native acceptation.

Thus in *Cymbeline*,

A hilding for a liv'ry, a Squire's cloth,
A PANTLER;——————

And *Timon*,

———*page thy heels*,
And ſkip when thou point'ſt out. WARB.*

Ibid.] Sir *T. Hanmer* ſubſtituted *ſpaniel'd* by an emendation, with which it was reaſonable to expect that even rival commentators would be ſatisfied. JOHNS.

P. 95. L. 3. —*this grave charm*,] I know not by what authority, nor for what reaſon, *this* grave *Charm*, which the firſt, the only original copy, exhibits, has been through all the modern editions changed to *this* gay *Charm*. By *this* grave *Charm*, is meant, *this ſublime, this majeſtick beauty*. JOHNS.

L. 7. ———*to the very* heart of loſs.] *i. e.* to the very centre; alluding to the term of the *heart of wood*. WARB.*

Ibid.] To the utmoſt loſs poſſible. JOHNS.

L. 15. ———*Moſt monſter-like, be ſhewn*
For poor'ſt diminutives, for dolts:] Both Dr. *Thirlby* and Mr. *Warburton* have ſuſpected, that *Shakeſpeare* wrote———*for* doits: i. e. for that ſmall piece of money, ſo call'd.

But I have not diſturb'd the text; becauſe, perhaps, the Poet's meaning might be, that *Cleopatra* ſhould become a ſhow, a ſpectacle to the ſcum and rabble of *Rome*; to blockheads, and people of the loweſt rank. THEOB.*

Ibid.] ———*Moſt monſter-like be, ſhewn*
For poor'ſt diminutives, for DOLTS;—] As the alluſion here is to monſters carried about in ſhews, it is plain, that the words, *for pooreſt diminutives*, muſt mean for the leaſt piece of money; we muſt therefore read the next word,

for DOITS, *i. e.* farthings.

which ſhews what he means by *pooreſt diminutives*. WARB. & CAPELL.

L. 18. *With her* prepared *nails*.—] *i. e.* nails which ſhe ſuffered to grow for this purpoſe. WARB.

Let me lodge Lichas *on the horns o'th' moon.*] This image our poet ſeems to have taken from *Seneca*'s *Hercules*, who ſays *Lichas* being launched into the air, ſprinkled the

clouds with his blood. *Sophocles*, on the ſame occaſion, talks at a much ſoberer rate. WARB.

L. 24. ——————*teach me*,
Alcides, *thou mine anceſtor, thy rage*;
Let me *lodge* Lichas *on the horns o'th' moon*,
And with thoſe hands that graſp'd the heavieſt club,
Subdue my *worthieſt ſelf*.] I have long ſuſpected this paſſage of being faulty: for, ſuppoſe, *Hercules* could make *Antony* as mad as himſelf, could he make him lodge *Lichas* too on the moon? Nay, and could he make him ſubdue himſelf too, with *Hercules*'s hands? Then, why ſhould *Antony* give himſelf that complimental title of *his* worthieſt *ſelf*? If the text be indeed genuine, as it now ſtands, it wants to be helped out with a comment; and *Antony* would ſay, "Teach me thy rage, O *Hercules*, that I may take the "ſame vengeance on *Cleopatra* for injuring me, as thou "did'ſt on *Lichas*; and then that I may imitate thee too "in deſtroying myſelf with my own hands."——But the words do of themſelves import this: and *my worthieſt ſelf* I cannot but think liable to exception. Tho' I have not diſturb'd the text, I ſhould chuſe to read:

——————*teach me*,
Alcides, *thou mine anceſtor, thy rage*;
Help'd thee *lodge* Lichas *on the horns o'th' moon*,
And with thoſe hands, that graſp'd the heavieſt club,
Subdue thy *worthieſt ſelf*.

i. e. "Inſpire me with that rage, *which* aſſiſted thee both "to deſtroy *Lichas*, and to ſubdue thy moſt worthy ſelf "with thy own hands." This ſenſe the words carry naturally, and the complimental epithet is with great juſtneſs and propriety apply'd to *Hercules*, whom *Antony* was fond to eſteem his anceſtor. THEOB.*

Ibid.] *Let me lodge* Lichas——————] Sir *T. Hanmer* reads thus,

——————*thy rage*
Led thee *lodge* Lichas—and—
Subdue thy *worthieſt ſelf*.—

This reading, harſh as it is, Dr. *Warburton* has received, after having rejected many better. The meaning is, Let me

do ſomething in my rage, becoming the ſucceſſor of *Herculer*. JOHNS.

P. 97. L. 5. Pack'd cards *with* Cæſar, *and* falſe play'd *my Glory*
Unto an enemy's triumph——] *Shakeſpeare* has here, as uſual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial ſubject; but has enobled it with much art, by ſo contriving that the principal term in the ſubject from whence the metaphor was *taken*, ſhould belong to, and ſuit the dignity of the ſubject to which the metaphor is *transferred*: thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleneſs of the thought. And this by the word TRIUMPH, which either ſignifies *Octavius*'s conqueſts, or what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph*, or the *triumphing ſort*. WARB.

Ibid.] This explanation is very juſt, the thought did not deſerve ſo good an annotation. JOHNS.

P. 98. L. 1. *The battery from my heart.*—] I would read,
This *battery from my heart.*— JOHNS.

L. 12. Seal *then, and all is done.*] *Antony* had offended *Cleopatra* with his ſuſpicions; he is here about doing ſomething to deſerve her pardon: and he thinks, ſtabbing himſelf will *ſeal* that pardon. THEOB.*

Ibid. ſeal *then, and all is done.*] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the *ſealing* compleats the contract; ſo he had determined to die, and nothing remain'd but to give the ſtroke. The *Oxford Editor* not apprehending this, alters it to—*ſleep then.*— WARB.

Ibid.] I believe the reading is,
——ſeel *then, and all is done.*
To *ſeel hawks*, is to cloſe their eyes. The meaning will be,
——*ſince the torch is out,*
Lie down and ſtray no further. Now all labour
Marrs what it does,—ſeel *then, and all is done.*
Cloſe thine eyes *for ever, and be quiet.* JOHNS.

L. 15. Dido *and her* ÆNEAS *ſhall want troops,*] But *Dido*'s fondneſs did not reach to the other world: She then deſpiſed *Æneas*, and return'd to her old affection for SICHÆUS.

Tandem corripuit ſeſe, atque inimica refugit
In Nemus umbriferum: Conjux ubi priſtinus illi,
Reſpondet curis, æquatque SICHÆUS *amorem.*

I ſhould think, therefore, that the poet wrote,

Dido *and her* SICHÆUS———

And the rather, becauſe the compariſon of *Antony* to *Sichæus* is remarkably appoſite. *Sichæus* was murder'd by his brother *Pygmalion* for his wealth, on which his wife *Dido* fled into *Africa*: So *Antony* was fought with and defeated at *Actium* by his brother *Octavius*, for his ſhare of the dominion of the world, whereon *Cleopatra* fled from the victor's rage into *Ægypt*. WARB.*

Ibid.] Notwithſtanding Mr. *Warburton*'s ingenious conjecture, perhaps *Shakeſpeare* might have no intention of copying *Virgil*, in making *Dido* return to her affection for her huſband: perhaps, he might chuſe to make *Antony* mention *Æneas*, as an anceſtor: and I obſerve beſides, that *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their *Two Noble Kinſmen*, (a play, in which, it is ſaid, our author had a ſhare) ſuppoſe *Dido* to have retain'd her paſſion for *Æneas* after death

For in the next world will *Dido* ſee *Palamon*, and then will ſhe be out of love with *Æneas*. THEOB.*

Ibid.] Mr. Warburton's compariſon of Antony and Sichæus is exactly of a piece with that of Captain Fluellin, between Alexander of Macedon, and Harry of Monmouth. REV.*

P. 99. L. 10. ———*pleacht arms*,———] Arms folded in each other. JOHNS.

L. 14. *His baſeneſs that enſued?*] The poor conquer'd wretch that followed. JOHNS.

L. 25. ——*the worſhip of the whole world*——] The *worſhip*, is the *dignity*, the *authority*. JOHNS.

P. 102. L. 17. *O thou Sun*,

BURN *the great Sphere thou mov'ſt in!* —
darkling *ſtand*
The varying *ſhore o'th' world!*]

—*The varying ſhore o'th' world! i. e.* of the *Earth*, where light and darkneſs make an inceſſant *variation*. But then, if the Sun ſhould ſet on fire the whole Sphere, in which he was ſuppoſed to move, how could the Earth *ſtand darkling?* On the contrary it would be in perpetual light. Therefore, if we will allow *Cleopatra* not to be quite mad, we muſt believe ſhe ſaid,

TURN FROM *th' great Sphere*

i. e. forſake it, fly off from it: and then indeed the conſequence would be, that the *varying ſhore* would become *invariably dark.* WARB.

Ibid.] She deſires the Sun to *burn* his own *orb*, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark. JOHNS.

P. 103. L. 4. *I here importune death*——] I *ſolicite* death to delay; or, I *trouble* death by keeping him waiting.

I here importune death a while, untill
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.——Come down.
Cleo. *I dare not,*
Dear, dear my Lord, your pardon; that I dare not,
Leſt I be taken!—] What curious hobbling verſification do we encounter here in the laſt line but one? Beſides, how inconſiſtently is the lady made to reply? *Antony* ſays, he only holds life, till he can give her one laſt kiſs: and ſhe cries, ſhe dares not? What dares ſhe not do? kiſs *Antony?* But how ſhould ſhe? ſhe was above lock'd in her monument; and he below, on the outſide of it. With a very ſlight addition, I think, I can cure the whole; and have a warrant from *Plutarch* for it into the bargain.

Now *Plutarch* ſays, that "*Antony* was carried in his "men's arms *into the entry* of the *monument:* Notwith-"ſtanding *Cleopatra* would not *open the gates*, but *came* "*to the high windows*, and caſt out certain chains and "ropes, *&c.*"—So that *Antony* might very reaſonably deſire her to come down; and ſhe as reaſonably excuſe herſelf, for fear of being inſnared by *Cæſar.* THEOB.

Ibid.] Mr. *Theobald*'s emendation is received by the ſucceeding editors; but it ſeems not neceſſary that a dialogue ſo diſtreſsful ſhould be nicely regular. I have therefore preſerved the original reading in the text, and the emendation below. JOHNS.

L. 14. ——*ſtill concluſion,*——] Sedate determination; ſilent coolneſs of reſolution. JOHNS.

L. 19. *Here's ſport, indeed!*——] I ſuppoſe the meaning of theſe ſtrange words is, *here's* trifling, *you* do not work *in earneſt.* JOHNS.

L. 26. *Quicken with kiſſing.*] That is, *Revive by my kiſs.* JOHNS.

P. 104. L. 1. —*huſwife Fortune*—] This deſpicable line has occurred before. JOHNS.

L. 25. *The ſoldier's pole*———] He at whom the ſoldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for obſervation. JOHNS.

P. 105. L. 3. The common copies,

Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. *No more but a mere woman,* ———] *Cleopatra* is fallen into a ſwoon; her maids endeavour to recover her by invoking her by her ſeveral titles. At length, *Charmion* ſays to the other, *Peace, peace,* Iras; on which *Cleopatra* comes to herſelf, and replies to theſe laſt words, *No, you are miſtaken, I am a mere woman like yourſelf.* Thus ſtands this ſenſeleſs dialogue. But *Shakeſpeare* never wrote it ſo: We muſt obſerve then, that the two women call her by her ſeveral titles, to ſee which beſt pleaſed her; and this was highly in character: the Ancients thought, that not only Men, but Gods too, had ſome names which, above all others, they much delighted in, and would ſooneſt anſwer to; as we may ſee by the hymns of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, and *Callimachus*. The Poet, conforming to this notion, makes the maids ſay, *Sovereign Lady*, *Madam*, *Royal* Ægypt, *Empreſs*. And now we come to the place in queſtion: *Charmion*, when ſhe ſaw none of theſe titles had their effect, invokes her by a ſtill more flattering one;

Peace, peace, Isis!

for ſo it ſhould be read and pointed: *i. e.* peace, we can never move her by theſe titles: Let us give her her favourite name of the Goddeſs Isis. And now *Cleopatra*'s anſwer becomes pertinent and fine;

No more but a mere women; and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks.

i. e. I now ſee the folly of aſſuming to myſelf thoſe flattering titles of divinity. My misfortunes, and my impotence in bearing them, convince me I am a mere woman, and ſubject to all the paſſions of the meaneſt of my ſpecies. Here the Poet has followed Hiſtory exactly, and what is

more, his author *Plutarch* in *Antonio*; who ſays, that *Cleopatra* aſſumed the habit and attributes of that Goddeſs, and gave judgments or rather oracles to her people under the quality of the NEW ISIS. WARB.

Ibid.] Of this note it may be truly ſaid, that it at leaſt deſerves to be right, nor can he, that ſhall queſtion the juſtneſs of the emendation, refuſe his eſteem to the ingenuity and learning with which it is propoſed.

Hanmer had propoſed another emendation not injudiciouſly. He reads thus,

Iras. *Royal* Ægypt! *Empreſs!*
Cleo. *Peace, peace,* Iras.
No more but a mere woman, &c.

That is, *no more an Empreſs, but a mere woman.*

It is ſomewhat unfortunate that the words, *meer woman,* which ſo much ſtrengthen the oppoſition to either *Empreſs* or *Iſis,* are not in the original edition, which ſtands thus,

No more but in a *woman.*

Meer woman was probably the arbitrary reading of *Rowe.* I ſuppoſe however that we may juſtly change the ancient copy thus,

No more, but e'en a *woman*—

which will well enough accommodate either of the editors.

I am inclined to think that ſhe ſpeaks abruptly, not anſwering her woman, but diſcourſing with her own thoughts.

No more—but e'en a *woman.*

I have no more *of my wonted greatneſs,* but am even a woman, *on the level with other women; were I what I once was,*

——It were for me
To throw my ſcepter, *&c.*

If this ſimple explanation be admitted, how much labour has been thrown away. *Peace, peace,* IRAS, is ſaid by *Charmion,* when ſhe ſees the Queen recovering, and thinks ſpeech troubleſome. JOHNS.

P. 106. *Enter* Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, *and* MENAS.] But *Menas* and *Menecrates,* we may remember, were the two famous pirates link'd with *Sextus Pompeius,* and who aſſiſted him to infeſt the *Italian* coaſt. We no where learn,

expreſly in the play, that *Menas* ever attach'd himſelf to *Octavius*'s party. Notwithſtanding the old *folios* concur in marking the entrance thus, yet in the two places in the ſcene, where this character is made to ſpeak, they have mark'd in the margin, Mec. ſo that, as Dr. *Thirlby* ſagaciouſly conjectur'd, we muſt caſhier *Menas*, and ſubſtitute *Mecænas* in his room. *Menas*, indeed, deſerted to *Cæſar* no leſs than twice, and was preferr'd by him. But then we are to conſider, *Alexandria* was taken, and *Antony* kill'd himſelf, *Anno* U. C. 723. *Menas* made the ſecond revolt over to *Auguſtus*, U. C. 717; and the next year was ſlain at the ſiege of *Belgrade* in *Pannonia*, five years before the death of *Antony*. THEOB.

L. 4. Dol. Cæſar, *I ſhall.*] I make no doubt, but it ſhould be mark'd here, that *Dolabella* goes out. 'Tis reaſonable to imagine, he ſhould preſently depart, upon *Cæſar*'s command; ſo that the ſpeeches, placed to him in the ſequel of this ſcene, muſt be transferr'd to *Agrippa*, or he is introduced as a mute. Beſides, that *Dolabella* ſhould be gone out, appears from this, that when *Cæſar* aſks for him, he recollects that he had ſent him on buſineſs. THEOB.

L. 18. ——*The round world ſhou'd have ſhook*
Lions into civil ſtreets, &c.] I think here is a line loſt, after which it is vain to go in queſt. The ſenſe ſeems to have been this: *The round world ſhould have ſhook*, and this great alteration of the ſyſtem of things ſhould ſend *lions into ſtreets, and citizens into dens.* There is ſenſe ſtill, but it is harſh and violent. JOHNS.

P. 107. L. 10. ——*but it is tidings*
To waſh the eyes of Kings!] That is, May *the Gods rebuke me*, if this be not *tidings to make Kings weep. But*, for *if not.* JOHNS.

L. 16. *Waged equal in him.*] For *waged*, the modern editions have *weigh'd.* JOHNS.

P. 108. L. 2. ——*ſhould have divided*
Our equalneſs to this.——] That is, *ſhould have made us*, in our equality of fortune, diſagree *to* a pitch like this, that one of us muſt die. JOHNS.

L. 7. *A poor* Egyptian *yet*; *the Queen my miſtreſs*, &c.]

If this punctuation be right, the man means to ſay, that he is *yet an* Egyptian; that is, *yet a ſervant of the Queen of* Ægypt; though ſoon to become a ſubject of *Rome*. JOHNS.

L. 22. ——*her life in* Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph.] *Hanmer* reads judiciouſly enough, but without neceſſity,
Would be eternalling *our triumph.*
The ſenſe is, *If ſhe dies here, ſhe will be forgotten, but if I ſend her* in triumph at *Rome, her memory and my glory* will be eternal. JOHNS.

P. 109. L. 9. ——*Fortune's knave,*] The ſervant of fortune. JOHNS.

L. 10. ——————*and it is great*
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the DUNG:
The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.
The action of Suicide is here ſaid, *to ſhackle accidents; to bolt up change; to be the beggar's nurſe, and* Cæſar's. So far the deſcription is intelligible. But when it is ſaid, that *it ſleeps and never palates more the dung*, we find neither ſenſe nor propriety; which is occaſioned by the loſs of a whole line between the third and fourth, and the corrupt reading of the laſt word in the fourth. We ſhould read the paſſage thus,
——————*and it is great*
To do that thing, that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
[Lulls weary nature to a ſound repoſe]
(which ſleeps, and never palates more the DUGG:)
The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.
That this line in hooks was the ſubſtance of that loſt, is evident from its making ſenſe of all the reſt: which are to this effect, *It is great to do that which frees us from all the accidents of humanity, lulls our over-wearied nature to repoſe, (which now ſleeps, and has no more appetite for worldly enjoyments,) and is equally the nurſe of* Cæſar *and the beggar.* WARB.

Ibid. I cannot perceive the loſs of a line, or the need of an emendation. The commentator ſeems to have entangled

his own ideas; his ſuppoſition that *ſuicide* is called *the beggar's nurſe, and* Cæſar's, and his conceſſion that the poſition is intelligible, ſhew, I think, a mind not intent upon the buſineſs before it. The difficulty of the paſſage, if any difficulty there be, ariſes only from this, that the act of ſuicide, and the ſtate which is the effect of ſuicide, are confounded. Voluntary death, ſays ſhe, is an act *which bolts up change*; it produces a ſtate,

Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.

Which has no longer need of the groſs and terrene ſuſtenance, in the uſe of which *Cæſar* and the beggar are on a level.

The ſpeech is abrupt, but perturbation in ſuch a ſtate is ſurely natural. JOHNS.

P. 110. L. 10. *that* will pray in aid *for kindneſs,*] *Praying in aid* is a law term, uſed for a petition made in a court of juſtice for the calling in of help from another that hath an intereſt in the cauſe in queſtion. HANM.

L. 14. ——*ſend him*
The Greatneſs he has got——,] I allow him to be my conqueror; I own his ſuperiority with complete ſubmiſſion. JOHNS.

L. 20. *You ſee, how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd,*] Here *Charmion*, who is ſo faithful as to die with her miſtreſs, by the ſtupidity of the editors is made to countenance and give directions for her being ſurpriz'd by *Cæſar*'s meſſengers. But this blunder is for want of knowing, or obſerving, the hiſtorical fact. When *Cæſar* ſent *Proculeius* to the Queen, he ſent *Gallus* after him with new inſtructions: and while one amuſed *Cleopatra* with propoſitions from *Cæſar*, through crannies of the monument; the other ſcaled it by a ladder, entered at a window backward, and made *Cleopatra*, and thoſe with her, priſoners. I have reform'd the paſſage therefore, (as, I am perſuaded, the author deſign'd it;) from the authority of *Plutarch*. THEOB.

Ibid.] This line in the firſt edition is given not to *Charmion*, but to *Proculeius*; and to him it certainly belongs, though perhaps miſplaced. I would put it at the end of his foregoing ſpeech,

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
[Aſide to *Gallus.*] *You ſee, how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd.*

Then while *Cleopatra* makes a formal anſwer, *Gallus*, upon the hint given, ſeizes her, and *Proculeius*, interrupting the civility of his anſwer,

———*your plight is pity'd*
Of him that caus'd it.

Cries out,

Guard her, 'till Cæſar *comes.* JOHNS.

L. 27. ———*who are in this*
RELIEV'D, but *not betray'd.*] As plauſible as this reading is, it is corrupt. Had *Shakeſpeare* uſed the word *reliev'd*, he would have added, *and* not betray'd. But that he uſed another word the reply ſhews, *What, of death too:* which will not agree with *relieved*; but will direct us to the genuine word, which is,

BEREAV'D, *but not betray'd.*

i. e. bereav'd of death, or of the means of deſtroying yourſelf, *but* not *betray'd* to your deſtruction. By the particle *too*, in her reply, ſhe alludes to her being before *bereav'd* of *Antony*. And thus his ſpeech becomes correct, and her reply pertinent. WARB.

Ibid.] I do not think the emendation neceſſary, ſince the ſenſe is not made better by it, and the abruptneſs of *Cleopatra*'s anſwer is more forcible in the old reading. JOHNS.

P. 111. L. 1. For *languiſh*, I think we may read *anguiſh*. JOHNS.

L. 8. *Worth many babes and beggars.*] Why death wilt thou not rather ſeize a Queen, than employ thy force upon *babes* and *beggars*. JOHNS.

L. 11. *If idle* TALK *will once be neceſſary,*] This nonſenſe ſhould be reform'd thus,

If idle TIME *will once be neceſſary.*

i. e. if *repoſe* be neceſſary to cheriſh life, I will not ſleep. WARB.

Ibid.] I do not ſee that the nonſenſe is made ſenſe by the change. Sir *T. Hanmer* reads,

If idle talk will once be acceſſary:

Neither is this better. I know not what to offer better than an eaſy explanation. That is, *I will not eat*, and *if it will be neceſſary now for once* to waſte a moment in *idle talk* of my purpoſe, *I will not ſleep neither*. In common converſation we often uſe *will be*, with as little relation to futurity. As, Now I am going, it *will be* fit for me to dine firſt.

JOHNS.

F. 112. L. 18. *A Sun and Moon, which kept their courſe,*
and lighted
The little o'th' Earth.

Dol. *Moſt ſovereign creature!*] What a bleſſed limping verſe theſe *hemiſtichs* give us! Had none of the editors an ear to find the hitch in its pace? There is but a ſyllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was but of a ſingle letter. I reſtore,

The little O o'th' Earth.

i. e. the little orb or circle. Our poet in other paſſages chuſes to expreſs himſelf thus.

THEOB.

L. 25. ——*For his bounty,*
There was no winter in't: an Antony it was,
That grew the more by reaping.]

There was certainly a contraſt, both in the thought and terms, deſign'd here, which is loſt in an accidental corruption. How could *Antony* grow the more by reaping? I'll venture, by a very eaſy change, to reſtore an exquiſitely fine alluſion; which carries its reaſon with it too, why there was no *winter* in his bounty.

——*For his bounty,*
There was no Winter *in't: an* Autumn *'twas,*
That grew the more by reaping.

I ought to notice, that the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby* likewiſe ſtarted this very emendation, and had mark'd it in the margin of his book.

THEOB.

P. 113. L. 8. ——*yet t'imagine*
An Antony *were Nature's* PIECE *'gainſt Fancy,*
Condemning ſhadows quite.]. This is a fine ſentiment; but by the falſe reading and pointing becomes unintelligible. Though when ſet right, obſcure enough to deſerve a comment. *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

———*yet t'imagine*
An Antony, *were Nature's* PRIZE *'gainſt Fancy,*
Condemning ſhadows quite.

The ſenſe of which is this, *Nature, in general, has not materials enough to furniſh out real forms, for every model that the boundleſs power of the imagination can ſketch out:* [Nature wants matter to vie ſtrange forms with Fancy.] *But though this be true in general, that* nature *is more poor, narrow, and confined than* fancy, *and makes even the* imagination *appear poor and narrow:* Or, in our author's phraſe, [*condemns ſhadows quite.*] The word PRIZE, which I have reſtored, is very pretty, as figuring a contention between *nature* and *imagination* about the larger extent of their powers; and *nature* gaining the PRIZE by producing *Antony.* WARB.

Ibid.] In this paſſage I cannot diſcover any temptation to critical experiments. The word *piece*, is a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. *Antony* was in reality *paſt the ſize of dreaming*; he was more by *Nature* than *Fancy* could preſent in ſleep. JOHNS.

P. 114. L. 9. *I cannot* project *mine own cauſe ſo well*] *Project* ſignifies to *invent* a cauſe, not to *plead* it; which is the ſenſe here required. It is plain then we ſhould read,

I cannot PROCTOR *my own cauſe ſo well.*

The technical term, to plead by an advocate. WARB.

Ibid.] Sir *T. Hanmer* reads,

I cannot parget *my own cauſe*—

meaning, I cannot *whitewaſh*, *varniſh*, or *gloſs* my cauſe. I believe the preſent reading to be right. To *project a cauſe*, is to *repreſent* a cauſe; to *project* it *well*, is to *plan* or *contrive* a ſcheme of defence. JOHNS.

L. 29. ———*'tis exactly valued,*
Not petty things admitted.—] Sagacious Editors! *Cleopatra* gives in a liſt of her wealth, ſays, 'tis exactly valued, but that petty things are not *admitted* in this liſt: and then ſhe appeals to her treaſurer, that ſhe had reſerv'd nothing to herſelf. And when he betrays her, ſhe is reduced to the ſhift of exclaiming againſt the ingratitude of ſervants,

and of making apologies for having ſecreted certain trifles, Who does not ſee, that we ought to read,

Not petty things omitted?

For this declaration lays open her falſhood; and makes her angry when her treaſurer detects her in a direct lie. THEOB.

Ibid.] Notwithſtanding the wrath of Mr. *Theobald*, I have reſtored the old reading. She is angry afterwards, that ſhe is accuſed of having reſerved more than petty things. Dr. *Warburton* and Sir *T. Hanmer* follow *Theobald*. JOHNS.

P. 115. L. 3. —*ſeel my lips*,—,] Sew up my mouth. JOHNS.

L. 22. *Doing the honour of thy Lordlineſs*

To one ſo meek.] Surely, *Cleopatra* muſt be bantering *Cæſar*, to call herſelf *meek*, when he had the moment before ſeen her fly at her *treaſurer*, and wiſhing to tear out his eyes. I correct,

To one ſo weak;

i. e. ſo ſhrunk in fortune and power: vanquiſh'd, and ſpoil'd of her kingdom. Beſides, ſhe might allude to her bodily decay. For *Plutarch* tells us, that ſhe receiv'd *Cæſar*, as ſhe was lying on a poor pallat-bed; that ſhe threw herſelf at his feet, in her ſhift; that her hair was torn off, and her face mangled; but her voice was low and trembling, and her eyes ſunk into her head with continual weeping: ſo that ſhe was in a *pitiful ſtate*. THEOB.*

L. 24. *Parcel the ſum*—] The word *parcel*, in this place, I ſuſpect of being wrong, but know not what to ſubſtitute. JOHNS.

P. 116. L. 3. *Or I ſhall ſhew the cinders of my ſpirits*

Through th' aſhes of my chance.] If the text be genuine, this muſt be the alluſion; ſhe conſiders herſelf, in her downfal, as a fabrick deſtroy'd by fire: and then would intimate, that the ſame fire has reduced her ſpirits too to cinders; i. e. conſum'd the ſtrength and dignity of her ſoul and mind. Mr. *Warburton* thinks, the Poet wrote;

Through th' aſhes of my cheeks.

And, indeed, our Poet has an image in *Othello*, that ſeems to countenance this correction.

I ſhould make very *forges* of my *cheeks*,

That would to *cinders burn up* modeſty,
Did I but ſpeak thy deeds. THEOB.*

P. 116. L. 4. *Through th' aſhes of my* chance.] Or *fortune.* The meaning is, Begone, or I ſhall exert that royal ſpirit which I had in my proſperity, in ſpite of the imbecillity of my preſent weak condition. This taught the *Oxford Editor* to alter it to *miſchance.* WARB.

L. 7. *Be 't known, that we the Greateſt are misthought*
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We anſwer others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.] This falſe pointing has rendered the ſentiment, which was not very eaſy at beſt, altogether unintelligible. The lines ſhould be pointed thus,

Be 't known, that we, the greateſt, are miſthought
For things that others do. And when we fall
We anſwer. Others' merits, in our names
Are therefore to be pitied.

i. e. *We monarchs, while in power, are accuſed and blamed for the miſcarriages of our miniſters; and when any misfortune hath ſubjected us to the power of our enemies, we are ſure to be puniſhed for thoſe faults. As this is the caſe, it is but reaſonable that we ſhould have the merit of our miniſters' good actions, as well as bear the blame of their bad.* But ſhe ſoftens the word *merit* into *pity.* The reaſon of her making the reflexion was this: Her former conduct was liable to much cenſure from *Octavius*, which ſhe would hereby artfully inſinuate was owing to her evil miniſters. And as her preſent conduct, in concealing her treaſures, appeared to be her own act, ſhe being detected by her miniſter; ſhe begs, that as ſhe now anſwers for her former miniſter's miſcarriages, ſo her preſent miniſter's merit in this diſcovery might likewiſe be placed to her account: Which ſhe thinks but reaſonable. The *Oxford Editor* is here again at his old work of altering what he did not underſtand, and ſo transforms the paſſage thus,

———*and when we fall,*
We pander *other's merits* with *our names*;
And *therefore to be pitied.* WARB.

Ibid.] I do not think that either of the critics have reach-

ed the ſenſe of the author, which may be very commodiouſly explained thus;

We ſuffer at our higheſt ſtate of elevation in the *thoughts of mankind for that which others do, and when we fall*, thoſe that contented themſelves only to think ill before, call us to *anſwer in our own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be pitied. Merits* is in this place taken in an ill ſenſe, for actions *meriting* cenſure.

If any alteration be neceſſary, I ſhould only propoſe,

Be't known, that we at *greateſt*, &c. JOHNS.

L. 17. *Make not your thoughts your* priſon;——] I once wiſhed to read,

Make not your thoughts your poiſon.

Do not deſtroy yourſelf by muſing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading preſents a very proper ſenſe. *Be not a priſoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.* JOHNS.

P. 117. L. 28. ——*ſcall'd rhimers*] Sir *T. Hanmer* reads,

——ſtall'd *rhimers.*

Scall'd was a word of contempt, implying poverty, diſeaſe, and filth. JOHNS.

L. 29. ——*quick Comedians*] The gay inventive players. JOHNS.

P. 118. L. 3. ——*boy my Greatneſs,*] The parts of women were acted on the ſtage by boys. HANM.

L. 11. *Their moſt* abſurd *intents,*—] Why ſhould *Cleopatra* call *Cæſar*'s deſigns abſurd? She could not think his intent of carrying her in triumph, ſuch, with regard to his own glory: and her finding an expedient to diſappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think the poet wrote:

Their moſt aſſur'd *intents* ——

i. e. the purpoſes, which they make themſelves moſt ſure of accompliſhing. THEOB.

Ibid.] I have preſerved the old reading. The deſign certainly appeared *abſurd* enough to *Cleopatra*, both as ſhe thought it unreaſonable enough in itſelf, and as ſhe knew it would fail. JOHNS.

L. 27. ——*now the fleeting moon*

No planet is of mine.] Alluding to the *Ægyptian*

devotion paid to the moon under the name of *Iſis.* WARB.

P. 119. L. 3. —— *the pretty worm of* Nilus—] *Worm* is the Teutonic word for *ſerpent*; we have the *blind worm* and *ſlow worm* ſtill in our language, and the *Norwegians* call an enormous monſter, ſeen ſometimes in the Northern ocean, the *Sea-worm.* JOHNS.

L. 15. *but he, that will believe* all *that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by* half *that they do:*] *Shakeſpeare*'s clowns are always jokers, and deal in ſly ſatire. It is plain this muſt be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half* change places. WARB.

L. 22. *will do his kind.*] The ſerpent will act according to his nature. JOHNS.

P. 121. L. 1. *He'll make demand of her,*—] He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiſs her for giving him intelligence. JOHNS.

L. 3. ——*this knot* intrinſicate] The expreſſion is fine; it ſignifies a hidden, ſecret [*intrinſecus*] knot, as that which ties ſoul and body together. WARB.*

L. 14. *O* Antony! *nay, I will take* thee *too.*] As there has been hitherto no break in this verſe, nor any marginal direction, *thee* neceſſarily muſt ſeem to refer to *Antony.* But *Cleopatra* is here deſigned to apply one aſpick to her arm, as ſhe had before clap'd one to her breaſt. And the laſt ſpeech of *Dolabella* in the Play is a confirmation of this.

The like is on her arm. THEOB.

L. 20. ——*Your Crown's awry*;] This is well amended by the editors. The old editions had,

——*Your Crown's* away. JOHNS.

P. 123. L. 2. ——— *But ſhe looks like* ſleep.] The Poet has made *Cleopatra* herſelf, above, ſpeaking of the operation of the aſpick,, give us this fine image;

Do'ſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe *aſleep?*

And in this deſcription he is preciſely juſt to hiſtory. THEOB.*

L. 6. ——*ſomething blown*;] The fleſh is ſomewhat *puffed* or *ſwoln.* JOHNS.

THIS Play keeps curioſity always buſy, and the paſſions always intereſted. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick ſucceſſion of one perſonage to another, call the mind forward without intermiſſion, from the firſt Act to the laſt. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the ſcene; for, except the feminine arts, ſome of which are too low, which diſtinguiſh *Cleopatra*, no character is very ſtrongly diſcriminated. *Upton*, who did not eaſily miſs what he deſired to find, has diſcovered that the language of *Antony* is, with great ſkill and learning, made pompous and ſuperb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not diſtinguiſhable from that of others: the moſt tumid ſpeech in the Play is that which *Cæſar* makes to *Octavius*.

The events, of which the principal are deſcribed according to hiſtory, are produced without any art of connection, or care of diſpoſition.

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NOTES ON CYMBELINE.

BOCCACE's Story of *Bernabo de Ambrogiuolo* (Day 2. Nov. 9.) is generally ſuppoſed to have furniſhed SHAKESPEARE with the Fable of Cymbeline. But the embracers of this opinion ſeem not to have been aware, that many of that author's novels (tranſlated or imitated) are to be found in Engliſh books, prior to, or contemporary with, SHAKESPEARE; and of this novel in particular there is an imitation extant in a ſtory-book of that time, intitled "*Weſtward for Smelts*;" it is the ſecond tale in the book; the ſcene, and the actors of it, are as different from *Boccace*, as SHAKESPEARE's are from both; but the main of the ſtory is the ſame in all. We may venture to pronounce it a book of thoſe times, and that early enough to have been uſed by SHAKESPEARE, as I am perſuaded it was; though the copy that I have of it, is no older than 1620; it is a quarto pamphlet of only five ſheets and an half, printed in a black letter: ſome reaſons for my opinion are given in another place, though perhaps they are not neceſſary, as it may one day better be made appear a true one, by the diſcovery of ſome more ancient edition. CAPELL.*

CYMBELINE.] That part of the fable, on which the diſtreſs of this play is built, (viz. *Poſthumus*'s jealouſy of his wife, from his own indiſcretion) is borrowed, as Mr. *Gildon* and others have obſerved, from *Boccace*, Day 2d, Novel 9th. And the *Italian* noveliſt ſeems to me to have founded his tale on *Collatinus*'s extravagant praiſes of his wife to young *Tarquin* and others: to which idle conduct the rape of *Lucrece*

was ſolely owing. Mr. *Pope* has remarked, that little, beſides the names, is hiſtorical in this play. On the contrary, it appears to me, that the Author has taken pains to inſert points of hiſtory, both *Britiſh* and *Roman*, in the detail of his ſcenery. Indeed, he ſometimes puts a change upon *facts*, as well as ſubverts the *chronology* of actions; of which I ſhall take particular notice in the proper places. So, with like licence, amongſt names truly *Britiſh* and *Roman*, he jumbles ſuch as theſe, *Iachimo*, *Syenne*, *Richard du Champ*, *Fidele*, *Philario*, and *Piſanio*; all of a more modern origin and deflection. THEOB.*

P. 127. L. 1. *You do not meet a man, but* frowns; *our* BLOODS
No more obey the heavens than our Courtiers;
But ſeems, *as does the King*'s.] The thought is this, we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather, but by the King's looks. *We no more obey the heavens* [the ſky] *than our Courtiers* obey the heavens [God]. By which it appears, that the reading —*our bloods*, is wrong. For though the *blood* may be affected with the weather, yet that affection is diſcovered not by change of *colour*, but by change of *countenance*. And it is the *outward* not the *inward* change that is here talked of, as appears from the word *ſeem*. We ſhould read therefore,

———————*our* BROWS
No more obey the heavens, &c.

Which is evident from the preceding words,

You do not meet a man but frowns.

And from the following,

———*But not a Courtier,*
Altho' they wear their faces *to the* bent
Of the King's look, *but hath a heart that is*
Glad at the thing they ſcoul *at.*

The *Oxford Editor* improves upon this emendation, and reads,

———————*our* looks
No more obey the heart *ev'n than our courtiers*;

But by venturing too far, at a ſecond emendation, he has ſtript it of all thought and ſentiment. WARB.

Ibid.] This paſſage is ſo difficult, that commentators may differ concerning it without animoſity or ſhame. Of the two emendations propoſed, *Hanmer*'s is the moſt licentious; but he makes the ſenſe clear, and leaves the reader an eaſy paſſage. Dr. *Warburton* has corrected with more caution, but leſs improvement: His reaſoning upon his own reading is ſo obſcure and perplexed, that I ſuſpect ſome injury of the preſs.

I am now to tell my opinion, which is, that the lines ſtand as they were originally written, and that a paraphraſe, ſuch as the licentious and abrupt expreſſions of our author too frequently require, will make emendation unneceſſary. *We do not meet a man but frowns*; *our bloods*—our countenances, which, in popular ſpeech, are ſaid to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—*no more obey* the laws of *heav'n*,—which direct us to appear what we really are,—*than our Courtiers*;—that is, than the *bloods of our Courtiers*; but our bloods, like theirs,—*ſtill ſeem, as doth the King's.* JOHNS.

Ibid.] Read and point thus;

——————————*our bloods*
No more obey the Heavens than our Courtiers
Still ſeem as does the King.

That is, *Still look as the King does.* OBS. & CONJ.*

P. 128. L. 6. 2 Gent. *You ſpeak him* fair.
1 Gent. *I do* extend *him, Sir, within himſelf.*] I don't know what conſonance our modern editors could find betwixt *ſpeaking fair* and *extending:* no more, I believe, than they have authority for the reading. I have reſtor'd with the old books;

You ſpeak him farr.

i. e. You ſpeak widely, with latitude, in his praiſes: and then the other anſwers with great propriety; "Sir, as *wide*-"*ly* as I ſpeak of him, I *extend* him within the liſts and "compaſs of his own merit." THEOB.*

Ibid.] *I* DO EXTEND *him, Sir,* within *himſelf*;
Cruſh him together,——] Thus the late editor, Mr. *Theobald*, has given the paſſage, and explained it in this manner; *I extend him within the liſts and compaſs of his merit:* Which is juſt as proper as to ſay, *I go out within doors.* To *extend* a thing *within* itſelf is the moſt inſufferable non-

ſenſe: becauſe the very etymology of the word ſhews, that it ſignifies the drawing out any thing BEYOND its *liſts and compaſs*. Beſides, a common attention was ſufficient to perceive that *Shakeſpeare*, in this ſentence, uſed *extend and cruſh together*, as the direct oppoſites to one another; which, in the editor's ſenſe, they are not; but only different degrees of the ſame thing. We ſhould read and point the paſſage thus,

I DON'T *extend him, Sir: within himſelf*
Cruſh him together:———

i. e. I do not extend him; on the contrary, I cruſh him together. WARB.

Ibid. I am not able to perceive, that the old reading is *inſufferable*. I extend him within himſelf: My power, however *extenſive*, is *within* his merit. What is there in this, which common language and common ſenſe will not admit? JOHNS.

P. 128. L. 29. ———*liv'd in Court,*
Which rare it is to do, moſt prais'd, moſt low'd,] This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any degree *loved* and *praiſed*, is truly *rare*. JOHNS.

L. 32. *A glaſs that featur'd them;*] Such is the reading in all the modern editions, I know not by whom firſt ſubſtituted, for

A glaſs that feared *them:*——

I have diſplaced *featur'd*, though it can plead long preſcription, becauſe I am inclined to think that *feared* has the better title. *Mirrour* was a favourite word in that age, for an *example*, or *pattern*, by noting which the manners were to be formed, as dreſs is regulated by looking in a glaſs. When Don *Bellianis* is ſtiled the mirrour of knighthood, the idea given, is not that of a glaſs in which every knight may behold his own reſemblance, but an example to be viewed by knights as often as a glaſs is looked upon by girls, to be viewed, that they may know, not what they are, but what they ought to be. Such a glaſs may *fear the more mature*, as diſplaying excellencies which they have arrived at maturity without attaining.

To *fear*, is here, as in other places, to *fright*. JOHNS.

P. 130. L. 16. *Always reſerv'd my holy duty,*——] I ſay I do not fear my father, ſo far as I may ſay it without breach of duty. JOHNS.

L. 31. *Though ink be made of gall.*] *Shakeſpeare*, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable *galls* uſed in ink with the animal *gall*, ſuppoſed to be bitter. JOHNS.

P. 132. L. 11. *O diſloyal thing,*
Thou ſhould'ſt repair my youth, thou heap'ſt
A Year's *age on me.*] The king loved his daughter, and was much vexed and diſappointed at her having married againſt his conſent. But, ſurely, his ſorrow was not very extreme, if the effects of it only added one year to his age; we muſt correct,
A yare *age on me.*
i. e. a ſudden, precipitate, old age. For the word ſignifies not only *nimble*, *dextrous*, as it is many times employed in our author; but likewiſe, as SKINNER expounds it, *fervidus*, *promptus*, præceps, *impatiens*. But the *Oxford Editor* amends it thus,
———*Thou heapeſt* many
A year's age on me. WARB.*

L. 13. *A year's age on me.*] Dr. *Warburton* reads,
A yare *age on me.*
It ſeems to me, even from *Skinner*, whom he cites, that *yare* is uſed only as a perſonal quality. Nor is the authority of *Skinner* ſufficient, without ſome example, to juſtify the alteration. *Hanmer*'s reading is better, but rather too far from the original copy,
——*Thou heapeſt* many
A year's age on me.
I read,
———*thou heap'ſt*
Years, ages *on me.* JOHNS.

L. 16. —*a touch more* rare] More ſtrong, forcible; alluding to the ſtroke of lightning. WARB.*

Ibid.] ——*a touch more rare*
Subdues all pangs, all fears.] *Rare* is uſed often for *eminently good*; but I do not remember any paſſage in which it ſtands for *eminently bad*. May we read,

———*a touch more* near.
Cura Deam propior luctuſque domeſticus angit.
OVID.

Shall we try again,
———*a touch more* rear.

Crudum vulnus. But of this I know not any example. There is yet another interpretation, which perhaps will remove the difficulty. *A touch more rare*, may mean, *a nobler paſſion.* JOHNS.

L. 22. ——*a puttock.*] A *kite.* JOHNS.

P. 135. L. 15. *her beauty and her brain*, &c.] I believe the Lord means to ſpeak a ſentence. *Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together.* JOHNS.

L. 16. *She's a good* Sign,] If *ſign* be the true reading, the poet means by it *conſtellation*, and by *reflection* is meant *influence.* But I rather think, from the anſwer, that he wrote *ſhine.* So in his *Venus* and *Adonis*,

As if, from thence, they borrowed all their ſhine. WARB.

Ibid.] So. becauſe *ſhine* ſignifies *brightneſs*, you may call a *bright* perſon *a good ſhine!* The expreſſion is monſtrous. *Sign* is the true reading; without ſignifying *Conſtellation*, or even a ſingle *Star.*

The ſenſe is as plain as words can make it. She has a fair outſide, a ſpecious appearance; but no wit. CAN.*

Ibid.] There is acuteneſs enough in Dr. *Warburton's* note, yet I agree with *Edwards.* JOHNS.

P. 136. L. 3. ———*'twere a paper loſt*
As offer'd mercy is.——] i. e. *Should one of his letters miſcarry, the loſs would be as great as that of offer'd mercy.* But the *Oxford Editor* amends it thus,
———*'twere a paper loſt,*
With *offer'd mercy* in it. WARB.

L. 11. ———*for ſo long*
As he could make me with his *eye, or ear,*
Diſtinguiſh him from others.——] But how could *Poſthumus* make himſelf diſtinguiſh'd by his *ear* to *Piſanio?* By his tongue he might, to the other's ear: and this was certainly *Shakeſpeare's* intention. We muſt therefore read,
As he could make me with this *eye, or ear,*
Diſtinguiſh him from others.

The expreſſion is δειχτικῶς, as the *Greeks* term, it: the party ſpeaking points to that part ſpoken of. WARB.

Ibid.] Sir *T. Hanmer* alters it thus,

——*for ſo long*
As he could mark *me with his eye, or* I
Diſtinguiſh——.

The reaſon of *Hanmer*'s reading was, that *Piſanio* deſcribes no addreſs made to the *ear*. JOHNS.

L. 24. ——*'till the diminution*
OF SPACE *had pointed him ſharp as my needle*;] But the increaſe of diſtance is the augmentation, not the *diminution* of *ſpace* between the object and the beholder: which augmentation occaſions the diminution of the object. We ſhonld read therefore,

——*'till the diminution*
OF'S SPACE——

i. e. of his ſpace, or of that ſpace which his body occupied; and this is the *diminution* of the object by the augmentation of ſpace. WARB.

Ibid.] *The diminution of ſpace*, is *the diminution*, of which *ſpace* is the cauſe. Trees are killed by a blaſt of lightning, that is, by *blaſting*, not *blaſted* lightning. JOHNS.

P. 137. L. 2. ——*next vantage.*] Next *opportunity*. JOHNS.

L. 11. ——*or ere I could*
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
Between two charming words.] There is an inexpreſſible prettineſs in the whole of this idea. The image is taken from a gem ſet between two others of a different kind. But what were theſe two *charming words*, between which the *kiſs* was ſet? This may be thought too nice an inquiry. If we conſider *Shakeſpeare* as having only the vague idea of two fond words in general, the *douceurs*, with which lovers are uſed to entertain one another, the whole force and beauty of the paſſage will be loſt. Without queſtion by theſe *two charming words* ſhe would be underſtood to mean, ADIEU, POSTHUMUS.

The one *Religion* made ſo; and the other, *Love*. WARB.

Ibid.] Mr. *Warburton* has had the felicity to diſcover, *what* were the two charming words, between which *Imogen*

would have ſet her parting kiſs: which *Shakeſpeare* probably never thought of. *Imogen* muſt have underſtood the etymology of our language very exactly, to have found out ſo much *religion* in the word *Adieu*: which we uſe commonly, without fixing any ſuch idea to it; as when we ſay, that ſuch a man has *bidden adieu* to all religion. And, on the other ſide, ſhe muſt have underſtood the language of *Love* very little, if ſhe could find no tenderer expreſſion of it, than the name, by which every body elſe called her huſband.

CAN.*

Ibid.] *Edwards*'s remark is juſt. JOHNS.

L. 13. ——*comes in my Father*;

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buds from GROWING.] Had *Imogen* employed this image of the *North wind ſhaking the tender buds*, to expreſs her father's rage at the diſcovery of the marriage, it had been proper to have ſaid,

Shakes all our buds from growing;

becauſe, by baniſhing *Poſthumus*, he quite cut off the fruits of their loves and alliance, which were things of duration; and in this caſe the *buds* of *fruit-trees* had been meant. But that was a thing paſſed, the diſcovery had been made, and his baniſhment denounced. She is here telling, how her father came in while *Poſthumus* was taking his laſt farewel of her; and while they were going to interchange ſome tender words to one another; which was a pleaſure, had it not been interrupted, but of a ſhort and momentary duration. In this caſe then it is plain, that not *buds* of *fruit-trees* but *buds* of *flowers* are alluded to: and if ſo, the preſent reading, which refers to *buds* of *fruit-trees*, is corrupt, and we muſt conclude that *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

Shakes all our buds from BLOWING.

i. e. from opening, as full-blown flowers do. And I ſuppoſe that his uſing the word *blowing* here, was the reaſon why in the foregoing line he ſays, BREATHING *of the North*, inſtead of *blowing* of the North (though *breathing* be not very proper to expreſs the rage and bluſter of the North wind) the repetition of which word, as it had then been uſed in two different ſenſes would have had an ill effect.

WARB.

Ibid.] So many words to prove ſo little! A bud, without any diſtinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural repreſentation of any thing incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers muſt be meant, *grow* to flowers, as the buds of fruits *grow* to fruits. JOHNS.

P. 138. L. 2. *makes him*] In the ſenſe in which we ſay, This will *make* or *mar* you. JOHNS.

L. 8. *words him——a great deal from the matter.*] Makes the deſcription of him very diſtant from the truth. JOHNS.

L. 12. *under her colours,*] Under her banner; by her influence. JOHNS.

P. 139. L. 2. *rather ſhun'd to go even with what I heard,* &c.] This is expreſſed with a kind of fantaſtical perplexity. He means, I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than ſuch intelligence as I had gathered myſelf. JOHNS.

L. 12. *which may, without contradiction,*] Which, undoubtedly, may be publickly told. JOHNS.

L. 24. *tho' I profeſs,* &c.] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his miſtreſs, and regard her not with the fondneſs of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer. JOHNS.

L. 28. *If ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of yours out-luſtres many I have beheld, I could* NOT *believe ſhe excelled many;*] What? if ſhe did really excel others, could he not believe ſhe did excel them? Nonſenſe. We muſt ſtrike out the negative, and the ſenſe will be this, *I can eaſily believe your miſtreſs excels many, though ſhe be not the moſt excellent; juſt as I ſee that diamond of of yours is of more value than many I have beheld, though I know there are other diamonds of much greater value.* WARB.

Ibid.] Read, *I could* BUT *believe.* ANON.*

P. 140. L. 18. *to* convince *the honour of my miſtreſs;*] *Convince,* for overcome. WARB.

Ibid.] So in *Macbeth,*

——*their malady* convinces
The great eſſay of art. JOHNS.

P. 141. L. 13. *approbation*] Proof. JOHNS.

L. 23. Iach. *You are a* friend, *and therein the wiſer* ;] I correct it,

You are afraid, *and therein the wiſer.*

What *Iachimo* ſays, in the cloſe of his ſpeech, determines this to have been our Poet's reading.

But, I ſee, you have ſome Religion in you, that you fear.

WARB. & CAPELL.

Ibid.] *Friend* will bear a proper ſenſe. *You are a friend* to the Lady, *and therein the wiſer*, as you will not expoſe her to hazard; and that you *fear*, is a proof of your *religious* fidelity. JOHNS.

P. 142. L. 4. Iach. *If I bring you* NO *ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoy'd the deareſt bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are* YOURS; *ſo is your diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in, ſhe your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are* yours, &c.

Poſt. *I embrace theſe conditions*, &c.] This was a wager between the two ſpeakers. *Iachimo* declares the conditions of it; and *Poſthumus embraces* them: as well he might; for *Iachimo* mentions only *that* of the two conditions, which was favourable to *Poſthumus*, namely, that if his wife preſerved her honour, he ſhould win: concerning the other, in caſe ſhe preſerved it not, *Iachimo*, the accurate expounder of the wager, is ſilent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him ſharp enough in the proſecution of his bet, we ſhould ſtrike out the negative, and read the reſt thus, *If I bring you ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoyed*, &c. *my ten thouſand ducats are* MINE; *ſo is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour*, &c. *ſhe your jewel*, &c, *and my gold are* yours.

WARB. & CAPELL,

Ibid.] I once thought this emendation right, but now am of opinion, that *Shakeſpeare* intended that *Iachimo*, having gained his purpoſe, ſhould deſignedly drop the invidious and offenſive part of the wager, and to flatter *Poſthumus*, dwell long upon the more pleaſing part of the repreſentation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both. JOHNS.

P. 143. L. 18. *Other concluſions?—*] Other *experiments.*

I commend, ſays *Walton*, *an angler that tries* concluſions, and improves his art. JOHNS.

L. 24, *Your Highneſs*

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;] There is in this paſſage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to puſh it forward into obſervation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be ſhocked with ſuch experiments as have been publiſhed in later times, by a race of men that have practiſed tortures without pity, and related them without ſhame, and are yet ſuffered to erect their heads among human beings.

Cape ſaxa manu, cape robora, paſtor. JOHNS.

P. 144. L. 7. *I do not like her.*——] This ſoliloquy is very inartificial. The ſpeaker is under no ſtrong preſſure of thought; he is neither reſolving, repenting, ſuſpecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a long ſpeech, to tell himſelf what himſelf knows. JOHNS.

L. 31. ——*to ſhift his being*,] To change his abode. JOHNS.

P. 145. L. 3. ——*that leans?*] That *inclines* towards its fall. JOHNS.

L. 13. *Think what a* chance *thou* chanceſt *on*,——] I hardly think, our author would have expreſſed himſelf thus badly, on no neceſſity. Both the old *folios* read,

Think what a chance thou changeſt *on*,

But I ſuſpect, there is ſtill a ſlight error made by the firſt tranſcriber. I imagine, the Poet wrote;

Think what a change *thou chanceſt on*,

i. e. if you will fall into my meaſures, do but think how you will chance to change your fortunes for the better, in the conſequences that will attend your compliance. THEOB.*

L. 25. *Of leigers for her ſweet*;—] A *leiger* ambaſſador, is one that reſides at a foreign court, to promote his maſter's intereſt. JOHNS.

P. 146. L. 10. ——*and thoſe repeated*

Vexations of it——] Meaning the Queen and her ſon: theſe are ſet, in compariſon, with her huſband, and make the ſentiment extremely fine. WARB.*

L. 11, ——*but moſt miſerable*
Is the deſire, that's glorious.—] Her huſband, ſhe ſays, proves her ſupreme grief. She had been happy had ſhe been ſtolen as her brothers were, but now ſhe is miſerable, as all thoſe are, who have a ſenſe of worth and honour ſuperior to the vulgar, which occaſions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthleſs part of mankind. Had ſhe not ſo refined a taſte as to be content only with the ſuperior merit of *Poſthumus*, but could have taken up with *Cloten*, ſhe might have eſcaped theſe perſecutions. This elegance of taſte, which always diſcovers an excellence and chuſes it, ſhe calls with great ſublimity of expreſſion, *The deſire that's glorious*; which the *Oxford Editor* not underſtanding, alters to, *The* degree *that's glorious.* WARB.

L. 12. ——*Bleſs'd be thoſe,*
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt will,
Which ſeaſons comfort.—] The laſt words are equivocal: but the meaning is this. Who are beholden only to the ſeaſons for their ſupport and nouriſhment; ſo that, if thoſe be kindly, ſuch have no more to care for or deſire. WARB.

Ibid.] I am willing to comply with any meaning that can be extorted from the preſent text, rather than change it, yet will propoſe, but with great diffidence, a ſlight alteration:
——*Bleſs'd be thoſe,*
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
With reaſon's *comfort.*——
Who gratify their innocent wiſhes with reaſonable enjoyments. JOHNS.

P. 147. L. 13. ——*and the rich* CROP
Of ſea and land,——] He is here ſpeaking of the *covering* of ſea and land, *Shakeſpeare* therefore wrote,
——*and the rich* COPE. WARB.

L. 15. ——*and the twinn'd ſtones*
Upon the number'd beach? ——] I have no idea, in what ſenſe the beach, or ſhore, ſhould be called *number'd.* I have ventured, againſt all the copies, to ſubſtitute,
Upon th'unnumber'd beach? ——

i. e. the infinite extenſive beach, if we are to underſtand the epithet as coupled to that word. But, I rather think, the poet intended an *hypallage*, like that in the beginning of OVID's *Metamorphoſes*;

(In nova *fert animus* mutatas *dicere formas*
Corpora.)

And then we are to underſtand the paſſage thus; *and the infinite number of twinn'd ſtones upon the beach.* THEOB.

Ibid.] *Upon th'* UNNUMBER'D *beach?*] Senſe and the antitheſis oblige us to read this nonſenſe thus,

Upon the HUMBL'D *beach?* ——

i. e. becauſe daily inſulted with the flow of the tide. WARB. & CAPELL.

Ibid.] The Beach is called *unnumbered*, from the ſtones upon it being numberleſs. *Shakeſpeare* very probably had in his eye his own beautiful deſcription of Dover-cliff in *King Lear*, where he ſpeaks of

——, the murmuring ſurge
That on *th'unnumber'd* idle pebbles chafes.

Which line is indeed a comment on this before us. CAN.*

Ibid.] I know not well how to regulate this paſſage. *Number'd* is perhaps *numerous*. *Twinn'd ſtones*, I do not underſtand. *Twinn'd ſhells*, or *pairs of ſhells*, are very common. For *'twinn'd*, we might read, *twin'd*; that is, *twiſted, convolved:* But this ſenſe is more applicable to ſhells than to ſtones. JOHNS.

L. 26. *Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,*
Not ſo allur'd to feed.] *i. e.* that appetite, which is not allured to feed on ſuch excellence, can have no ſtomach at all; but, though empty, muſt naſeate every thing. WARB.

Ibid.] I explain this paſſage in a ſenſe almoſt contrary. *Iachimo*, in this counterfeited rapture, has ſhewn how the *eyes* and the *judgment* would determine in favour of *Imogen*, comparing her with the preſent miſtreſs of *Poſthumus*, and proceeds to ſay, that appetite too would give the ſame ſuffrage. *Deſire*, ſays he, when it approached *ſluttery*, and conſidered it in compariſon with *ſuch neat excellence*, would not only be *not ſo allured to feed*, but,

ſeized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptineſs*, would feel the convulſions of diſguſt, though, being unfed, it had nothing to eject. JOHNS.

Ibid.] Read and point thus.

——————————oppos'd
Should make deſire vomit. Emptineſs
Not ſo allured, to feed. OBS. & CONJ.*

P. 148. L. 8. *He's* ſtrange *and* peeviſh.] *i. e.* ignorant of foreign manners, and impatient of contradiction. This, I think, was a good reaſon for his maſter to order him to ſtay within doors. But the *Oxford Editor*, with great acumen, alters it to,

He's ſtrange and ſheepiſh. WARB*.

Ibid.] *i. e.* He's a foreigner, and eaſily fretted. JOHNS.

P. 149. L. 32. ——*timely knowing*,] Rather timely *known*. JOHNS.

P. 150. L. 2. *What both you ſpur and ſtop.*] What it is that at once incites you to ſpeak, and reſtrains you from it. JOHNS.

L. 10. ——*join gripes with hands*, &c.] The old edition reads,

——*join gripes with hands*
Made hard with hourly falſhood, (falſhood *as*
With labour) then by peeping in an eye, &c.

I read,

——*then* lye *peeping*——

The author of the preſent regulation of the text I do not know, but have ſuffered it to ſtand, though not right. *Hard with falſhood*, is, hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands. JOHNS.

L. 29. ——*hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition*] *Groſs ſtrumpets*, hired with the *very penſion* which you allow your huſband. JOHNS.

P. 151. L. 30. *As in a* Romiſh *ſtew*,——] The ſtews of *Rome* are deſervedly cenſured by the reformed. This is one of many inſtances in which *Shakeſpeare* has mingled the manners of diſtant ages in this play. JOHNS.

P. 154. L. 12. *No, my Lord*, &c.] This, I believe, ſhould ſtand thus:

1 Lord. *No, my Lord.*
2 Lord. *Nor crop the ears of them.* [Aſide. JOHNS.
L. 22. *with your comb on.*] The alluſion is to a fool's cap, which had a *comb* like a cock's. JOHNS.
L. 24. *every* companion,] The uſe of *companion* was the ſame as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt. JOHNS.
P. 156. L. 2. ——*he'd make.*—] In the old editions,
————he'ld *make.*————
Hanmer, ——hell made.————
In which he is followed by Dr. *Warburton.* JOHNS.
L. 19. ——*our* Tarquin——] The ſpeaker is an *Italian.* JOHNS.
L. 20. *Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes,*—] It was the cuſtom in the time of our author, to ſtrew chambers with ruſhes, as we now cover them with carpets. The practice is mentioned in *Caius de Ephemera Britannica.* JOHNS.
P. 157. L. 3. ——*white* AND *azure, lac'd*
WITH *blue of heav'n's own tinct.*—] We ſhould read,
————*white with azure lac'd,*
THE *blue of heav'n's own tinct.*——
i. e. the white ſkin laced with blue veins. WARB.
L. 29. ————*that dawning*
May bear *the raven's eye:*——] Some copies read, *bare,* or make bare; others, *ope.* But the true reading is *bear,* a term taken from heraldry, and very ſublimely applied. The meaning is, that morning may aſſume the colour of the raven's eye, which is *grey.* Hence it is ſo commonly called the *grey-ey'd morning.* And *Romeo* and *Juliet,*
I'll ſay yon grey is not the morning's eye.
Had *Shakeſpeare* meant to *bare* or *open* the eye, that is, to awake, he had inſtanced rather in the lark than raven, as the earlier riſer. Beſides, whether the morning *bared* or *opened* the *raven's* eye was of no advantage to the ſpeaker, but it was of much advantage that it ſhould *bear* it, that is, become light. Yet the *Oxford Editor* judiciouſly alters it to,
May bare its raven eye. THEOB. WARB.
Ibid.] I have received *Hanmer's* emendation. JOHNS.

P. 158. L. 21. *His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings,*
On chalic'd flowers that lies:] *i. e.* the morning ſun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. WARB.

Ibid.] *Hanmer* reads,

Each *chalic'd* flower ſupplies:

To eſcape a falſe concord. But correctneſs muſt not be obtained by ſuch licentious alterations.

It may be noted, that the cup of a flower is called *calix*, whence *chalice*. JOHNS.

P. 159. L. 3. ———*pretty bin*] is very properly reſtored by *Hanmer*, for *pretty is*; but he too grammatically reads,

With all the things *that pretty* bin. JOHNS.

P. 160. L. 10. ——*his goodneſs* fore-ſpent *on us*,] *i. e.* the good offices done by him to us heretofore. WARB.

L. 15. *If ſhe be up*, &c.] It is obſervable, that *Shakeſpeare* makes his fools deal much in that kind of wit called the *double entendre* with only a ſingle meaning; ſince his time transferred to the fine Gentleman of the drama. WARB.*

Ibid.] True is that old proverb,

As the fool thinketh,
The bell clinketh.

for the *meaning* here is ſo *ſingle*, that nobody, but a man of Mr. *Warburton*'s penetration, could find out a *double entendre* CAN.*

P. 161. L. 26. ———*one of your* great knowing
Should learn (being TAUGHT) *forbearance.*]

But ſure, whoever is *taught*, neceſſarily *learns*. *Learning* is not the fit and reaſonable conſequence of being *taught*, but is the thing itſelf. As it is ſuperfluous in the expreſſion, ſo (which is the common condition of nonſenſe) it is deficient in the ſentiment. It is no mark of a *knowing* perſon, that he has *learnt forbearance* ſimply. For forbearance becomes a virtue, or point of civil prudence, only as it reſpects a forbidden object. *Shakeſpeare*, I am perſuaded, wrote,

———*one of your great knowing*
Should learn (being TORT) *forbearance.*

i. e. one of your wiſdom *ſhould learn* (from a ſenſe of your purſuing a forbidden object) *forbearance:* which gives us a good and pertinent meaning in a correct expreſſion. *Tort*, an old *French* word, ſignifying the *being in the wrong*, is much in uſe amongſt our old *Engliſh* writers, which thoſe who have not read them, may collect, from its being found in the *Etymologicon* of the judicious *Skinner*. WARB.

Ibid.] The meaning is, I ſuppoſe, "one of ſo much "knowledge as you pretend to, ſhould learn to leave off "an unſucceſsful ſuit; when you are ſo often deſired to "do ſo?"

But this will not ſatisfy Mr. *Warburton*; he inſiſts, that a man who is taught, has no more need of learning; not remembering, that ſome are ſo heedleſs and forgetful, as to need being taught the ſame things again and again.

As I did not recollect *Tort*, uſed for *being in the wrong*, by any old Engliſh writer, I was obliged to go as Mr. Warburton adviſes to the judicious Skinner, whom I hope he appealed to without conſulting, becauſe he gives him no manner of authority for what he aſſerts.

Tort (ſays he) exp. Extortion, a Fr. G. Tort *injuria*, utr. a Lat. *torquere*.

In this he agrees with the French Dictionaries; who give us *tort*, a ſubſtantive, *injury*, *wrong*, &c. but no ſuch adjective, which the ſenſe here requires.

I hope Mr. Warburton for the future will apply Imogen's advice to this liberty he takes of coining words; and according to his own reading,

"Learn (being TORT) forbearance." CAN.*

Ibid.] *Edwards* has ſufficiently ſported with the emendation. The plain ſenſe is, That a man *who is taught forbearance, ſhould learn it*. JOHNS.

L. 28. *To leave you in your Madneſs, 'twere my ſin;*
I will not.
Imo. *Fools* ARE *not mad folks.*
Clot. *Do you call me fool?*
Imo. *As I am mad, I do:*] But does ſhe really call him fool? The acuteſt critic would be puzzled to

find it out, as the text ſtands. The reaſoning is perplexed by a ſlight corruption; and we muſt reſtore it thus,

Fools CURE *not mad folks.*

You are mad, ſays he, and it would be a crime in me to leave you to yourſelf. Nay, ſays ſhe, why ſhould you ſtay? A fool never cured madneſs. Do you call me fool? replies he, *&c.* All this is eaſy and natural. And that *cure* was certainly the poet's word, I think, is very evident from what *Imogen* immediately ſubjoins:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures *us both.*

i. e. if you'll ceaſe to torture me with with your fooliſh ſolicitations, I'll ceaſe to ſhew towards you any thing like madneſs; ſo a double cure will be effected, of your folly, and my ſuppoſed frenzy. WARB.

P. 162. L. 6. *You put me to forget a lady's manners*
By being ſo verbal.] This reflexion of *Imogen* upon her own ſex, that it ill becomes a lady to be loquacious, might very well be borrowed from what *Ajax* ſays to *Tecmeſſa*, in *Sophocles*;

Γύναι, γυναιξὶ κόσμον ἡ σιγὴ φέρει Ajac. Flagell. v. 295.
Woman, to women ſilence adds a grace. THEOB.*

Ibid.] ——*ſo verbal:*——] Is, ſo *verboſe*, ſo full of talk. JOHNS.

L. 15. *The contract*, &c.] Here *Shakeſpeare* has not preſerved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The ſpeech of *Cloten* is rough and harſh, but certainly not the talk of one,

Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen.

His argument is juſt and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: As for rudeneſs, he ſeems not to be much under-matched. JOHNS.

L. 21. ——*in* SELF-FIGUR'D *knot*;] This is nonſenſe. We ſhould read,

——SELF-FINGER'D *knot*;

i. e. a knot ſolely of their own tying, without any regard to parents, or more public conſiderations. WARB.

Ibid.] But why nonſenſe? A *ſelf-figur'd knot* is a knot formed by yourſelves. JOHNS.

P. 163. L. 8. Sir *T. Hanmer* regulates this line thus;

—all made ſuch men.
Clot. *How now?*
Imo. *Piſanio!* JOHNS.

L. 14. ——*a jewel, that* too caſually
Hath left my arm——] *i. e.* too many chances of loſing it have ariſen from my careleſneſs. WARB.

L. 15. ————*'Shrew me,*
If, &c.] *i. e.* may I fall under an evil tongue, if, &c. WARB.*

L. 19. *I hope, it be not gone, to tell my Lord*
That I kiſs aught but him.] This is fine. It was gone on that errand. And we are to conſider this paſſage as alluding to thoſe ominous ſpeeches concerning which the ancients were ſo ſuperſtitious. See another inſtance of this kind in the foregoing play, Act I. Scene ii. WARB.*

P. 164. L. 19. *E'er look*——] vulg. *Or look.* THEOB.*

L. 23. *The legions,*——] vulg. *legion.* THEOB.*

P. 165. L. 2. ——*mingled with their courages,*—] The old folio has this odd reading:

————*Their diſcipline,*
(Now wing-led *with their courages) will make known.*
JOHNS.

L. 3. *To their* approvers, ——] *i. e.* to thoſe who try them. JOHNS.

P. 167. L. 2. *And* Cydnus *ſwell'd above the banks,* or for
The preſs of boats, or pride.] This is an agreeable ridicule on poetical exaggeration, which gives human paſſions to inanimate things; and particularly, upon what he himſelf writes in the foregoing play on this very ſubject.

————*And made*
The water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes.

But the ſatire is not only agreeably turned, but very artfully employed; as it is a plain indication, that the ſpeaker is ſecretly mocking the credulity of his hearer, while he is endeavouring to perſuade him of his wife's falſhood. The very ſame kind of ſatire we have again, on much the ſame occaſion, in *The two Gentlemen of* Verona, where the falſe *Proteus* ſays to his friend of his friend's miſtreſs,

—and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,
Which unrevers'd ſtands in effectual force,
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears.

A certain gaiety of heart, which the ſpeaker ſtrives to conceal breaking out under a ſatire, by which he would inſinuate to his friend the trifling worth of women's tears. WARB.

Ibid.] It is eaſy to ſit down, and give our author meanings which he never had. *Shakeſpeare* has no great right to cenſure poetical exaggeration, of which no poet is more frequently guilty. That he intended to ridicule his own lines is very uncertain, when there are no means of knowing which of the two plays was written firſt. The commentator has contented himſelf to ſuppoſe, that the foregoing play in his book was the play of earlier compoſition. Nor is the reaſoning better than the aſſertion. If the language of *Iachimo* be ſuch as ſhews him to be mocking the credibility of his hearer, his language is very improper, when his buſineſs was to deceive. But the truth is, that his language is ſuch as a ſkilful villain would naturally uſe, a mixture of airy triumph and ſerious diſpoſition. His gaiety ſhews his ſerioufneſs to be without anxiety, and his ſerioufneſs proves his gaiety to be without art. JOHNS.

L. 18. *So likely to report themſelves*;] So near to ſpeech. The *Italians* call a portrait, when the likeneſs is remarkable, a *ſpeaking picture*. JOHNS.

L. 19. WAS *as another nature* DUMB;—] This nonſenſe ſhould without queſtion be read and pointed thus,

HAS *as another nature* DONE; *out-went her,*
Motion and breath left out.

i. e. has worked as exquiſitely, nay, has exceeded her, if you put motion and breath out of the queſtion. WARB.

Ibid.] This emendation I think needleſs. The meaning is this, The *Sculptor* was as *nature*, but as *nature dumb*; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *ſpeech*. JOHNS.

L. 30. ———This is *her honour:*
Let it be granted you have ſeen all this, &c.] *Iachimo* impudently pretends to have carried his point; and, in confirmation, is very minute in deſcribing to the huſband all the furniture and adornments of his wife's bedchamber.

But how is fine furniture any ways a Princeſs's honour? It is an *apparatus* ſuitable to her dignity, but certainly makes no part of her character. It might have been called her father's honour, that her allotments were proportioned to her rank and quality. I am perſuaded, the poet intended *Poſthumus* ſhould ſay; "This particular deſcription, which "you make, can't convince me that I have loſt my wager: "Your memory is good; and ſome of theſe things you may "have learned from a third hand, or ſeen yourſelf; yet I "expect proofs more direct and authentick." I think there is little queſtion but we ought to reſtore the place as I have done.

——What's this t'*her honour?* THEOB.

Ibid.] This emendation has been followed by both the ſucceeding editors, but I think it muſt be rejected. The expreſſion is ironical. *Iachimo* relates many particulars, to which *Poſthumus* anſwers with impatience,

——*This is her honour.*

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to paſs for the corruption of her honour. JOHNS.

P. 168. L. 3. ——*if you can*
Be pale,——] If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage. JOHNS.

L. 22. ——*The vows of women*, &c.] The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue. JOHNS.

P. 169. L. 5. ——— *I'm ſure*
She could not loſe it; her attendants are
All honourable; they induc'd to ſteal it!
And, by a ſtranger!—no,—] The abſurd concluſions of jealouſy are here admirably painted and expoſed. *Poſthumus*, on the credit of a bracelet, and an oath of the party concerned, judges againſt all appearances from the intimate knowledge of his wife's honour, that ſhe was falſe to his bed; and grounds that judgment, at laſt, upon much leſs appearances of the honour of her attendants. Now common ſenſe, from his belief of the honour of his wife's attendants, ſhould either have made him conclude in favour of hers; or if he rejected the much ſtronger appearances of honour in her, he

ſhould, at the ſame time, have rejected thoſe much weaker in her attendants. But *Shakeſpeare* knew at what diſtance *reaſon* and *love* are wont to be, and has, therefore, made them keep their diſtance here. WARB.

L. 9. *The cognizance*———] The badge; the token; the viſible proof. JOHNS.

L. 20. *Worthy the preſſing*,——] Thus the modern editions. The old folio reads,

Worthy her *preſſing*,——— JOHNS.

P. 170. L. 29. *Like a full-acorn'd boar*, a churning *on*,] This is Mr. *Pope*'s reading, without any authority. *A* Jermen one, *in the firſt editions*, ſays he, *ſince alter'd to a* German one. ——And why not, pray? Is not *Weſtphalia* a part of *Germany*? And where are boars more delicately fed, or more likely to be rank and hot after the female, than *German* ones? THEOB.

P. 171. L. 22. ———Caſſibelan, *thine uncle*,

\- - - - - - - - - - - - - -

\- - - - - - - *for him*,

And his ſucceſſion granted Rome *a tribute*,

Yearly three thouſand pounds; *which by* thee *lately*

Is left untender'd.] The Poet muſt mean, *thy* great *uncle*, or uncle once removed: for *Cymbeline* was the ſon of *Tenantius*, who was the ſon of *Lud*: and *Lud* and *Caſſibelan* were brothers. But our Author frequently has made bold with his hiſtory. The paſſage before us furniſhes us with more than one inſtance. It was in the twentieth year of *Tenantius*'s reign, that *Auguſtus Cæſar* had a deſign, for the ſecond time, of invading us; and ambaſſadors came to him at *Arminium* from *Britainne* to ſollicit a peace. So that it was *Tenantius* more probably, who had with-held the payment of the tribute granted by *Caſſibelan*. *Cymbeline*, on the other hand, 'tis ſaid, was was ſent over while young to *Rome*, received his education there, was careſſed by *Auguſtus*, and called the *Friend* of the *Roman* people. Beſides, that *Cymbeline* acquieſced to this tribute, (as we have no vouchers to the contrary in hiſtory) may be gathered from the old coin with his

head on one ſide, and CUNOBELIN inſcribed round it; and TASCHIA, on the reverſe, i. e. an *impoſt*, or *tribute*. For *taſcu*, in the old *Britiſh*, means to *lay any burthen*. So *teſka*, among the *Sarmatians* and old *Celts*, ſignified an *impoſition* or *grievance*; and from the old *Taſcia* we derive our words uſed at this day, *tax* and *taſk*.———But I ſhall have occaſion in the ſequel of this ſcene, to inquire into the preciſe time, when our Poet ſuppoſes this war on *Britaine*: and from thence we ſhall eaſily glean his treſpaſs on chronology. THEOB.*

P. 172. L. 8. ———————Britaine *is*
A world by itſelf.] In like manner, almoſt has *Virgil* ſpoken of our *Britaine*;

Et penitùs toto diviſos orbe *Britannos.* Ecl. I.

And *Lucius Florus*, I obſerve, where he is mentioning what conqueſts are reſerved for *Julius Cæſar*, ſeems purpoſely to have copied this deſcription of the above quoted poet; *Et quamvis* toto orbe diviſa, *qui vinceret, habuit* Britannia. *Lib.* 3. *cap.* 10. THEOB.*

L. 16. *With rocks unſcalable,*———] This reading is *Hanmer*'s. The old editions have,

With oaks *unſcalable,*——— JOHNS.

L. 23. Poor *ignorant* baubles,] *Ignorant*, for of no uſe. WARB.

Ibid.] Rather *unacquainted* with the nature of our boiſterous ſeas. JOHNS.

L. 26. *The fam'd* Caſſibelan, *who was once at point*
(Oh, giglet Fortune!) to maſter Cæſar's *ſword.*]
The Poet is here alluding to a private matter of fact, tho' he takes the liberty to put a change on the parties concern'd in it. The *Britiſh* hiſtory (as *Holingſhead* lets us know) has recorded, that *Nenius*, the brother of *Caſſibelan*, in one engagement fought hand to hand againſt *Cæſar*; who driving a furious blow at him, fixed the blade of his ſword in *Nenius*'s ſhield: by which, *Cæſar* was in very imminent danger: but he happily diſengaged his weapon, and acquitted himſelf ſo manfully, that *Nenius* died within fifteen days of the wounds received in that encounter. THEOB.*

P. 173. L. 14. ———*againſt all colour,*——] Without any pretence of right. JOHNS.

L. 18. *Our anceſtor was that* Mulmutius, *who*
Ordain'd our laws, &c.] *Mulmutius Dunwallo*, (or *Dunvallo Molmutius*, as he is otherwiſe called) obtained the dominion of *Britaine* about 436 years before the birth of *Chriſt*, and 414 before the beginning of *Cymbeline*'s reign. He is ſaid to have held his government forty years; and built the temple of *Peace*, where he was afterwards buried, in *London*, (then *Troynovant*) ſo often quoted by *Britiſh* chronologers. He compiled a ſet of wholeſome laws, that took their general name from him; which were ſaid to have been turned out of the *Britiſh* ſpeech into *Latin* by *Gildas*; (who was born A. D. 493) and, long after, out of *Latin* into the *Saxon* idiom by king *Alfred*. He made himſelf of ſuch reverence and authority, that, by the conſent of the grandees of the land, he obtained a crown of gold; and cauſed himſelf with great ſolemnity to be crowned, according to the cuſtom of the *Pagan* laws then in uſe. And becauſe he was the firſt, who wore a regal crown here, he is by ſome writers named the firſt king of *Britaine*: all before him being ſtiled only rulers, dukes, or governors, ſaith HOLINGSHEAD. THEOB.*

P. 174. L. 7. —*keep at* utterance.——] *i. e.* at extreme diſtance. WARB.

Ibid.] More properly, in a ſtate of hoſtile defiance, and deadly oppoſition. JOHNS.

Ibid.] ——*I am perfect*,] I am well informed. JOHNS.

L. 25. ——*what falſe* Italian,
As pois'nous-tongu'd as handed,] About *Shakeſpeare*'s time, the practice of poiſoning was very common in *Italy*, and the ſuſpicion of *Italian* poiſons yet more common. JOHNS.

L. 30. ——*take in ſome virtue.*——] To *take in* a town, is to *conquer* it. JOHNS.

P. 175. L. 18. *Oh, learn'd, indeed, were that aſtrologer*, &c.] This was a very natural thought. She muſt needs be ſuppoſed, in her circumſtances, to be extremely ſolicitous about the *future*; and deſirous of coming to it by the aſſiſtance of that ſuperſtition. WARB.

L. 25. *For it doth phyſick love*; —] That is, grief for abſence, *keeps love* in health and vigour. JOHNS.

L. 26. ——————*Bleſt be*
You bees, that make theſe locks of counſel! Lovers,
And men in dang'rous bonds, pray not alike.
Though forfeitures you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſp young Cupid's *tables.*] Here ſeems to be ſome corruption. Opening the letter ſhe gives a benediction to the bees, with whoſe wax it was ſealed, then makes a reflection, the bees have no ſuch grateful remembrance from men who have ſealed bonds which put their liberty in danger, and are ſent to priſon if they forfeit; but wax is not made terrible to lovers, by its effect on debtors. I read therefore,

Though forfeitures them *caſt in priſon, yet*
We *claſp young* Cupid's *tables.*

You and *ym.* are, in the old angular hand, much alike.
JOHNS.

Ibid.] For *forfeitures* read *forfeitours*, with the folio edition, which will preclude Mr. Johnſon's long note and conjecture. OBS. & CONJ.*

P. 176. L. 8. *loyal to his vow, and your increaſing in love*;] I read, *Loyal to his vow and* you ; *increaſing in love.* JOHNS.

P. 177. L. 6. *That* run i' th' clock's behalf.——] This fantaſtical expreſſion means no more than ſand in an hour-glaſs, uſed to meaſure time. WARB.

L. 10. *A* Franklin's *houſewife.*] A *Franklin* is literally a *freeholder*, with a ſmall eſtate, neither *villain* nor *vaſſal.* JOHNS.

L. 12. *I ſee before me, man, nor here, nor here,*
Nor what enſues ; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look thro'.——] Where is the ſubſtantive, to which this relative plural, *them*, can poſſibly have any reference? There is none ; and the ſenſe, as well as grammar, is defective. I have ventured to reſtore, againſt the authority of the printed copies,

——————*but have a fog in* ken,
That I cannot look thro' ——————

Imogen would ſay, "Don't talk of conſidering, man ; I neither ſee preſent events nor conſequences ; but am in a

" miſt of fortune, and reſolv'd to proceed on the project de-
" termin'd." *In ken*, means, in proſpect, within ſight, before my eyes. THEOB.

Ibid.] *Shakeſpeare* ſays ſhe can ſee before her, yet on which ſide ſoever ſhe looks, there is a fog which ſhe cannot ſee thro'. This nonſenſe is occaſioned by the corrupt reading of, BUT *have a fog*, for, THAT *have a fog*; and then all is plain. I ſee before me, (ſays ſhe) for there is no fog on any ſide of me which I cannot ſee thro'. Mr. *Theobald* objects to *a fog in them*, and aſks for *the ſubſtantive to which the relative plural* [THEM] *relates*. The ſubſtantive is *places*, implied in the words *here*, *there*, and *what enſues*: for not to know that *Shakeſpeare* perpetually takes theſe liberties of grammar, is knowing nothing of his author. So there is no need for his ſtrange ſtuff of *a Fog in Ken*. WARB.

Ibid.] This paſſage may, in my opinion, be very eaſily underſtood, without any emendation. The lady ſays, *I can ſee neither one way nor other, before nor behind me, but all the ways are covered with an impenetrable fog.* There are objections inſuperable to all that I can propoſe, and ſince reaſon can give me no counſel, I will reſolve at once to follow my inclination. JOHNS.

L. 17. *A goodly day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch*
Whoſe roof's as low as ours: ——] The paſſage above was a *liberty of grammar*; but this is a *liberty with grammar*. The meaning is, it is not for ſuch as us, who live in a cottage, to keep within doors on ſo fine a day. WARB.*

L. 22. —— *their impious Turbants on,*] The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almoſt all the readers of thoſe times, always confounded with that of a *Saracen*. JOHNS.

P. 178. L. 5. *This ſervice is not ſervice*, &c.] In war it is not ſufficient to do duty well; the advantage riſes not from the act, but the acceptance of the act. JOHNS.

L. 6. ——*To apprehend thus,*
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:] The obſerving Nature in this view, gave birth to a very fine book

of one of the *wiſeſt* men of this age; which was unjuſtly ridiculed by one of the *wittieſt*. WARB.*

L. 12. ———*than doing nothing for a* bauble;] *i. e.* vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at court. But the *Oxford Editor* reads, *for a bribe*. WARB.

Ibid.] The *Oxford Editor* knew the reaſon of his alteration, though his cenſurer knew it not. The old edition (and CAPELL's) reads,

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe.

Of *babe*, ſome corrector made *bauble*; and *Hanmer* thought himſelf equally authoriſed to make *bribe*. I think *babe* cannot be right. JOHNS.

L. 24. *To ſtride a limit.*] To overpaſs his bound. JOHNS.

L. 25. *What ſhould we ſpeak of,*] This dread of an old age, unſupplied with matter for diſcourſe and meditation, is a ſentiment natural and noble. No ſtate can be more deſtitute than that of him who, when the delights of ſenſe forſake him, has no pleaſures of the mind. JOHNS.

P. 180. L. 12. *I' th' Cave*, &c.] Mr. *Pope* reads,

Here *in the Cave*, wherein *their thoughts do hit*
The roof of Palaces;———

but the ſentence breaks off imperfectly. The old editions read,

I' th'Cave, whereon the Bow *their thoughts do hit*, &c.

Mr. *Rowe* ſaw this likewiſe was faulty; and therefore amended it thus:

I' th' Cave, where, on *the Bow*, *their thoughts do hit*, &c.

I think, it ſhould be, only with the alteration of one letter, and the addition of another;

I' th'Cave, there, *on the* Brow,

And ſo the grammar and ſyntax of the ſentence is compleat. We call the *arching* of a *cavern*, or *overhanging* of a *hill*, metaphorically, the *Brow*. THEOB.

Ibid.] The old editions read, *I' th' Cave* WHEREON THE BOW; which, though very corrupt, will direct us to the true reading, which, when rightly pointed, is thus,

——*tho' trained up thus meanly.*
I' th' Cave WHEREIN THEY BOW——

i. e. thus meanly brought up. Yet in this very Cave, which is ſo low that they muſt bow or bend in entering it, yet are their thoughts ſo exalted, &c. This is the antitheſis. *Belarius* had ſpoken before of the lowneſs of this cave.

A goodly day! not to keep houſe with ſuch
Whoſe roof's as low *as ours: ſee, boys! this gate*
Inſtructs you how t'adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. WARB. & REVIS.*

Ibid.] *Hanmer* reads,

I' th' Cave, here in this brow.

I think the reading is this,

I' th' Cave, *where* in *the Bow*, &c.

That is, they are trained up in the *cave*, *where their thoughts* in hitting the *bow*, or arch of their habitation, hit *the roofs of palaces*. In other words, though their condition is low, their thoughts are high. The ſentence is at laſt, as *Theobald* remarks, abrupt, but perhaps not leſs ſuitable to *Shakeſpeare*. I know not whether Dr. *Warburton*'s conjecture be not better than mine. JOHNS.

L. 30. —— *I ſtole theſe babes*;] *Shakeſpeare* ſeems to intend *Belarius* for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs.

The latter part of this ſoliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reaſons why *Belarius* ſhould now tell to himſelf what he could not know better by telling it. JOHNS.

P. 181. L. 20. —*drug-damn'd*—] This is another alluſion to *Italian* poiſons. JOHNS.

P. 182. L. 15. ——*ſtates*,] Perſons of higheſt rank. JOHNS.

L. 27. ——————*Some Jay of* Italy
(Whoſe mother *was her* painting) *hath betray'd him.*] This paſſage has ſtrongly lain under my ſuſpicion, though I have not ventur'd to give it an emendation. If the text be genuine as it ſtands, it ſeems to me to

have this ſenſe, *whoſe mother was a bird of the ſame feather*; i. e. ſuch another gay ſtrumpet: which is ſevere enough. I have imagined, the Poet might have wrote;

(Whoſe mother *was her* planting)

i. e. was *bawd* to her, and *planted* her on *Poſthumus*: which is ſtill more ſarcaſtical. Again, Mr. *Rowe* gives us a reading, which I ſhould very eagerly eſpouſe, were I ſure the word was ſtandard, and that it were not coined by the caſual inverſion of an *M.* into a *W*:

(Whoſe *wother* was her *painting)*

i. e. whoſe chief beauty was her artificial face, her falſe complexion. For Mr. *Gildon*, in his ſhort gloſſary prefixed to *Shakeſpeare*'s poems, comes and boldly tells us, *wother* ſignifies *merit*, *beauty*, &c. But I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, he ſtruck out theſe interpretations to ſort with the ſenſe of the reading he found in Mr. *Rowe*; and truſted implicitly to his theme being genuine. But I have ſearched in vain, and can find no ſuch word as *wother*. THEOB.*.

Ibid.] ——*Some* Jay *of* Italy,] There is a prettineſs in this expreſſion, *Putta*, in *Italian*, ſignifying both a *Jay* and a *Whore*. I ſuppoſe from the gay feathers of that bird. WARB.

L. 28. *Whoſe* MOTHER *was her painting*,——] This puzzles Mr. *Theobald* much: he thinks it may ſignify *whoſe mother was a bird of the ſame feather*; or that it ſhould be read, *whoſe mother was her planting*. What all this means I know not. In Mr. *Rowe*'s edition the *M* in mother happening to be reverſed at the preſs, it came out *Wother*. And what was very ridiculous, *Gildon* employed himſelf (properly enough indeed) in finding a meaning for it. In ſhort, the true word is MEETHER, a north-country word, ſignifying *beauty*. So that the ſenſe of, *her meether was her painting*, is, that ſhe had only an appearance of beauty, for which ſhe was beholden to her paint. WARB.

Ibid.] The word *meether* I never read nor heard. The preſent reading, I think, may ſtand; *ſome jay of* Italy, made by art the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this ſenſe *painting* may be not improperly termed her *mother*. JOHNS.

Ibid.] CAPELL reads,

Whoſe *feather* was her *painting*.

P. 183. L. 8. ———*So thou*, Poſthumus,

Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;] When *Poſthumus* thought his wife falſe, he unjuſtly ſcandalized the whole ſex. His wife here, under the ſame impreſſions of his infidelity, attended with more provoking circumſtances, acquits his ſex, and lays the fault where it was due. The poet paints from nature. This is life and manners. The man thinks it a diſhonour to the ſuperiority of his underſtanding to be jilted, and therefore flatters his vanity into a conceit that the diſgrace was inevitable from the general infidelity of the ſex. The woman, on the contrary, not imagining her credit to be at all affected in the matter, never ſeeks out for ſo extravagant a conſolation; but at once eaſes her *malice* and her *grief*, by laying the crime and damage at the door of ſome obnoxious coquet. WARB.

Will lay the leven.] i. e. will infect and corrupt their good names, like ſour dough that leaveneth the whole maſs, and will render them ſuſpected. UPTON.*

Ibid.] *Hanmer* reads,

——*lay the* level———

without any neceſſity. JOHNS.

L. 28. *Something's afore't*—] The old copy reads, *Something's* afoot. JOHNS.

P. 184. L. 13. *Whom thou now tir'ſt on*,——] A hawk is ſaid to *tire* upon that which he pecks; from *tirer*, French. JOHNS.

L. 22. *I'll wake mine eye-balls firſt.*

Imo. *Wherefore then.*] This is the old reading. The modern editions for *wake* read *break*, and ſupply the deficient ſyllable by *ah*, wherefore, I read,

I'll wake mine eye-balls out *firſt*,

or, *blind* firſt. JOHNS. & CAPELL.

L. 30. *To be unbent*,—] To have thy bow unbent, alluding to a hunter. JOHNS.

P. 186. L. 13. —*Now, if you could wear a* MIND

Dark as your fortune is,——] What had

the *darkneſs* of her *mind* to do with the concealment of perſon, which is here adviſed? On the contrary, her *mind* was to continue unchanged, in order to ſupport her change of fortune. *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

Now, if you could wear a MIEN.

Or according to the *French* orthography, from whence I preſume aroſe the corruption;

Now, if you could wear a MINE. WARB.

Ibid.] I believe that, when this paſſage is conſidered, there will be found no need of emendation. To wear a dark mind, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the ſearch of others. *Darkneſs* applied to the *mind* is *ſecrecy*, applied to the *fortune* is *obſcurity*. The next lines are obſcure. *You muſt*, ſays *Piſanion*, *diſguiſe that* greatneſs, *which*, *to appear* hereafter *in its proper form*, cannot yet appear without great *danger to itſelf*. JOHNS.

L. 17. ——*and full of view*;——] *i. e.* likely to prove ſucceſsful. WARB.*

Ibid.] —*full of view*;—] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes. JOHNS.

L. 23. *Though peril to my modeſty*,——] I read,

Through *peril*——

I would for ſuch means adventure through *peril of my modeſty*; I would riſque every thing but real diſhonour. JOHNS.

L. 31. ——*nay, you muſt*
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek;
Expoſing it (but oh the harder Heart,
Alack, no remedy)——]. Who does this *harder heart* relate to? *Poſthumus* is not here talked of; beſides, he knew nothing of her being thus expoſed to the inclemencies of weather; he had enjoined a courſe, which would have ſecured her from thoſe incidental hardſhips. I think, common ſenſe obliges us to read,

But, oh, the harder Hap!

i. e. the more cruel your fortune, that you muſt be obliged to ſuch ſhifts. WARB.

Ibid.] I think it very natural to reflect in this diſtreſs on the cruelty of *Poſthumus*. JOHNS.

P. 187. L. 16. ——*which you'll make him know,*] This is *Hanmer*'s reading. The common books have it,

——*which* will *make him know.*

Mr. *Theobald*, in one of his long notes, endeavours to prove, that it ſhould be,

——*which will make him* ſo.

He is followed by Dr. *Warburton.* JOHNS.

L. 20. ——*Your means abroad?*

You have me, rich; ——] *i. e.* you may depend upon my ſupplying you to the utmoſt of my power. WARB.*

L. 24. ——*we'll even*

All that good time will give us.——] We'll make our work *even* with our *time*; we'll do what time will allow. JOHNS.

L. 25. ——*This attempt*

I'm ſoldier to,—— *i. e.* I have inliſted and bound myſelf to it. WARB.

P. 191. L. 2. *And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite*

Than lady Ladies WOMAN; *from each one*

The beſt ſhe hath,——] The ſecond line is intolerable nonſenſe. It ſhould be read and pointed thus,

Than lady Ladies; WINNING *from each one*——

The ſenſe of the whole is this, I love her becauſe ſhe has, in a more exquiſite degree, all thoſe courtly parts that ennoble [*lady*] women of quality [*ladies,*] *winning* from each of them the beſt of their good qualities, *&c. Lady* is a plural verb, and *Ladies* a noun governed of it; a quaint expreſſion in *Shakeſpeare*'s way, and ſuiting the folly of the character. WARB.

Ibid.] I cannot perceive the ſecond line to be intolerable, or to be nonſenſe. The ſpeaker only riſes in his ideas. *She has all courtly parts*, ſays he, *more exquiſite than* any *lady*, than all *ladies*, than all *womankind.* Is this nonſenſe? JOHNS.

P. 192. L. 10. *Or this, or periſh*—] Theſe words, I think, belong to *Cloten*, who, requiring the paper, ſays,

Let', ſee't; I will purſue her

Even to Auguſtus' *throne. Or this, or periſh.*

Then *Piſanio* giving the paper, ſays to himſelf,

She's far enough, &c. JOHNS.

P. 194. L. 21. *Is ſorer,*——] Is a *greater*, or *heavier* crime. JOHNS.

P. 195. L. 3. *If any thing that's* civil,——] *Civil*, for human creature. WARB.

If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,

Take OR LEND.——] She is in doubt, whether this cave be the habitation of a man or beaſt. If it be the former, ſhe bids him *ſpeak*; if the latter, that is, the den of a ſavage beaſt, what then? *Take or lend*—— We ſhould read,

Take 'OR'T END.————

i. e. take my life ere famine end it. *Or* was commonly uſed for *ere*; this agrees to all that went before. But the *Oxford Editor* cuts the knot;

Take, or yield food

ſays he. As if it was poſſible ſo plain a ſentence ſhould ever have been blundered into *Take or lend.* WARB.

Ibid.] I ſuppoſe the emendation propoſed will not eaſily be received; it is ſtrained and obſcure, and the objection againſt *Hanmer*'s reading is likewiſe very ſtrong. I queſtion whether, after the words, *if ſavage*, a line be not loſt, I can offer nothing better than to read,

————*Ho! who's here?*
If any thing that's civil, take or lend,
If ſavage, ſpeak.

If you are *civiliſed* and *peaceable*, *take* a price for what I want, or *lend* it for a future recompence; if you are *rough inhoſpitable* inhabitants of the mountain, *ſpeak*, that I may know my ſtate. JOHNS.

P. 196. L. 30. *I'd bid for you, as I'd buy.*] This is *Hanmer*'s reading. The other copies,

I bid for you, as I do buy. JOHNS.

P. 197. L. 4. Imo. ————'*Mongſt friends?*
If brothers, would it have been ſo, that they
Had been my father's ſons.] I cannot think this the Poet's pointing, and therefore have ventured to reform it. *Arviragus* had ſaid, he would love *Imogen* as a

brother, gives her a welcome as ſuch, and tells her, ſhe is fallen among friends.——Among friends, indeed, replies ſhe very naturally, if I am to ſtand in the rank of a brother. Then ſtriking into a private reflection on having loſt her own brothers, ſhe wiſhes, theſe two kind youths were but her father's ſons. This ſenſe is plainly confirmed by what ſhe ſays in the laſt ſcene of this play, where they are diſcovered to be really her brothers.

——You call'd me *brother*,
When I was but your ſiſter; I, you *brothers*;
When ye were ſo, indeed. THEOB.*

L. 6. ——*then had my prize*
Been leſs, and ſo more equal ballaſting] *Hanmer* and *Capell* read plauſibly, but without neceſſity, *price*, for *prize*, and *balancing* for *ballaſting*. He is followed by Dr. *Warburton*. The meaning is, Had I been a leſs prize, I ſhould not have been too heavy for *Poſthumus*. JOHNS.

L. 18. *That nothing-gift of* differing *multitudes*,] The poet muſt mean, that court, that obſequious adoration, which the ſhifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am perſuaded therefore, our poet coined this participle from the *French* verb, and wrote,

That nothing-gift of defering *multitudes*,

i. e. obſequious, paying deference.——Deferer, *Ceder par reſpect a quelcun, obeir, condeſcendre*, &c. Deferent, *civil, reſpectueux*, &c. RICHELET. THEOB.

Ibid.] He is followed by Sir *T. Hanmer* and Dr. *Warburton*; but I do not ſee why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expreſſion equivalent to the *many-headed* rabble. JOHNS.

P. 198. L. 8. ——*and to you, the tribunes*,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His abſolute commiſſion.——] Commands *his commiſſion* is ſuch a phraſe as *Shakeſpeare* would hardly have uſed. I have ventured to ſubſtitute;

——*he* commends
His abſolute commiſſion.——

i. e. he recommends the care of making this levy to you; and gives you an abſolute commiſſion for ſo doing. WARB.

Ibid.] The plain meaning is, he *commands* the commiſſion to be given to you. So we ſay, I *ordered* the materials to the workmen. JOHNS.

L. 19. Tri. *We will diſcharge our duty.*] Here the third act ends in the old copies; and Mr. *Rowe* has followed that diviſion. Mr. *Pope* has not only thought fit to degrade the preceding ſhort ſcene; but alſo to tranſpoſe hither a ſcene (lying in *Cymbeline*'s palace) towards the concluſion of the *fourth* act, and with that finiſhes the *third*. This is done, without any authority from the copies; tacitly, and without any reaſon aſſigned for it: and, indeed, without any thing in the diſpoſition of the ſcenery requiring it. If the bringing the acts to a more regular equality was the ground of this change, that's a point we are not to tie our poet up to. As the liberty taken, therefore, is both needleſs and arbitrary, I have choſen to follow the order of more authentick copies. Had Mr. *Pope* ſpared us a critical note, to juſtify his conduct in this tranſpoſition, I might, perhaps, have ſubmitted to the ſagacity and weight of it. THEOB.*

P. 199. L. 10. *ill-perſeverant*] *Hanmer.* The former editions have *imperſeverant.* JOHNS.

L. 13. *before* THY *face,*] *Poſthumus* was to have his head ſtruck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face; we ſhould read,——HER *face*, i. e. *Imogen*'s, done to deſpite her, who had ſaid, ſhe eſteemed *Poſthumus*'s garment above the perſon of *Cloten.* WARB.

P. 200. L. 5. *Stick to your journal courſe; the breach of cuſtom*
Is breach of all ——] Keep your *daily* courſe uninterrupted; if the ſtated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confuſion. JOHNS.

L. 13. *How much the quantity,*——] I read,
As *much the quantity,*—— JOHNS.

L. 24, 25. beginning, *Cowards*, and ending, *grace*, are rejected by HANMER.*

P. 201. L. 4, 5, 6. rejected by HANMER.*

L. 9. *I could not ſtir him.*] Not *move* him to tell his ſtory. JOHNS.

L. 10. ——*gentle, but unfortunate*;] *Gentle*, is *well-born*, of birth above the vulgar. JOHNS.

L. 30. ——————*as if the ſigh*
Was, &c. to the end of the ſpeech, rejected by HANMER.*

P. 202. L. 5. *Mingle their ſpurs together.*] *Spurs*, an old word for the fibres of a tree. POPE.

L. 7. ——*ſtinking Elder*,——] *Shakeſpeare* had only ſeen *Engliſh vines*, which grow againſt walls, and therefore may be ſometimes entangled with the *Elder*. Perhaps we ſhould read *untwine from the vine*. JOHNS.

P. 204. L. 7. ——,*the ſnatches in his voice*,
And burſt of ſpeaking,——] This is one of our author's ſtrokes of obſervation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confuſed and cloudy underſtanding. JOHNS.

L. 13. In the old editions,
Being ſcarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors; *for* defect *of judgment*
Is oft the cauſe of fear.——] If I underſtand this paſſage, it is mock reaſoning as it ſtands, and the text muſt have been ſlightly corrupted. *Belarius* is giving a deſcription of what *Cloten* formerly was; and in anſwer to what *Arviragus* ſays of *his being ſo fell*. "Ay, ſays *Belarius*, he "was ſo fell, and being ſcarce then at man's eſtate, he had "no apprehenſion of roaring terrors, i. e. of any thing that "could check him with fears." But then, how does the inference come in, built upon this? *For* defect *of* judgment *is oft the cauſe of fear*. I think, the poet meant to have ſaid the mere contrary. *Cloten* was defective in judgment, and therefore did not fear. Apprehenſions of fear grow from a judgment in weighing dangers. And a very eaſy change, from the traces of the letters, gives us this ſenſe, and reconciles the reaſoning of the whole paſſage.
for th'effect *of judgment*
Is oft the cauſe of fear. THEOB.

Ibid.] *Hanmer* reads, with equal juſtneſs of ſentiment,
——*for defect of judgment*
Is oft the cure *of fear.*——
But, I think, the play of *effect* and *cauſe* more reſembling the manner of our author. JOHNS.

L. 23. *I'm perfect, what*; ———] I am *well informed*, what. So in this play,

I'm perfect, *the* Pannonians *are in arms.* JOHNS.

L. 26. —*take us in*;] To *take in*, was the phraſe in uſe for to *apprehend* an out-law, or, to make him amenable to public juſtice. JOHNS.

P. 205. L. 11. ———*Though his* honour

Was nothing but mutation, &c.] What has his *honour* to do here, in his being changeable in this ſort? in his acting as a madman, or not? I have ventured to ſubſtitute *humour*, againſt the authority of the printed copies: and the meaning ſeems plainly this. "Though he "was always fickle to the laſt degree, and governed by *hu*- "*mour*, not ſound ſenſe; yet not madneſs itſelf could make "him ſo hardy to attempt an enterpriſe of this nature alone, "and unſeconded." THEOB.

Ibid.] ———*Though his honour*

Was nothing but mutation,—] Mr. *Theobald*, as uſual, not underſtanding this, turns *honour* to *humour*. But the text is right, and means, that the only notion he had of honour, was the faſhion, which was perpetually changing. A fine ſtroke of ſatire, well expreſſed: yet the *Oxford Editor* follows Mr. *Theobald*. WARB.

L. 30. *Did make my way long forth.*] *Fidele*'s ſickneſs made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious*. JOHNS.

P. 206. L. 11. ———*revenges*

That poſſible ſtrength might meet] Such purſuit of vengeance as fell within any poſſibility of oppoſition. JOHNS.

L. 22. *I'd let a* PARISH *of ſuch* Clotens *blood*,] This nonſenſe ſhould be corrected thus,

I'd let a MARISH *of ſuch* Clotens *blood*,

i. e. a marſh or lake. So *Smith*, in his account of *Virginia*, *Tea* Venice, *at this time the admiration of the earth, was at firſt but a* mariſh, *inhabited by poor fiſhermen*. In the firſt book of *Maccabees*, chap. ix. ver. 42. the Tranſlators uſe the word in the ſame ſenſe. WARB.

Ibid.] The learned commentator has dealt the reproach of nonſenſe very liberally through this play. Why this is non-

ſenſe, I cannot diſcover. I would, ſays the young Prince, to recover *Fidele*, kill as many *Clotens* as would fill a *pariſh*.
JOHNS.

L. 32. *That an* inviſible *inſtinct*——] But where is the wonder that an *inviſible inſtinct* ſhould do this, any more than an *inviſible reaſon?* It appears then that the poet uſes *inviſible* for blind. And by *blind inſtinct* he means a kind of plaſtic nature, acting as an inſtrument under the Creator, without intention, and then there is no cauſe of wonder, that *blind inſtinct* ſhould do as much as *ſharp-ſighted reaſon*. One not well acquainted with *Shakeſpeare*'s manner, in the licentiouſneſs of his language and the profoundneſs of his ſenſe, would be apt to think he wrote *invincible*, *i. e.* that bore down all before it. But the poet here transfers the term belonging to the *object* upon the *ſubject:* unleſs we will rather ſuppoſe it was his intention to give *inviſible*, (which has a *paſſive*) an *active* ſignification; and then it will mean the ſame as *not ſeeing*. WARB.*

P. 207. L. 20. *Triumphs*, &c. to the end of the ſcene, rejected by —— —— HANMER.*

P. 208. L. 7. *Oh, melancholy!*
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh care
Might eas'lieſt harbour in?—] But as plauſible as this at firſt ſight may ſeem, all thoſe, who know any thing of good writing, will agree, that our author muſt have wrote,

——*to ſhow what coaſt thy ſluggiſh* carrack
Might eas'lieſt harbour in?——

Carrack is a ſlow, heavy built veſſel of burden. This reſtores the uniformity of the metaphor, compleats the ſenſe, and is a word of great propriety and beauty to deſign a melancholic perſon. WARB.

P. 209. L. 1. ——*The Ruddock would,*
With charitable bill bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flowers are none,
*To winter-*ground *thy courſe.*] Here again, the metaphor is ſtrangely mangled. What ſenſe is there in

winter-grounding a coarſe with *moſs?* A coarſe might indeed be ſaid to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to *moſs* directs us plainly to another reading.

*To winter-*gown *thy coarſe*———

i. e. the ſummer habit ſhall be a light *gown* of *flowers*, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown* of *moſs*. WAR. & CAP.

Ibid.] The *Ruddock* is the *Red-breaſt*.

L. 27. *He was paid for that:*— *Hanmer* and *Capell* read,

He has *paid for that:*

rather plauſibly than rightly. *Paid* is for *puniſhed*. So *Jonſon*.

Twenty things more, my friend, which you know due,
For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll pay *you.* JOHNS.

L. 27. ——————*reverence*,
That angel of the world,——] *Reverence*, or due regard to ſubordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world. JOHNS.

P. 210. L. 17. *Fear no more*, &c.] This is the topic of conſolation that nature dictates to all men on theſe occaſions. The ſame farewel we have over the dead body in *Lucian*. WARB.

L. 25. *Fear not ſlander*, &c.] Perhaps,

Fear not ſlander's *cenſure raſh*. JOHNS.

L. 27. *Conſign to thee*,———] Perhaps,

Conſign to this.———

And in the former ſtanza, for *all follow this*, we might read, *all follow* thee. JOHNS.

P. 212. L. 15. *'Twas thou*, &c.] The old copy (and *Capell*) reads thus, ——————*Thou*
Conſpir'd with that irregulous devil Cloten.

I ſuppoſe it ſhould be,

Conſpir'd with th' irreligious *devil* Cloten. JOHNS.

P. 213. L. 17. *Laſt night, the* VERY *Gods ſhew'd me a viſion.*] The *very Gods* may, indeed ſignify the Gods themſelves immediately, and not by the intervention of other agents or inſtruments; yet I am perſuaded the reading is corrupt, and that *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

Laſt night, the WAREY *Gods*———

Warey here ſignifying, *animadverting, forewarning, ready to give notice*; not, as in its more uſual meaning, *cautious, reſerved.* WARB.

Ibid.] Of this meaning I know not any example, nor do I ſee any need of alteration. It was no common dream, but ſent from *the* very *Gods*, or the Gods themſelves. JOHNS.

P. 214. L. 5. ——————*who was he,*
That, otherwiſe than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture?] This is far from being ſtrictly grammatical. For the conſtruction of theſe words is this; *who has* alter'd *that good picture, otherwiſe than nature* alter'd *it?* But that is not the poet's meaning. He deſigned to ſay, if the text be genuine; *who hath* alter'd *that good picture* from what *noble Nature at firſt* made *it?* By the change of a ſingle letter, we come at another ſentiment, which, I think, much ennobles the paſſage; and which, I have ſuſpected, was our author's reading.

——————*who was he,*
That, otherwiſe than noble Nature bid,
Hath alter'd that good picture?

i. e. The laws of Nature being againſt murther. But I ſubmit the conjecture to judgment. THEOB.*

Ibid.] ——————*who was he,*
That, otherwiſe than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture?] The editor, Mr. *Theobald*, cavils at this paſſage. He ſays, *it is far from being ſtrictly grammatical*; and yet, what is ſtrange, he ſubjoins a paraphraſe of his own, which ſhews it to be *ſtrictly grammatical. For*, ſays he, *the conſtruction of theſe words is this, Who hath altered that good picture otherwiſe than Nature altered it.* I ſuppoſe then this editor's meaning was, that the grammatical conſtruction would not conform to the ſenſe; for a bad writer, like a bad man, generally ſays one thing, and means another. He ſubjoining, Shakeſpeare *deſigned to ſay, if the text be genuine, Who hath altered that good picture from what noble nature at firſt made it.* Here again he is miſtaken; *Shakeſpeare* meant,

like a plain man, juſt as he *ſpoke*; and as our editor firſt paraphraſed him, who hath *altered* that good picture otherwiſe than nature *altered* it? And the ſolution of the difficulty in this ſentiment, which ſo much perplexed him, is this: the ſpeaker ſees a young man without a head, and conſequently much *ſhortened* in ſtature; on which he breaks out into this exclamation, who hath *altered* this good form, by making it ſhorter; ſo contrary to the practice of nature, which, by yearly acceſſion of growth, *alters* it, by making it taller. No occaſion then for the editor to change DID into BID, with an alluſion to the command againſt murder; which then ſhould have been *forbid* inſtead of *bid*. WARB.

Ibid.] Here are many words upon a very ſlight debate. The ſenſe is not much cleared by either critick. The queſtion is aſked, not about a *body*, but about a *picture*, which is not very apt to grow ſhorter or longer. To *do* a picture, and a picture is well *done*, are ſtanding phraſes: the queſtion therefore is, who has altered this picture, ſo as to make it otherwiſe than nature *did* it. JOHNS.

P. 215. L. 3. ——*theſe poor pickaxes*——] Meaning her fingers. JOHNS.

L. 15. ——*arm him.*——] That is, *Take him up in your arms.* HANM.

P. 215. Sc. 8. *Changes to* Cymbeline's *Palace.*] This ſcene is omitted againſt all authority by Sir *T. Hanmer*. It is indeed of no great uſe in the progreſs of the fable, yet it makes a regular preparation for the next Act. JOHNS.

P. 216. L. 14. ——*our jealouſy*
Does yet depend.] My ſuſpicion is yet undetermined; if I do not condemn you, I likewiſe have not acquitted you. We now ſay, the *cauſe* is *depending*. JOHNS.

L. 23. *Your preparation*, &c.] Your forces are able to *face* ſuch an army as we hear the enemy will bring againſt us. JOHNS.

P. 217. L. 7. ——*to the note o' th' King*,——] I will ſo diſtinguiſh myſelf, that the King ſhall remark my valour. JOHNS.

L. 23. ——————*a Render*
Where we have liv'd; ——] An account of our place of abode.

This dialogue is a juſt repreſentation of the ſuperfluous caution of an old man. JOHNS.

L. 25. ——*whoſe anſwer*——] The *retaliation* of the death of *Cloten* would be *death*, &c. JOHNS.

P. 218. L. 3. ——————*have both their eyes*
And ears ſo CLOY'D *importantly as now.*]
There is no doubt, but our iſlanders would be thoroughly *cloy'd* of the ſight and noiſe of a terrible and powerful invader. But this would not hinder their turning their attention on another object. Now the ſpeaker is maintaining, that their attention to the *invaſion* would keep them from inquiring after *him*. Beſides what it is, to be *importantly cloy'd*, I have not the leaſt conception of. *Shakeſpeare* without doubt wrote,
——*ſo* 'PLOY'D *importantly as now.*
i. e. *employed* or taken up with things of ſuch importance. WARB.*

Ibid.] *Cloy'd* means, *engaged almoſt to diſtraction*, which *employ'd* will not expreſs. ANON.*

Ibid.] ——*their quarter'd fires*,——] Their fires regularly diſpoſed. JOHNS.

P. 219. *bloody handkerchief.*] The bloody token of *Imogen*'s death, which *Piſanio* in the foregoing act determined to ſend. JOHNS.

L. 13. *Yea, bloody cloth*, &c.] This is a ſoliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervеſcence of a mind, agitated and perturbed ſpontaneouſly and inadvertently diſcharges itſelf in words. The ſpeech, throughout all its tenour, if the laſt conceit be excepted, ſeems to iſſue warm from the heart. He firſt condemns his own violence; then tries to diſburden himſelf, by imputing part of the crime to *Piſanio*; he next ſooths his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an inſtrument of the gods for the happineſs of *Imogen*. He is now grown reaſonable enough to determine, that having done ſo much evil he will do no more; that he will not fight againſt the country

which he has always injured: but as life is not longer ſupportable, he will die in a juſt cauſe, and die with the obſcurity of a man who does not think himſelf worthy to be remembered. JOHNS.

L. 20. ——*to put on*,——] Is to *incite*, to *inſtigate*. JOHNS.

P. 220. L. 3. ——*each elder worſe*,] For this reading all the later editors have contentedly taken,

——*each worſe than other*,

without enquiries whence they have received it. Yet they know, or might know, that it has no authority. The original copy reads,

——*each elder worſe*.

The laſt deed is certainly not the oldeſt, but *Shakeſpeare* calls the *deed* of an *elder* man an *elder deed*. JOHNS.

L. 4. *And make them* dread it, *to their* doers' *thrift*.] The Divinity-ſchools have not furniſhed juſter obſervations on the conduct of Providence, than *Poſthumus* gives us here in his private reflections. You Gods, ſays he, act in a different manner with your different creatures;

You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's love;
To have them fall no more.

Others, ſays our poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increaſe in crimes,

And make them dread it, *to the* doers' *thrift*.

Here's a relative without an antecedent ſubſtantive; which is a breach of grammar. We muſt certainly read,

And make them dreaded, *to the* doers' *thrift*.

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more; which enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their advantage: Dignity, reſpect, and profit, accrue to them from crimes committed with impunity. THEOB. & CAPELL.

Ibid.] This emendation is followed by *Hanmer*. Dr. *Warburton* reads, I know not whether by the printer's negligence,

And make them dread, *to the doers' thrift*.

There ſeems to be no very ſatisfactory ſenſe yet offered. I read, but with heſitation,

And make them deeded, *to the doers' thrift.*

The word *deeded* I know not indeed where to find; but *Shakeſpeare* has, in another ſenſe, *undeeded*, in *Macbeth*;

———————*My ſword*
I ſheath again undeeded.

I will try again, and read thus,

———*others you permit*
To ſecond ills with ills, each other worſe,
And make them trade it *to the doers' thrift.*

Trade and *thrift* correſpond. Our authour plays with *trade*, as it ſignifies a lucrative vocation, or a frequent practice. So *Iſabella* ſays,

Thy ſins not accidental, but a trade. JOHNS.

L. 5. ———*Do your beſt wills,*
And make me bleſt t' obey!——] So the copies. It was more in the manner of our author to have written,

———*Do your* bleſt *wills,*
And make me bleſt t' obey. JOHNS.

P. 222. L. 21. ——*for preſervation cas'd, or* ſhame,] *Shame*, for modeſty. WARB.

Ibid.] Sir *T. Hanmer* reads the paſſage thus:

Than ſome for preſervation cas'd. For ſhame,
Make good the paſſage, *cry'd to thoſe that fled*,
Our Britain's hearts die flying, &c.

The old reading is right. JOHNS.

P. 223. L. 8 *A rout, confuſion thick.*——] This is read as if it was a *thick confuſion*, and only another term for *rout:* whereas *confuſion-thick* ſhould be read thus with an hyphen, and is a very beautiful compound epithet to *rout*. But *Shakeſpeare*'s fine diction is not a little obſcured throughout, by thus disfiguring his compound adjectives. WARB.

Ibid.] I do not ſee what great addition is made to *fine diction* by this compound. Is it not as natural to enforce the principal event in a ſtory by repetition, as to enlarge the principal figure in a picture? JOHNS.

L. 18. ———*bugs*——] Terrors. JOHNS.

L. 21. *Nay, do* not *wonder at it*;] Sure, this is mock reaſoning with a vengeance. What! becauſe he was made

fitter to wonder at great actions, than to perform any, is he therefore forbid to wonder? *Not* and *but* are perpetually miſtaken for one another in the old editions. THEOB.

Ibid.] There is no need of alteration. *Poſthumus* firſt bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for. JOHNS.

L. 23. *Will you rhime upon't?* and the ſucceeding nine lines, rejected by HANM.*

P. 224. L. 6. ——*I, in mine own woe* charm'd,] Alluding to the common ſuperſtition of *Charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our *Saxon* anceſtors, and ſo is common to us with the *Germans*, who are above all other people given to this ſuperſtition, which made *Eraſmus*, where, in his *Moriæ Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteriſtic, ſay, *Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ cognitione ſibi placent*: and *Prior*, in his *Alma*,

North Britons *hence have ſecond ſight*,
And Germans free from gun-ſhot fight. WARB.

L. 11. ——————*Well, I will find him:*
For being now a favourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, *I've reſum'd again*
The part I came in.] This is a very obſcure paſſage; and, without the helps it would receive from the *repreſentation*, wants a little clearing up. *Poſthumus* comes over with the *Roman* bands; but, reſolved not to fight againſt his country, he puts the habit of a *Britiſh* peaſant over his *Italian* dreſs, and does feats of deſperation againſt the *Romans*, in hopes of meeting his death from their ſwords. The fortune of the day is turned, and the *Britons* gain the field. Upon this, *Poſthumus* ſhifts back into his *Italian* garb; ſays, he will find death; for though he is now a favourer to the *Britons* in heart, he will not confeſs himſelf of that country, but yield himſelf a priſoner to the meaneſt of the victor-party, and ſo fall a ſacrifice to their reſentment. For the captives, we find, in the ſequel of the play, were by the cuſtoms of the *Britons* to be victims to the *Manes* of thoſe ſlain on the victors party. That *Poſthumus* does again ſhift his habit, is evident from this circumſtance. That

the *Britons* ſurprize him, and aſking who he is, he replies;

——————A *Roman*;
Who had not now been drooping here, if ſeconds
Had anſwer'd him.

Of the old *Britons* ſacrificing captives to *Andate*, their Goddeſs of *Victory*, many authors have ſpoken; and of their cuſtom of burning numbers in their great *Wicker Image*, *Holing ſhead* makes mention: but *Salmon*, in his BRITANNIA, is particularly copious upon it. THEOB.*

Ibid.] ——*favourer to the* Roman,] The editions before *Hanmer*'s for *Roman* read *Briton*; and Dr. *Warburton* and *Capell* read *Briton* ſtill. JOHNS.

L. 17. —*great the anſwer be*] *Anſwer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*. JOHNS.

L. 25. *That gave th' affront with them.*] That is, that turned their faces to the enemy. JOHNS.

P. 225. L. 5. *You ſhall not now be ſtoll'n*,] This wit of the Gaoler alludes to the cuſtom of putting a lock on a horſe's leg, when he is turned to paſture. JOHNS.

L. 21. ——————*to ſatisfy*,
If of *my freedom 'tis the main part, take*
No ſtricter render of me, than my all.] What we can diſcover from the nonſenſe of theſe lines is, that the ſpeaker, in a fit of penitency, compares his circumſtances with a debtor's, who is willing to ſurrender up all to appeaſe his creditor. This being the ſenſe in general, I may venture to ſay, the true reading muſt have been this,

——————*to ſatisfy*,
I d'off *my freedom*; *'tis the main part*; *take*
No ſtricter Render of me than my all.

The verb *d'off* is too frequently uſed by our author to need any inſtances; and is here employed with peculiar elegance, *i. e.* To give all the ſatisfaction I am able to your offended Godheads, I voluntarily diveſt myſelf of my freedom: 'tis the only thing I have to atone with,

——————*take*
No ſtricter Render of me, than my all. WARB.

Ibid.] The old reading, as much nonſenſe as Mr *Warburton* is pleaſed to call it, gives us at leaſt this conſiſtent

ſenſe; if I had continu'd in poſſeſſion of my freedom, the main uſe and duty of it muſt have been to make ſatisfaction for my crime; my conſtant and continued endeavours for this purpoſe, would have been all the ſatisfaction in my power to make. By ſurrendering my freedom, I have together with it ſurrendered this all; and have reaſon to hope you will not require of me a ſtricter compenſation.——The difficulty of this paſſage ariſes from hence, that a part of theſe premiſes is implied only, and not diſtinctly expreſſed.

Mr. *Warburton*'s correction is glaringly inconſiſtent. *Poſthumus* is made to ſay in the ſame breath, that his freedom is his all, and yet not his all, but only the main part of that all.

REVISAL.*

L. 226. L. 9. ——*cold bonds.*——] This equivocal uſe of *bonds* is another inſtance of our authour's infelicity in pathetick ſpeeches. JOHNS.

L. 11. *Solemn muſick:* &c.] Here follow a *viſion*, a *maſque*, and a *propheſy*, which interrupt the fable without the leaſt neceſſity, and unmeaſurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foiſted in afterwards for meer ſhow, and apparently not of *Shakeſpeare*. POPE.

Ibid.] This Maſque, *&c.* to the end of Scene III. rejected by HANMER.*

P. 227. L. 3. *That from me my* Poſthumus *ript*,] The old copy reads,

That from me was Poſthumus *ript.*

Perhaps we ſhould read,

That from my womb Poſthumus *ript,*
Came crying 'mongſt his foes.

P. 230. L. 14. *'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff, as madmen*
Tongue, and brain not—do *either both, or nothing*——
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot untie.——] The obſcurity of this paſſage ariſes from part of it being ſpoke *of* the propheſy, and part *to* it. This writing on the Tablet, (ſays he) is ſtill a dream, or elſe the raving of madneſs. *Do* thou, O Tablet, *either both or nothing*; either let thy

words and ſenſe go together, or be thy boſom a *raſa tabula*. As the words now ſtand they are nonſenſe, or at leaſt involve in them a ſenſe which I cannot develope. WARB.

Ibid.] The meaning, which is too thin to be eaſily caught, I take to be this: *This is a dream, or madneſs, or both—or nothing—but whether it be a ſpeech without conſciouſneſs*, as in a dream, *or a ſpeech unintelligible*, as in madneſs, be it it as it is, *it is like my courſe of life*. We might perhaps read,

Whether *both, or nothing*—— JOHNS.

P. 231. L. 2. *and ſorry that you are paid too much;*] *Tavern-bills*, ſays the *Gaoler*, *are the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth—you depart reeling with too much drink; ſorry that you have paid too much, and*—what? *ſorry that you are paid too much.* Where is the oppoſition? I read, *And* merry *that you are paid* ſo *much*. I take the ſecond *paid* to be *'paid*, for *appaid, filled, ſatiated.* JOHNS.

L. 7. *debtor, and creditor,*] For an *accounting-book.* JOHNS.

L. 20. *jump the after-enquiry*] That is, *venture* at it without thought. So *Macbeth*,

I'd jump *the life to come.* JOHNS.

P. 232. L. 12. *I ſpeak againſt my preſent profit*, &c.] All this intermediate ſcene, from the inſtant that *Poſthumus* falls aſleep, to the *exit* of the *Gaoler* here, I could be as well content, as Mr. *Pope* is, ſhould be left out. But as 'tis found in the earlieſt *folio* edition, though it ſhould have been an interpolation, and not of SHAKESPEARE's writing, I did not think, I had any authority to diſcard it. I own, to me, what *Jupiter* ſays to the *Phantoms*, ſeems to carry the ſtamp of our Author: if the other parts of the *maſque* appear inferior, I heartily wiſh, this were the only place where we have reaſon to complain of inequalities, either in ſtyle, or the matter. JOHNS.

L. 23. ——*one that promis'd nought*

But begg'ry and poor Looks.] But how can it be ſaid, that one, whoſe *poor Looks* promiſe *beggary*, promiſed *poor Looks* too? it was not the poor look which was

promiſed: that was viſible. We muſt read,

But begg'ry and poor Luck.

This ſets the matter right, and makes *Belarius* ſpeak ſenſe and to the purpoſe. For there was the extraordinary thing; he promiſed nothing but *poor Luck*, and yet performed all theſe wonders. WARB.

Ibid.] To promiſe *nothing but* poor *looks*, may be, to give no promiſe of courageous behaviour. JOHNS.

P. 235. L. 24. *So feat,*] So ready; ſo dexterous in waiting. JOHNS.

P. 236. L. 2. ——*favour is familiar*—] I am acquainted with his countenance. JOHNS.

P. 237. L. 5. *One ſand another*

Not more reſembles THAT *ſweet roſy lad,*] A ſlight corruption has made nonſenſe of this paſſage. One grain might reſemble another, but none a human form. We ſhould read,

Not more reſembles, THAN HE TH' *ſweet roſy lad.*

THEOB. & WARB.

Ibid.] There was no great difficulty in the line, which, when properly pointed, needs no alteration. JOHNS.

P. 238. L. 23. *Hearing us praiſe our loves of* Italy

For beauty, *that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt*
Of him that beſt could ſpeak; for feature, *laming*
The ſhrine of Venus, *or ſtraight-pight* Minerva,
Poſtures, beyond brief Nature;————] As plauſible as this reading may appear at firſt view, I dare ſay, it is ſlightly corrupted. What! did they praiſe their miſtreſſes for *beauty*, and for *feature* too? The ſymmetry of features is always one main part of beauty. Then why ſhould features be ſaid to *lame* a ſtatue, or the *poſtures* of a *well-built* Goddeſs? We muſt certainly reſtore

————*for* ſtature *laming*
The ſhrine of Venus, *&c.*

This agrees perfectly well with *laming*, *ſtraight-pight*, and *poſtures:* and ſo the lady is praiſed for her beauty, her ſhape, and her temper of mind. THEOB.*

Ibid.] ——*for* feature, *laming*] *Feature*, for proportion of parts, which Mr. *Theobald* not underſtanding, would alter to *ſtature*.

———*for feature, laming*
The ſhrine of Venus, *or ſtraight-pight* Minerva,
Poſtures beyond brief *nature*; ———

i. e. The ancient ſtatues of *Venus* and *Minerva*, which exceeded, in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of *brief nature*, i. e. of haſty, unelaborate nature. He gives the ſame character of the beauty of the Antique in *Antony* and *Cleopatra*.

O'er picturing that Venus *where we ſee*
The fancy out-work nature.

It appears, from a number of ſuch paſſages as theſe, that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts. A paſſage in *De Piles' Cours de peinture par principes*, will give great light to the beauty of the text.—— *Peu de ſentimens ont été partagez ſur la beauté de l' antique.* Les gens d'eſprit qui aiment les beaux arts ont eſtimé dans tous les tems ces merveilleux ouvrages. *Nous voyons dans les anciens Auteurs quantité de paſſages ou* pour loüer les beautez vivantes on les comparoit aux ſtatuës. *Ne vous imaginez (dit* Maxime de Tyr) *de pouvoir jamais trouver une beauté naturelle, qui le diſpute aux ſtatuës.* Ovid, ou *il fait la deſcription de* Cyllare, *le plus beau de* Centaures, *dit* Qu'il avoit une ſi grande vivacité dans le viſage, que le col, les épaules, les mains, & l'eſtomac en etoient ſi beaux qu' on pouvoit aſſurer qu 'en tout ce qu' il avoit de l' homme c' etoit la meme beauté que l' on remarque dans les ſtatuës les plus parfaites. Et *Philoſtrate*, parlant de la beauté de *Neoptoleme*, & de la reſſemblance qu' il avoit avec ſon pere *Achille*, dit, Qu' en beauté ſon pere avoit autant d' avantage ſur lui que les ſtatuës en ont ſur les beaux hommes. Les auteurs modernes ont ſuivi ces mêmes ſentimens ſur la *beauté de l'Antique. Je reporterai ſeulement celui de* Scaliger. Le Moyen, *dit il*, que nous puiſſions rien voir qui approche de la perfection des belles ſtatuës, puiſqu' il eſt permis à l' art de choiſir, de retrancher, d'adjoûter, de diriger, & qu'au contraire, la nature s'eſt toujours alterée depuis la creation du premier homme en qui Dieu joignit, la beauté de la forme à celle de l' innocence. This laſt quotation from *Scaliger* well explains what *Shakeſpeare* meant by

Brief *Nature*;

i. e. inelaborate haſty, and careleſs as to the elegance of form, in reſpect of *art*, which uſes the peculiar addreſs, above explained, to arrive at perfection. WARB.

P. 240. L. 4. ——*averring notes*] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my report. JOHNS.

L. 23. ——*and She herſelf.*] That is, She was not only *the Temple of Virtue*, but *Virtue herſelf.* JOHNS.

P. 241. L. 7. ——*theſe ſtaggers*——] This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horſe's apoplexy. JOHNS.

P. 242. L. 11. *Think, that you are upon a* ROCK, *and now Throw me again.*] What occaſioned theſe words, was her huſband's ſtriking her before he knew her, and ſaying,

Shall's have a Play of this,
Thou ſcornful *Page*, *there* lye thy part.

So that 'tis plain the true reading is,

Think, that you are upon a MOCK.

i. e. a farce, a ſtage-play. Beſides, the common reading is nonſenſe. WARB.*

Ibid.] *Think, that you are upon a* rock.——] In this ſpeech, or in the anſwer, there is little meaning. I ſuppoſe, ſhe would ſay, Conſider ſuch another act as equally equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me ſee whether you will repeat it. JOHNS.

P. 244. L. 6. *By* TASTING *of our wrath?*] But how did *Belarius undo* or forfeit his merit by *taſting* or feeling the King's wrath? We ſhould read,

By HASTING *of our wrath?*

i. e. haſtening, provoking; and as ſuch a provocation is undutiful, the demerit, conſequently, undoes or makes void his former worth, and all pretenſions to reward. WARB. & CAP.

Ibid.] There is no need of change; the conſequence is taken for the whole action; *by taſting* is *by forcing us to make thee taſte.* JOHNS.

L. 22. ——*He it is, that hath*
Aſſum'd this AGE.——] Read, GAGE, the en-

gagement he had entered into a few lines before.
OBS. & CONJ.*

P. 245. L. 9. *Your pleaſure was my near offence,——*] I think this paſſage may better be read thus,

Your pleaſure was my dear *offence, my puniſhment*
Itſelf was *all my treaſon; that I ſuffer'd*
Was all the harm I did.——

The offence which coſt me ſo *dear* was only your caprice. My ſufferings have been all my crime. JOHNS.

Ibid.] Read, MERE *offence.* OBS. & CONJ.*

P. 245. L. 27. *To in-lay heav'n with ſtars.*] The thought is in character, and finely expreſſed: It alludes to the cuſtom of deifying heroic men, and converting them into ſtars. WARB.*

L. 28. *Thou weep'ſt and ſpeak'ſt.*] *Thy tears give teſtimony to the ſincerity of thy relation, and I have the leſs reaſon to be incredulous, becauſe the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the ſtory which you relate.* The King reaſons very juſtly. JOHNS.

P. 246. L. 27. *When ye were ſo, indeed.*] The folio gives

When we *were ſo, indeed.*

If this be right, we muſt read,

Imo. *I, you brothers.*
Arv. *When we were ſo, indeed.* JOHNS.

P. 247. L. 2. ——*fierce abridgment*] *Fierce* is *vehement, rapid.* JOHNS.

L. 7. *Why fled you from the court, and* whether *theſe?*] It muſt be rectified thus;

Why fled you from the court? and whither? *Theſe,* &c.

The King is aſking his daughter, how ſhe has lived; why ſhe fled from the court, and to what place: And having enumerated ſo many particulars, he ſtops ſhort. THEOB.

P. 248. L. 22. ——*Good my Lord,* and the ſucceeding thirty-five lines (ending with, *plenty*) rejected by HANMER.*

P. 249. L. 26. *My peace we will begin*——] I think it better to read, with *Hanmer*,

By *peace we will begin*.—— JOHNS. & CAPELL.

THIS Play has many juſt ſentiments, ſome natural dialogues, and ſome pleaſing ſcenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity.

To remark the folly of the fiction, the abſurdity of the conduct, the confuſion of the names and manners of different times, and the impoſſibility of the events in any ſyſtem of life, were to waſte criticiſm upon unreſiſting imbecillity, upon faults too evident for detection, and too groſs for aggravation. JOHNS.

For the obſequies of *Fidele*, the following ſong was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. *William Collins* of *Chicheſter*, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I give it a place in honour of his memory. JOHNS.

A SONG, *ſung by* Guiderus *and* Arviragus *over* Fidele, *ſuppoſed to to be dead.*

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.

To fair *Fidele*'s graſſy tomb
Soft Maids, and village hinds ſhall bring
Each op'ning ſweet, of earlieſt bloom,
And rifle all the breathing ſpring.

2.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove:
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

3.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female Fays ſhall haunt the green,
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew.

4.

The red-breaſt oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

5.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempeſts ſhake the *Sylvan* cell:
Or midſt the chace on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

6.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed:
Belov'd, 'till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd 'till pity's ſelf be dead.

23 JY 69

NOTES

ON

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.

P. 253. L. 15. ——Priam's *ſix-gated city*
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, *Trojan,*
And Antenonidus, *with moſſy ſtaples*
And correſponſive and fulfilling bolts
Stir *up the ſons of* Troy.] This has been a moſt miſerably mangled paſſage, through all the editions; corrupted at once into falſe concord and falſe reaſoning. *Priam*'s ſix-gated *City ſtirre* up the ſons of *Troy*? —— Here's a verb *plural* governed of a Nominative *ſingular*. But that is eaſily remedied. The next queſtion to be aſked, is, In what ſenſe a city having ſix ſtrong gates, and thoſe well barred and bolted, can be ſaid to *ſtir up* its inhabitants? unleſs they may be ſuppoſed to derive ſome ſpirit from the ſtrength of their fortifications. But this could not be the poet's thought. He muſt mean, I take it, that the *Greeks* had pitched their tents upon the plains before *Troy*; and that the *Trojans* were ſecurely barricaded within the walls and gates of their city. This ſenſe my correction reſtores. To *ſperre*, or *ſpar*, from the old *Teutonic* word, *(SPERREN)* ſignifies, to *ſhut up*, *defend* by *barrs*, &c. THEOB.

L. 23. *A prologue arm'd*,——] I come here to ſpeak the prologue, and come in armour; not defying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character ſuited to the ſubject, in a dreſs of war, before a warlike play. JOHNS.

P. 255. *Troilus and Creſſida.*] The ſtory was originally written by *Lollius*, an old *Lombard* author, and ſince by *Chaucer*. POPE.

Ibid.] The Loves of *Troilus* and *Creſſida* are celebrated by *Chaucer*; whoſe poem might, perhaps, induce SHAKESPEARE to work them up into a play. The other matters of that play, (hiſtorical, or fabulous, call them which you will) he had out of an ancient book, written and printed firſt by CAXTON, called, "*The Deſtruction of Troy*," in three parts: in the third part of it, are many ſtrange particulars, occurring no where elſe, which SHAKESPEARE has admitted into his play. CAPELL.*

Ibid.] Before this play of *Troilus and Creſſida*, printed in 1609, is a bookſeller's preface, ſhewing that firſt impreſſion to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was publiſhed without *Shakeſpeare*'s knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookſeller's hands. Mr. *Dryden* thinks this one of the firſt of our author's plays: but on the contrary, it may be judged from the fore-mentioned preface that it was one of his laſt; and the great number of obſervations both moral and politick, (with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his) ſeems to confirm my opinion. POPE.

L. 1. ——*I'll unarm again.*
Why ſhould I war without *the walls of* Troy,
That find ſuch cruel battle here within?] I won't venture to affirm, that this paſſage is founded on *Anacreon*, but there is a mighty conſonance both of thought and expreſſion in both poets; particularly, in the cloſe of the ſentence,

Μάτην δ' ἔχω βοείην·
Τὶ γὰρ βαλώμεθ' ἔξω,
Μάχης ἔσω μ' ἐχούσης;

'Tis in vain that I have a ſhield: for wherefore ſhould I wear that outward defence, *when the* battle *rages all* within me? THEOB.*

L. 11. ——fonder *than ignorance*;] *Fonder*, for more childiſh. WARB.

L. 13. *And ſkill-leſs*, &c.] Mr. *Dryden*, in his alteration of this play, has taken this ſpeech as it ſtands, except that

he has changed *ſkill-leſs* to *art'eſs*, not for the better, becauſe *ſkill-leſs* refers to *ſkill* and *ſkilful*. JOHNS.

P. 257. L. 3. ——*and* SPIRIT *of ſenſe*
Hard as the palm of plough-man ——] Read, and (SPITE *of ſenſe*) in a parentheſis. The meaning is, though our ſenſes contradict it never ſo much, yet the *cignet's down* is not only harſh, when compared to the ſoftneſs of *Creſſid*'s hand, *but hard as the hand of plough-man*. *Spite*, I ſuppoſe, was firſt corrupted to *ſprite*, and and from thence aroſe *ſpirit*. WARB.

Ibid.] I think this paſſage more forcible and elegant without an alteration. *In compariſon with* Creſſid's *hands*, ſays he, *the ſpirit of ſenſe*, the utmoſt degree, the moſt exquiſite power of ſenſibility, which implies a ſoft hand, ſince the ſenſe of touching, as *Scaliger* ſays in his *Exercitations*, reſides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and inſenſible palm of the ploughman. *Hanmer* reads,

——to th' *ſpirit of ſenſe*

It is not proper to make a lover profeſs to praiſe his miſtreſs *in ſpite of ſenſe*, for tho' he often does it in *ſpite of the ſenſe* of others, his own ſenſes are ſubdued to his deſires. JOHNS.

L. 13. *She has the mends.*] She may mend her complexion by the aſſiſtance of coſmeticks. WARB.

P. 259. L. 8. ——Hector, *whoſe patience*
Is, as A VIRTUE *fix'd*, ——] Patience ſure was a virtue, and therefore cannot, in propriety of expreſſion, be ſaid to be *like* one. We ſhould read,

Is as THE VIRTUE *fix'd*,——

i. e. his patience is as fixed as the Goddeſs Patience itſelf. So we find *Troilus* a little before ſaying,

Patience herſelf *what* Goddeſs *ere ſhe be*,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance than I do.

It is remarkable, that *Dryden*, when he altered this play, and found this falſe reading, altered it with judgment to

——*whoſe patience*
Is fix'd like that of Heav'n.

Which he would not have done, had he ſeen the right reading here given, where his thought is ſo much better and nobler expreſſed. WARB. & CAPELL.

Ibid.] I think the preſent text may ſtand. *Hector*'s patience was as a virtue not variable and accidental, but fixed and conſtant. If I would alter it, it ſhould be thus,

———Hector, *whoſe patience*
Is all *a virtue fix'd*,———

All, in old *Engliſh*, is the *intenſive* or enforcing particle.

L. 12. *Before the Sun roſe, he was* harneſt light,] Why harneſt *light?* Does the poet mean, that *Hector* had put on *light armour?* Or that he was *ſprightly* in his arms, even before ſun-riſe? Or is a conundrum aimed at, in *Sun* roſe, and harneſt *light?* A very ſlight alteration makes all theſe conſtructions unneceſſary, and gives the poet's meaning in the propereſt terms imaginable.

Before the Sun roſe, he was harneſs-dight,

i. e. compleatly dreſt, accoutered, in arms. It is frequent with our poet, from his maſters *Chaucer* and *Spenſer*, to ſay *dight* for *deck'd*; *pight* for *pitch'd*; &c. and from them too he uſes *harneſs* for armour. THEOB. & HANM.

Ibid.] *Does the poet mean* (ſays Mr. *Theobald*) *that* Hector *had put on light armour?* mean! what elſe could he mean? He goes to fight on foot; and was not that the armour for his purpoſe? So *Fairfax* in *Taſſo*'s *Jeruſalem*,

The other Princes put on harneſs LIGHT
As footmen uſe——— WARB.

Ibid.] How does it appear that *Hector* was to fight on foot rather to-day than on any other day? It is to be remembred, that the ancient heroes never fought on horſeback; nor does their manner of fighting in chariots ſeem to require leſs activity than on foot. JOHNS.

L. 28. *that his valour is* CRUSHT *into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion:*] *Valour cruſht into folly* is nonſenſe; but it is of the firſt editor's making; who ſeeing *crouded* go before, concluded that *cruſht* (which is oft indeed the conſequence) muſt needs follow. He did not obſerve that the poet here employs a *Kitchen*-metaphor, which would have led him to the true reading. *His valour is* CRUSTED *into folly, his folly* ſauced *with diſcretion.* Thus is *Ajax* diſhed up by the poet. The expreſſion is humourous. His temper is repreſented as ſo hot that his valour becomes over-

baked, and ſo is *cruſted* or hardened *into folly* or temerity: yet the hardneſs of his folly is *ſauced* or ſoftened with diſcretion, and ſo made palatable. WARB.

Ibid.] This emendation does not want ingenuity or humour; but I cannot ſee ſo clearly that the preſent reading is nonſenſe. To be *cruſhed into folly*, is to be *confuſed* and mingled with *folly*, ſo that they make one maſs together. JOHNS.

P. 260. L. 19. *Good morrow, couſin* Creſſid; *What do you talk of?* Good morrow, ALEXANDER; ——*How do you, couſin?*] *Good morrow*, Alexander——is added in all the editions, ſays Mr. *Pope*, very abſurdly, *Paris* not being on the ſtage.——Wonderful acuteneſs: But, with ſubmiſſion, this gentleman's note is much more abſurd; for it falls out very unluckily for his remark, that though *Paris* is, for the generality, in *Homer* called *Alexander*, yet, in this play, by any one of the characters introduced, he is called nothing but *Paris*. The truth of the fact is this. *Pandarus* is of a buſy, impertinent, inſinuating character; and 'tis natural for him, ſo ſoon as he has given his couſin the good-morrow, to pay his civilities too to her attendant. This is purely ἐν ἤθει, as the grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable touch of *Pandarus*'s character. And why might not *Alexander* be the name of *Creſſid*'s man? *Paris* had no patent, I ſuppoſe, for engroſſing it to himſelf. But the late *Editor*, perhaps, becauſe we have had *Alexander* the Great, Pope *Alexander*, and *Alexander Pope*, would not have ſo eminent a name proſtituted to a common *valet*. THEOB.

L. 21. Ilium] Was the palace of *Troy*. JOHNS.

P. 264. L. 8. Two *and-fifty hairs*,] I have ventured to ſubſtitute *one* and *fifty*, I think, with ſome certainty, How elſe can the number make out *Priam*, and his fifty ſons? THEOB.

L. 23. *Hark, they are coming from the field; ſhall we ſtand up here and ſee them, as they paſs towards* Ilium?] This conduct of the Poet, in making *Pandarus* decypher the warriors as they paſs, ſeems an imitation of *Homer*'s *Helen* on the walls, where ſhe ſhews the *Greeks* to *Priam*. THEOB.

P. 265. L. 11. ——*the* RICH *ſhall have more,*] To *give one the nod*, was a phraſe ſignifying to give one a mark of folly. The reply turns upon this ſenſe alluding to the expreſſion *give*, and ſhould be read thus,

The MICH *ſhall have more.*

i. e. *much*. He that has much folly already ſhall then have more. This was a proverbial ſpeech, implying that benefits fall upon the rich. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to,

The reſt ſhall have none. WARB.

Ibid.] I wonder why the commentator ſhould think any emendation neceſſary, ſince his own ſenſe is fully expreſſed by the preſent reading. *Hanmer* appears not to have underſtood the paſſage. That to *give the nod* ſignifies to *ſet a mark of folly*, I do not know; the alluſion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did, in our author's time, and long before, ſignify, *a ſilly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, ſignify likewiſe *full of nods*. *Creſſid* means, that *a* Noddy *ſhall have more* nods.

Of ſuch remarks as theſe is a comment to conſiſt? JOHNS.

P. 266. L. 24. *money to boot.*] So the folio. The old quarto, with more force, *Give* an eye *to boot*. JOHNS.

P. 267. L. 18. *upon my wit, to defend my wiles;*] So read both the copies; yet perhaps the author wrote, *Upon my wit, to defend my* will. The terms *wit* and *will* were, in the language of that time, put often in oppoſition. JOHNS.

P. 268. L. 2. *At your own houſe, there he unarms him.*] Theſe neceſſary words added from the quarto edition. POPE.

Ibid.] The words added are only, *there he unarms him.* JOHNS.

L. 15. ——*joy's ſoul lies in the doing:*] So read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given,

——*the* ſoul's joy *lies in doing*. JOHNS.

L. 16. *That ſhe*—] Means, that *woman*. JOHNS.

L. 22. *Then though*——] The quarto reads, *then*; the folio and the modern editions read improperly, *that*. JOHNS.

Ibid.] ——*my heart's* content——] *Content*, for capacity. WARB.

P. 269. L. 24. *Broad*, quarto; the folio reads *loud*. JOHNS.

L. 28. ——*Godlike ſeat*,] Vulg. *Goodly*. THEOB.*

L. 30. ——Neſtor *ſhall* APPLY
Thy lateſt words.——] What were theſe lateſt words? A common-place obſervation, illuſtrated by a particular image, *that oppoſition and adverſity were uſeful to try and diſtinguiſh between the valiant man and the coward, the wiſe man and the fool.* The *application* of this was to the *Greeks*, who had remained long unſucceſsful before *Troy*, but might make a good uſe of their misfortunes by learning patience and perſeverance. Now *Neſtor* promiſes that he will make this application; but we find nothing like it. He openly repeats *Agamemnon*'s general obſervation, and illuſtrates it by another image; from whence it appears, that *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

——Neſtor *ſhall* SUPPLY
Thy lateſt words.——

And it muſt be owned, the poet never wrote any thing more in character. *Neſtor*, a talkative old man, was glad to catch at this common-place, as it would furniſh him with much matter for prate. And, therefore, on pretence that *Agamemnon* had not been full enough upon it, he begs leave to *ſupply* the topic with ſome diverſified flouriſhes of his own. And what could be more natural than for a wordy old man to call the *repetition* of the ſame thought, a *ſupplial*. We may obſerve further, that according to this reading the introductory apology,

With due obſervance of thy goodly ſeat,

is very proper: it being a kind of inſinuation, to the prejudice of *Agamemnon*'s facundity, that *Neſtor* was forced to *ſupply* his ſpeech. Whereas had the true reading been *apply*, the apology had been impertinent: for in ſuch a caſe we muſt have ſuppoſed, this was a preconcerted diviſion of the argument between the two orators. WARB.

Ibid.] I ſuppoſe the reader is long ſince contented rather to take either word than read the argument. *Neſtor applies* the words to another inſtance. JOHNS.

P. 270. L. 1. ———*patient breaſt*,——] The quarto, not ſo well,

———ancient *breaſt*. JOHNS.

L. 16. ——*the thing of courage*,] It is ſaid of the tiger, that in ſtorms and high winds he rages and roars moſt furiouſly. HANM.

L. 19. *Returns to chiding fortune.*] For *returns*, *Hanmer* reads *replies*, unneceſſarily, the ſenſe being the ſame. The folio and quarto have *retires*, corruptly. JOHNS.

L. 29. ——*ſpeeches*; *which were ſuch*,
As Agamemnon *and the* hand *of* Greece
Should hold up high in braſs; *and ſuch again*,
As venerable Neſtor, *hatch'd in ſilver*,
Should——*knit all* Greeks *ears*
To his experienc'd tongue———:] *Ulyſſes* begins his oration with praiſing thoſe who had ſpoken before him, and marks the characteriſtick excellencies of their different eloquence, ſtrength and ſweetneſs, which he expreſſes by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the inſtruction of poſterity. The ſpeech of *Agamemnon* is ſuch that it ought to be engraven in braſs, and the tablet held up by him on the one ſide, and *Greece* on the other, to ſhew the union of their opinion. And *Neſtor* ought to be exhibited in ſilver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his ſoft and gentle elocution. Braſs is the common emblem of ſtrength, and ſilver of gentleneſs. We call a ſoft voice and a perſuaſive tongue, a *ſilver* voice, a *ſilver* tongue.

I once read for *hand*, the *band* of *Greece*, but I think the text right.

To *hatch*, is a term of art for a particular method of *engraving*. *Hacher*, to cut, *French*. JOHNS.

P. 271. L. 6. Agam. *Speak*, &c.] This ſpeech is not in the quarto. JOHNS.

L. 14 *The ſpecialty of rule*——] The particular rights of ſupreme authority. JOHNS.

L. 17. *When that the General* IS NOT LIKE *the hive*,] The image is taken from the government of bees. But what are we to underſtand by this line; either it has no meaning, or a meaning contrary to the drift of the ſpeaker

For either it ſignifies, that *the General and the hive are not of the ſame degree or ſpecies*, whereas the ſpeaker's complaint is, that the hive acts ſo preverſely as to deſtroy all difference of degree between them and the General: or it muſt ſignify, *that the General has private ends and intereſts diſtinct from that of the hive*; which defeats the very end of the ſpeaker; whoſe purpoſe is to juſtify the General, and expoſe the diſobedience of the hive. We ſhould certainly then read,

When that the General NOT LIKES *the hive:*

i. e. when the ſoldiers like not, and refuſe to pay due obedience to their General: This being the very caſe he would deſcribe, and ſhew the miſchiefs of. WARB.

Ibid.] No interpretation was ever more perverſe than this of the commentator. The meaning is, *When the General is not* to the army *like the hive* to the bees, the repoſitory of the ſtock of every individual, that to which each particular reſorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, *what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage? The ſenſe is clear, the expreſſion is confuſed. JOHNS.

L. 21. *The heav'ns themſelves,———*] This illuſtration was probably derived from a paſſage in *Hooker: If celeſtial ſpheres ſhould forget their wonted motion; if the Prince of the lights of heaven ſhould begin to ſtand; if the moon ſhould wander from her beaten way, and the ſeaſons of the year blend themſelves, what would become of man?* JOHNS.

Ibid.] *The heav'ns themſelves, the planets, and* this center,] *i. e.* the center of the earth; which, according to the *Ptolemaic* ſyſtem then in vogue, is the center of the Solar Syſtem. WARB.

L. 30. ———*But when the* Planets

In evil mixture to diſorder wander, &c.] By *Planets Shakeſpeare* here means *Comets*, which by ſome were ſuppoſed to be excentrical planets The evil effects here recapitulated were thoſe which ſuperſtition gave to the appearance of Comets. WARB.

Ibid.] I believe the poet, according to aſtrological opinions, means, when the planets form malignant configu-

rations, when their aſpects are evil towards one another. This he terms *evil mixture.* JOHNS.

P. 272. L. 5. ——*Oh, when degree is ſhaken.*] I would read,

——So *when degree is ſhaken.* JOHNS.

L. 7. *The enterprize*——] Perhaps we ſhould read,

Then *enterprize is ſick.*—— JOHNS.

L. 8. ——*Brotherhoods in cities,*] Corporations; companies; *confraternities.* JOHNS.

L. 20. ——*Right and Wrong,*

Between whoſe endleſs jar Juſtice RESIDES,

Would loſe their names,——] The editor, Mr. *Theobald*, thinks that *the ſecond line is no bad comment upon what* Horace *ſaid on this ſubject*;

——*ſunt certi denique fines,*

Quos ultra citraque nequit conſiſtere rectum.

But if it be a comment on the *Latin* poet, it is certainly the worſt that ever was made. *Horace* ſays, with extreme good ſenſe, that there are certain bounds *beyond which*, and *ſhort of which*, Juſtice or Right cannot exiſt. The meaning is, becauſe if it be *ſhort* of thoſe bounds, *Wrong prevails*; if it *goes beyond*, *Juſtice tyrannizes*; according to the common proverb of *Summum jus ſumma injuria. Shakeſpeare* ſays, that *Juſtice reſides between the endleſs jar of right and wrong.* Here the two extremes, between which Juſtice reſides, are *right and wrong:* in *Horace* the two extremes, between which Juſtice reſides, are *both wrong.* A very pretty comment this truly, which puts the change upon upon us; and inſtead of explaining a good thought of *Horace*, gives us a nonſenſical one of its own. For to ſay the truth, this is not only no comment on *Horace*, but no true reading of *Shakeſpeare. Juſtice* is here repreſented as moderating between *Right and Wrong*, and acting the overcomplaiſant and ridiculous part of *Don Adriano de Armado* in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, who is called, with inimitable humour,

A man of Compliments, whom Right and Wrong
Have choſe as Umpire of their Mutiny.

This is the exact office of *Juſtice* in the preſent reading: But we are not to think that *Shakeſpeare* in a ſerious ſpeech would dreſs her up in the garb of his fantaſtick *Spaniard*. We muſt rather conclude that he wrote,

Between whoſe endleſs jar Juſtice PRESIDES;

i. e. always determines the controverſy in favour of *Right*; and thus Juſtice is properly characteriſed without the author's ever dreaming of commenting *Horace*. WARB.

Ibid.] Surely all this is needleſs. If Juſtice *preſides between* them, ſhe muſt *reſide* between them; if ſhe *ſits* with authority, ſhe muſt *ſit*. JOHNS.

L. 32. *That by a pace*——] That goes backward *ſtep by ſtep*. JOHNS.

P. 273. L. 1. ——*with a purpoſe*
It hath to climb.——] With a deſign in each man to aggrandize himſelf, by ſlighting his immediate ſuperior. JOHNS.

L. 6. ——*bloodleſs emulation*] An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and ſluggiſh. JOHNS.

L. 24. *Thy* TOPLESS *Deputation*——] I don't know what can be meant by *topleſs*, but the contrary to what the ſpeaker would inſinuate. I ſuſpect the poet wrote STOPLESS, *i. e.* unlimited; which was the caſe. WARB.

Ibid.] *Topleſs* is that has nothing *topping* or *overtopping* it; ſupreme; ſovereign. JOHNS.

L. 274. L. 7. ——*as near as the extremeſt ends*, &c.] The parallels to which the alluſion ſeems to be made are the parallels on a map. As like as Eaſt to Weſt. JOHNS.

L. 19. *All our abilities, gifts, nature's, ſhapes,*
Severals and generals of GRACE EXACT,
Atchievements, plots, &c.] The meaning is this, All our good qualities, *ſeverals and generals of grace*: i. e. whether they be *ſeveral* and belong to particular men, as prudence to *Ulyſſes*, experience to *Neſtor*, magnanimity to *Agamemnon*, valour to *Ajax*, &c. or whether they be *general*, and belonging to the *Greek* nations in general, as valour, poliſhed manners, *&c.* all theſe good quilities, together with our *atchievements, plots, orders*, &c. are all turned into ridicule by the buffoonery of *Achilles* and *Patroclus*. This is

the ſenſe; but what then is the meaning of *grace exact*? no other can be made of it, than that *Achilles* and *Patroclus exactly mimick* all our *qualities* and *actions*. But the ſpeaker thought very differently of their buffoonery: the imitation, he ſays, being as unlike the original as *Vulcan to his wife*. The fault lies here; *exact* ſhould be *exacts*; and belongs to the ſecond diviſion, namely, the enumeration of the *actions*; and ſhould be read thus;

All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace; EXACTS,
Atchievements, plots, &c.

i. e. exactments, public taxes, and contributions for carrying on the war. WARB.

Ibid.] *Hanmer* reads, *though* of grace exact. I ſee no great need of emendation; the meaning is plain; of *grace exact*, of *excellence irreprehenſible*. JOHNS.

L. 24. ——*to make paradoxes.*] *Paradoxes* may have a meaning, but it is not clear and diſtinct. I wiſh the copies had given,

———*to make* parodies. JOHNS.

L. 28. ———*bears his head*
In ſuch a rein,———] That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We ſtill ſay of a girl, *ſhe bridles*. JOHNS.

P. 275. L. 5. *How rank ſoever rounded in with danger.*] A rank *weed* is *a* high *weed*. The modern editions ſilently read,

How hard *ſoever*——— JOHNS.

L. 11. ———*and know by meaſure*
Of their obſervant toil the enemies' weight;] I think it were better to read,

———*and know* the *meaſure*,
By *their obſervant toil*, of *th' enemies' weight*.
JOHNS.

L. 28. ——*kingly ears?*] The quarto, ——*kingly* eyes. JOHNS.

L. 29. ——— Achilles' *arm.*] So the copies. Perhaps the authour wrote,

——— Alcides' *arm*. JOHNS.

P. 276. L. 7. ——*bid the cheek*——] So the folio. The

quarto has, ———on *the cheek*——— JOHNS.

L. 17. ———*true ſwords*; *and*, Jove's Accord,] vulg.
———*true ſwords, and* Jove's *accord.* THEOB.*

P. 277. L. 11. ———*long continu'd truce*] Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken; in this very act it is ſaid, that *Ajax coped Hector yeſterday in the battle.*' JOHNS.

L. 12. ——*ruſty*——] Quarto, *reſty.* JOHNS.

L. 18. ——*more than in* confeſſion,] *Confeſſion*, for profeſſion. WARB.

L. 19. ——*to her own lips he loves*,] That is, *confeſſion made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.* JOHNS.

P. 278. L. 15. *And in my* vantbrace——] An armour for the arm, *avantbras.* POPE.

P. 279. L. 7. ———*nurſery*——] Alluding to a plantation, called a nurſery. JOHNS.

L. 13. *The purpoſe is perſpicuous ev'n as Subſtance,*
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up.] That is, the purpoſe is as plain as *body* or ſubſtance; and though I have collected this purpoſe from many minute particulars, as a groſs body is made up of ſmall inſenſible parts, yet the reſult is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and viſible. This is the thought, though a little obſcured in the conciſeneſs of the expreſſion. WARB.

L. 15. *And, in the publication, make no ſtrain.*] *Neſtor* goes on to ſay, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that *Achilles*, dull as he is, will diſcover the drift of it. This is the meaning of the line. So afterwards, in the beginning of this play, *Ulyſſes* ſays,

I do not ſtrain *at the poſition,*

i. e. I do not heſitate at, I make no difficulty of it. THEOB.

L. 30. ——*ſcantling*] That is, a *meaſure, proportion.* The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *ſcantling.* JOHNS.

L. 32. ——*ſmall pricks*] Small *points compared* with the volumes. JOHNS.

P. 280. L. 11, 12. *Which entertain'd*——] Theſe two lines are not in the quarto, nor in CAPELL. JOHNS.

L. 25. ——*ſhare*——] So the quarto. The folio, *wear*. JOHNS.

P. 281. L. 16. *Muſt* tar *the maſtiffs on*,——] *Tarre*, an old *Engliſh* word ſignifying to provoke or urge on. See *King John*, *Act* 4. *Scene* 1.

——*like a Dog*
Snatch at his Maſter that doth tar *him on.* POPE.

Ibid. Act II.] This play is not divided into Acts in any of the original editions. JOHNS.

P. 282. L. 3. *The plague of* Greece] Alluding perhaps to the plague ſent by *Apollo* on the *Grecian* army. JOHNS.

L. 5. *Speak then, thou unſalted leaven, ſpeak*;] The reading obtruded upon us by Mr. *Pope*, was *unſalted leaven*, that has no authority or countenance from any of the copies; nor that approaches in any degree to the traces of the old reading, you *whinid'ſt* leaven. This, 'tis true, is corrupted and unintelligible; but the emendation, which I have coined out of it, gives us a ſenſe apt and conſonant to what *Ajax* would ſay, *unwinnowd'ſt leaven*.—— "Thou lump of "four dough, kneaded up out of four flower, unpurged and "unſifted, with all the droſs and bran in it."—— THEOB.

Ibid.] *Speak then, thou* WHINID'ST *leaven*,] This is the reading of the of the old copies: It ſhould be WINDYEST, *i. e.* moſt windy; leaven being made by a great fermentation. This epithet agrees well with *Therſites*'s character. WARB.

Ibid.] *Hanmer* preſerves *whinid'ſt*, the reading of the folio; but does not explain it, nor do I underſtand it. If the folio be followed, I read, *vinew'd*, that is *mouldy leaven*. Thou compoſition of *muſtineſs* and *fourneſs*.

Theobald's aſſertion, however confident, is falſe. *Unſalted* leven is in the old quarto. It means, *ſour* without *ſalt*, malignity without wit. *Shakeſpeare* wrote firſt *unſalted*, but recollecting that want of *ſalt* was no fault in leven, changed it to *vinew'd*. JOHNS.

L. 19. *in* Greece] The quarto adds theſe words, *when thou art forth in the incurſions, thou ſtrikeſt as ſlow as another*. JOHNS.

L. 23. *that thou bark'ſt at him*] I read, *O* that thou *bark'dſt* at him. JOHNS.

P. 284. L. 28. Neſtor, *whoſe wit was mouldy ere* their *Grandſires had nails*] This is one of theſe editors wiſe riddles. What! Was *Neſtor*'s wit mouldy, before his Grandfire's toes had any nails? Prepoſterous nonſenſe! and yet ſo eaſy a change, as one poor pronoun for another, ſets all right and clear. THEOB.

P. 285. L. 6. *when* Achilles' *brach bids me*,] The folio and quarto read, *Achilles'* BROOCH. *Brooch* is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of *Achilles's bangers on.* JOHNS.

P. 286. L. 22. *The paſt-proportion of his infinite?*] Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, *that greatneſs to which no meaſure bears any proportion.* The modern editors and CAPELL ſilently give,

The vaſt *proportion*———— JOHNS.

P. 287. L. 6. *And fly like chidden* Mercury *from* Jove,
Or like a ſtar diſorb'd! ——] Theſe two lines are miſplaced in all the folio editions. POPE.

L. 21. *And the Will dotes, that is* inclinable] Old edition, not ſo well, has it, *attributive.* POPE.

Ibid.] By the old edition Mr. *Pope* means the old quarto. The folio has, as it ſtands, *inclinable.*

I think the firſt reading better; *the will dotes that attributes* or gives *the qualities which it affects*; that firſt cauſes excellence, and then admires it. JOHNS.

L. 23. *Without ſome image of th'* AFFECTED *merit*] We ſhould read,

———*th'* AFFECTED's *merit.*

i e without ſome mark of merit in the thing affected. WARB. & CAPELL.

Ibid.] The preſent reading is right. The will *affects* an object for ſome ſuppoſed *merit*, which *Hector* ſays, is uncenſurable, unleſs the *merit* ſo *affected* be really there. JOHNS.

P. 288. L. 1. ———*ſoil'd them*; ———] So reads the quarto. The folio,

———ſpoil'd *them:* JOHNS.

L. 2. ——*unreſpective ſieve*,] That is, into a *common voider. Sieve* is in the quarto. The folio reads,

——*unreſpective* ſame,
for which the modern editions and *Capell*'s have ſilently printed,
——*unreſpective* place. JOHNS.

L. 10. ——*pale the morning.*] So the quarto. The folio and modern editors,
——ſtale *the morning.* JOHNS.

L. 20. *And do a deed that fortune* never *did,*] If I underſtand this paſſage, the meaning is, *Why do you by cenſuring the determination of your own wiſdoms, degrade* Helen, *whom fortune has not yet deprived of her value, or againſt whom, as the wife of* Paris, *fortune has not in this war ſo declared, as to make us value her leſs.* This is very harſh, and much ſtrained. JOHNS.

L. 24. *But thieves*——] *Hanmer* reads, Baſe *thieves.* JOHNS.

P. 289. L. 24. ——*diſtaſte*——] Corrupt; change to a worſe taſte. JOHNS.

P. 291. L. 3. Paris *and* Troilus, *you have both ſaid well*;
And *on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand*
Have gloſs'd but ſuperficially.] I can never think that the poet expreſſed himſelf thus; 'tis abſurd to ſay, that people have talked *well*, and yet but *ſuperficially* at the ſame time. I have ventured to ſubſtitute a *disjunctive* inſtead of the *copulative*, by which we gain this commodious ſenſe: "You have argued *very well* in "the *general*, but have gloz'd too *ſuperficially* upon the "*particular* queſtion in debate." THEOB.*

L. 6. ——*Ariſtotle*—] Read, *Graver ſages*— POPE.*

L. 19.——*benummed wills*, ——] That is, inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to ſuperior direction. JOHNS.

L. 20. *There is a law*——] What the law does in every nation between individuals, juſtice ought to do between nations. JOHNS.

L. 29. *Is this in way of truth*;——] Though conſidering *truth* and *juſtice* in this queſtion, this is my opinion; yet as a queſtion of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNS.

P. 292. L. 4. ——*the performance of our heaving ſpleens,*] The execution of ſpite and reſentment. JOHNS.

L. 21. ——*emulation*——] That is, envy, factious contention. JOHNS.

P. 293. L. 9. *without drawing the maſſy irons*] That is, *without drawing their ſwords to cut the web.* They uſe no means but thoſe of violence. JOHNS.

L. 10. *the bon-ach,*] In the quarto, *the* Neapolitan *bon-each.* JOHNS.

P. 294. L. 12. *decline the whole queſtion.*] Deduce the queſtion from the firſt caſe to the laſt. JOHNS.

L. 14. Patroclus *is a fool.*) The four next ſpeeches are not in the quarto. JOHNS.

L. 26. *of the prover.*] So the quarto. JOHNS.

P. 295. L. 4. *Now the dry*, &c.] This is added in the folio. JOHNS.

L. 9. *He* SENT *our meſſengers,*—] This nonſenſe ſhould be read,

He SHENT *our meſſengers,*——

i. e. rebuked, rated. THEOB.

L. 30. *comfoſure,*] So reads the quarto very properly, but the folio, which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a ſtrong* COUNSEL. JOHNS.

P. 296. L. 9. *noble State,*] Perſon of high dignity; ſpoken of *Agamemnon.* JOHNS.

L. 30. ——*under-write*——] To *ſubſcribe*, in *Shakeſpeare*, is *to obey.* JOHNS.

P. 297. L. 2. *His pettiſh lunes,*—] This is *Hanmer's* emendation of his pettiſh *lines.* The old quarto reads,

His courſe and time.

This ſpeech is unfaithfully printed in modern editions. JOHNS.

P. 298. L 9. *In* will-peculiar, *and in ſelf-admiſſion.*] *Will peculiar* ſhould be read like ſelf-admiſſion with a hyphen. The meaning is, He does nothing but what his own will dictates, and approves of nothing but what his own fancy recommends. WARB.*

L. 13 ——*He's poſſeſt with greatneſs,*] *i. e.* greatneſs has got poſſeſſion of him, as the devil of a witch. WARB.*

P. 299. L. 19. *pheeſe his pride;*] To *pheeſe* is to *comb* or *curry.* JOHNS.

L. 21. *Not for the worth*——] Not for the value of all for which we are fighting. JOHNS.

P. 300. L. 4. Ajax. *I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple*, he is not yet through warm.

Neſt. *Force him with praiſes*; &c.] The latter part of *Ajax*'s ſpeech is certainly got out of place, and ought to be aſſign'd to *Neſtor*, as I have ventured to tranſpoſe it. *Ajax* is feeding on his vanity, and boaſting what he will do to *Achilles*; he'll paſh him o'er the face, he'll make him eat ſwords; he'll knead him, he'll ſupple him, *&c.* *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes* ſlyly labour to keep him up in this vein; and to this end *Neſtor* craftily hints, that *Ajax* is not warm yet, but muſt be cram'd with more flattery. THEOB.

P. 301. L. 10. Neſt. *Ay, my good ſon.*] In the folio and in the modern editions *Ajax* deſires to give the title of *father* to *Ulyſſes*; in the quarto, more naturally, to *Neſtor*. JOHNS.

P. 302. L. 29. *Love's viſible ſoul.*] So *Hanmer*. The other editions have *inviſible*, which perhaps may be right, and may mean the *ſoul of love* inviſible every where elſe. JOHNS.

P. 304. L. 10. *And, my Lord, he deſires you,*] Here I think the ſpeech of *Pandarus* ſhould begin, and the reſt of it ſhould be added to that of *Helen*, but I have followed the copies. JOHNS.

L. 20. ——*with my* DISPOSER Creſſida.] I think *diſpoſer* ſhould, in theſe places, be read DISPOUSER; ſhe that would ſeparate *Helen* from him. WARB.

Ibid.] I do not underſtand the word *diſpoſer*, nor know what to ſubſtitute in its place. There is no variation in the copies. JOHNS.

P. 305. L. 7. *ſweet Lord,*] In the quarto, ſweet *lad.* JOHNS.

L. 23. *Yet that, which ſeems the wound to kill,*] *To kill the wound*, is no very intelligible expreſſion, nor is the meaſure preſerved. We might read,

Theſe lovers cry,
Oh! oh! they die:
But *that which ſeems to kill,*
Doth turn, &c.
So dying love lives ſtill.

Yet as *the wound to kill* may mean *the wound that ſeems mortal*, I alter nothing. JOHNS.

P. 307. L. 2. ——*he* STAYS *you*——] We ſhould read,

——*he* PRAYS *you*—— WARB.*

L. 21. ——*and too ſharp in ſweetneſs*,] So the folio and all modern editions; but the quarto more accurately,

——tun'd *too ſharp in ſweetneſs*. JOHNS.

P. 308. L. 16. *we'll put you i'th' files.*] Alluding to the cuſtom of putting men ſuſpected of cowardice in the middle places. THEOB.

L 23. *The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river*:] *Pandarus* means, that he'll match his niece againſt her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the *male* hawk; by the *faulcon* we generally underſtand the *female*. THEOB.

P. 309. L. 30. *our head ſhall go bare, till merit crown it*;] I cannot forbear to obſerve, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head ſhall go bare, till merit* lower part no affection, *in reverſion*, &c. Had there been no other copy, how could this have been corrected? The true reading is in the folio. JOHNS.

P. 310. L. 1. *his addition ſhall be humble.*] We will give him no high or pompous titles. JOHNS.

P. 312. L. 1. ——*To be wiſe and love,*
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with Gods above.] This ſentiment has ſtrongly the air of imitation. Our Author ſeems partly to have borrowed it from this verſe falſely fathered on *Seneca*;

Amare & ſapere *vix* Deo *conceditur*.

and partly from what *Terence* has left us upon the ſame ſubject.

Here, quæ res in ſe neq; conſilium neq; modum
Habet ullum, eam conſilio regere non potes.
——————*nihilo plus agas,*
Quàm ſi des operam ut cum ratione inſanias.
Eunuch. *Act.* i. *Sc.* 1.
THEOB.*

Ibid.] ——*but you are wiſe,*
Or elſe you love not: To be wiſe and love,
Exceeds man's might, &c.] I read,
——*but* we're not *wiſe*,

Or elſe we *love not; to be wiſe and love,*
Exceeds man's might,———

Creſſida, in return to the praiſe given by *Troilus* to her wiſdom, replies, That *lovers are never wiſe; that it is beyond the power of man to bring love and wiſdom to a union.* JOHNS.

L. 11. *Might be affronted with the match*——] I wiſh *my integrity might be met and matched with ſuch equality and force of pure unmingled love.* JOHNS.

L. 15. *And ſimpler than the infancy of truth*] This is fine: and means, *Ere truth, to defend itſelf againſt deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of neceſſity, learned worldly policy.* WARB.

L. 23. ———Plantage *to* the Moon.] I formerly made a ſilly conjecture, that the true reading was,

———*Planets* to *their Moons.*

But I did not reflect that it was wrote before *Galileo* had diſcovered the Satellites of *Jupiter*. So that *Plantage to the Moon* is right, and alludes to the common opinion of the influence the Moon has over what is *planted* or ſown, which was therefore done in the increaſe.

Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,
Rite creſcentum face noctilucam,
Proſperam frugum——— HOR. L. 4. Od. 6.

WARB.

Ibid.] *Plantage* is not, I believe, a general term, but the herb which we now call *plantain*, in *Latin*, *plantago*, which was, I ſuppoſe, imagined to be under the peculiar influence of the Moon. JOHNS.

L. 27. *As* TRUTH'S AUTHENTICK AUTHOR *to be cited.*] This line is abſolute nonſenſe. We ſhould read,

As TRUTH AUTHENTICK, EVER *to be cited,*

i. e. when all compariſons of truth are exhauſted, they ſhall be then all ſummed up in this great one, this *authentick truth ever* to be cited, *as true as* Troilus. WARB.

Ibid.] Here again the commentator finds nonſenſe, where I cannot find it. *Troilus*, ſays he, ſhall *crown the verſe*, as a man *to be cited as the authentick authour of truth*; as one whoſe proteſtations were true to a proverb. JOHNS.

P. 313. L. 17. *inconſtant men*] So *Hanmer*. In the copies it is *conſtant*. JOHNS.

P. 314. L. 2. ———*appear it to you,*
That, through the ſight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd Troy.———] This reaſoning perplexes Mr. *Theobald*, *He foreſaw his country was undone; he ran over to the* Greeks; *and this he makes a merit of*, ſays the Editor. *I own* (continues he) *the motives of his oratory ſeem to me ſomewhat perverſe and unnatural. Nor do I know how to reconcile it, unleſs our poet purpoſely intended to make* Chalcas *act the part of a* TRUE PRIEST, *and ſo from motives of ſelf-intereſt inſinuate the merit of ſervice.* The Editor did not know how to reconcile this. Nor I neither. For I don't know what he means by *the motives of his oratory*, or, *from motives of ſelf-intereſt to inſinuate merit.* But if he would inſinuate, that it was the poet's deſign to make his prieſt ſelf-intereſted, and to repreſent to the *Greeks* that what he did for his own preſervation was done for their ſervice, he is miſtaken. *Shakeſpeare* thought of nothing ſo ſilly, as it would be to draw his prieſt a *knave*, in order to make him talk like a *fool.* Tho' that be the fate which generally attends their abuſers. But *Shakeſpeare* was no ſuch; and conſequently wanted not this cover for dulneſs. The *perverſeneſs* is all the Editor's own, who interprets,

——*through the ſight I have in things to come*
I have abandoned Troy———

To ſignify, *by my power of preſcience finding my country muſt be ruined, I have therefore abandoned it to ſeek refuge with you*; whereas the true ſenſe is, *Be it known unto you, that on account of a gift or faculty I have of ſeeing things to come, which faculty I ſuppoſe would be eſteemed by you as acceptable and uſeful, I have abandoned* Troy *my native Country.* That he could not mean what the Editor ſuppoſes, appears from theſe conſiderations, Firſt, If he had repreſented himſelf as running from a falling city, he could never have ſaid,

I have——*expos'd myſelf,*
From certain *and poſſeſs'd conveniencies,*
To doubtful *fortunes*———

Secondly, The abſolute knowledge of the fall of *Troy* was a ſecret hid from the inferior Gods themſelves; as appears from the poetical hiſtory of that war. It depended on many contingencies whoſe exiſtence *they* did not foreſee. All that they knew was, that if ſuch and ſuch things happened, *Troy* would fall And this ſecret they communicared to *Caſſandra* only, but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Several others knew each a ſeveral part of the ſecret; *one*, that *Troy* could not be taken unleſs *Achilles* went to the war; another, that it could not fall while it had the *Palladium*; and ſo on. But the ſecret, that it was abſolutely to fall, was known to none.

The ſenſe here given will admit of no diſpute amongſt thoſe who know how acceptable a *Seer* was amongſt the *Greeks*. So that *Chalcas*, *like a true prieſt*, if it muſt needs be ſo, went where he could exerciſe his profeſſion with moſt advantage. For it being much leſs common amongſt the *Greeks* than the *Aſiaticks*, there would be there a greater demand for it. WARB.

Ibid.] I am afraid, that after all the learned commentator's efforts to clear the argument of *Chalcas*, it will ſtill appear liable to objection; nor do I diſcover more to be urged in his defence, than that though his ſkill in divination determined him to leave *Troy*, yet that he joined himſelf to *Agamemnon* and his army by unconſtrained good-will; and though he came as a fugitive eſcaping from deſtruction, yet his ſervices after his reception being voluntary and important, deſerved reward. This argument is not regularly and diſtinctly deduced, but this is, I think, the beſt explication that it will yet admit. JOHNS.

L. 3. ——*through the ſight I bear in things, to* Jove] This paſſage, in all the modern editions, is ſilently depraved, and printed thus:

——*through the ſight I bear in things to come,*

The word is ſo printed that nothing but the ſenſe can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that the Editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain ſome meaning. JOHNS.

L. 29. *In moſt accepted pain.*] Sir *T. Hanmer*, and Dr.

Warburton after him, read,

In moſt accepted pay.

They do not ſeem to underſtand the conſtruction of the paſſage. *Her preſence*, ſays *Chalcas*, *ſhall ſtrike off*, or recompence *the ſervices I have done*, even in theſe *labours* which were *moſt accepted*. JOHNS.

P. 315. L. 12. ——*deriſion medicinable*] All the modern editions have *deciſion*. The old copies are apparently right. The folio in this place agrees with the quarto, ſo that the corruption was at firſt merely accidental. JOHNS.

P. 317. L. 4. ——*how dearly ever parted*,] *i. e.* how exquiſitely ſoever his virtues be divided and balanced in him. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Stuft, as they ſay with honourable* parts, proportioned *as one's thoughts would wiſh a man*. WARB.

Ibid.] I do not think, that in the word *parted* is included any idea of *diviſion*; it means, *however excellently endowed*, with however *dear* or precious *parts* enriched or adorned. JOHNS.

L. 14. *To others' eyes*, &c.

That moſt pure ſpirit, &c.] Theſe two lines are totally omitted in all the editions but the firſt quarto. POPE.

L. 23. ——*in his circumſtance*,——] In the detail or circumduction of his argument. JOHNS.

P. 318. L. 2. *The unknown* Ajax——] *Ajax*, who has abilities which were never brought into view or uſe. JOHNS.

L. 12. *How ſome men* CREEP *in ſkittiſh Fortune's hall*,] This is ſaid with deſign that *Achilles* ſhould apply it to himſelf and *Ajax*. But as *creep* is to be applied to *Achilles*, it conveys a wrong idea, as repreſenting one who is timorous and afraid to atchieve great acts: whereas it ſhould repreſent one entirely negligent in atchieving them. For this was then *Achilles*'s caſe. So that we ſhould read,

How ſome men SLEEP *in ſkittiſh Fortune's hall*.

For he was the firſt favourite of Fortune; yet when he got into her preſence, inſtead of puſhing his way, he became entirely negligent and unconcerned for her favours. WARB.

Ibid.] To *creep* is to *keep out of ſight* from whatever motive. Some men *keep out of notice in the hall of Fortune, while others*, though they but *play the idiot*, are always *in her eye*, in the way of diſtinction. JOHNS.

L. 15. ——*feaſting*——] Folio. The quarto has *faſting*. Either word may bear a good ſenſe. JOHNS.

L. 24. *Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back.*] This ſpeech is printed in all the modern editions with ſuch deviations from the old copy, as exceed the lawful power of an editor. JOHNS.

L. 29. In the old copy,

——*Perſeverance*, dear my Lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion, like a ruſty nail
In monumental mockery. Take the inſtant way,
For honour, &c. JOHNS.

P. 319. L. 7. ——*and there you lie*,] Theſe words are not in the folio. JOHNS.

L. 8. *Like to a gallant horſe fall'n in firſt rank,*
For pavement to the abject NEAR,——] We ſhould read, *abject* REAR, *i. e.* the mean abject horſes which, by reaſon of their unfitneſs for ſervice, are put into the *rear* of the line; or at leaſt become the rear in a vigorous charge. WARB.*

Ibid.] ——*o'er-run*, &c.] The quarto wholly omits the ſimile of the horſe, and reads thus:

And leave you hindmoſt, then what they do in preſent.

The folio ſeems to have ſome omiſſion, for the ſimile begins,

Or *like a gallant horſe*—— JOHNS.

L. 18. *For beauty, wit*, &c.] The folio and quarto,

——*For beauty, wit,*
High birth, vigour of bone, *deſert in ſervice,*
Love, charity——

I do not deny but the changes produce a more eaſy lapſe of numbers, but they do not exhibit the work of *Shakeſpeare*. JOHNS.

L. 24. *And go to duſt, that is a little gilt,*
More laud than gilt *o'er-duſted.*] In this mangled condition do we find this truly fine obſervation tranſmitted, in the old *folios*. Mr. *Pope* ſaw it was corrupt, and there-

ſore, as I preſume, threw it out of the text; becauſe he would not *indulge his private ſenſe* in attempting to make ſenſe of it. I owe the foundation of the amendment, which I have given to the text, to the ſagacity of the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*. I read,

And give *to duſt, that is a little gilt,*
More laud than they will give to gold *o'er duſted.*

THEOB.

Ibid.] This emendation has been received by the ſucceeding editors, but recedes too far from the copy. JOHNS.

P. 320. L 3. *Made emulous* miſſions———] *Miſſions*, for diviſions, *i. e.* goings out, on one ſide and the other. WARB.

Ibid.] The meaning of *miſſion* ſeems to be *diſpatches* of the gods *from heaven*, about mortal buſineſs, ſuch as often happened at the ſiege of *Troy*. JOHNS.

L. 14. *Knows almoſt*, &c.] For this elegant line the quarto has only,

Knows almoſt every thing. JOHNS.

L. 16. *Keeps* place *with thought*; ——] *i. e.* there in the providence of a ſtate, as in the providence of the univerſe, a kind of *ubiquity*. The expreſſion is exquiſitely fine. Yet the *Oxford Editor* alters it to *keeps pace*, and ſo deſtroys all its beauty. WARB.

L. 18. ———*with which relation*
Durſt never meddle,——] There is a ſecret adminiſtration of affairs which no *hiſtory* was ever able to diſcover. JOHNS.

P. 321. L. 10. ———*to air*.] So the quarto. The folio, ———*to* airy *air*. JOHNS.

L. 17. *Omiſſion to do*, &c.] By *neglecting* our duty we *commiſſion* or enable that *danger* of diſhonour, which could not reach us before, to lay hold upon us. JOHNS.

P. 322. L. 12. *with a politick regard*,] With a *ſly look*. JOHNS.

L. 21. *A plague of Opinion! a man may wear it on both ſides like a leather Jerkin.*] This is ſaid in compliment to *Achilles*. *Opinion* went all for him before, as now for *Ajax*. But the obſervation is fine, and admirably expreſſed. WARB.*

P. 324. L. 13. *Did* haunt *you in the field.*] Preſently after *Diomede* ſays to *Æneas*,

By Jove *I'll play the* hunter *for thy life.*
Æne. *And thou ſhalt* hunt *a Lion that will flie*
With his face back.——

How can we doubt then, but the text ſhould be,

Did hunt *you in the field?* UPTON & REVIS.*

L. 15. *During all* queſtion *of the gentle Truce:*] *Queſtion*, for force, virtue. WARB.

Ibid.] How *queſtion* ſhould mean *force* or *virtue*, I cannot find. If ſuch latitude of expoſition be allowed, what can be difficult? I once thought to read,

During all quiet *of the gentle Truce:*

But I think *queſtion* means intercourſe, interchange of converſation. JOHNS.

L. 23. *And thou ſhalt hunt a lion that will fly*
With his face back in humane gentleneſs.] Thus Mr. *Pope* in his great ſagacity pointed this paſſage in his firſt edition, not deviating from the error of the old copies. What conception he had to himſelf of a lion *flying in humane gentleneſs*, I won't pretend to affirm: I ſuppoſe, he had the idea of *as gently as a lamb*, or as what our vulgar call an *Eſſex* lion, a calf. If any other lion fly with his face turned backward, it is, fighting all the way as he retreats: and in this manner it is, *Æneas* profeſſes that he ſhall fly when he is hunted. But where then are the ſymptoms of *humane gentleneſs?* My correction of the pointing reſtores good ſenſe, and a proper behaviour in *Æneas*. As ſoon as ever he has returned *Diomede*'s Brave, he ſtops ſhort and corrects himſelf for expreſſing ſo much fury in a time of truce; from the fierce ſoldier becomes the courtier at once; and, remembring his enemy to be a gueſt and an ambaſſador, welcomes him as ſuch to the *Trojan* camp—— THEOB.

P. 325. L. 3. ——*by* Venus' *hand I ſwear*, This oath was uſed to inſinuate his reſentment for *Diomede*'s wounding his mother in the hand. WARB.

L. 17. *His purpoſe meets you*; ——] I bring you his meaning and his orders. JOHNS.

P. 326. L. 14. ——*a flat* tamed *piece*;] *i. e.* a piece of wine out of which the ſpirit is all flown. WARB.

Ibid.] To *tame* a veſſel, or bottle, ſignifies in the weſtern parts of England, to draw, or pour out part of it. Evidently from the French word *entamer*, which hath the ſame ſignification. REVISAL.*

L. 17. *Both merits pois'd, each weighs no leſs nor more,*
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.] I read,

But he as he, each *heavier for a whore.*

Heavy is taken both for *weighty*, and for *ſad* or *miſerable*. The quarto reads,

But he as he, the *heavier for a whore.*

I know not whether the thought is not that of a wager. It muſt then be read thus,

But he as he. Which heavier for a whore?

That is, *for a whore* ſtaked down, *which is the heavier?* JOHNS.

L. 30. *We'll not commend what we intend* TO *ſell.*] But this is not talking like a chapman; for if it be the cuſtom for the buyer to diſpraiſe, it is the cuſtom too for the ſeller to commend. Therefore, if *Paris* had an intention to ſell *Helen*, he ſhould, by this rule, have commended her. But the truth was, he had no ſuch intention, and therefore did prudently not to commend her: which ſhews *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

We'll not commend what we intend NOT *ſell.*

i. e. what we intend not to ſell. The *Oxford Editor* has thought fit to honour this paraphraſe by making it the text. WARB.

Ibid.] I believe the meaning is only this; tho' you practiſe the buyer's art, we will not practiſe the ſeller's. We intend to ſell *Helen* dear, yet will not commend her. JOHNS.

L. 327. L. 5. ——*Sleep kill*——] So the old copies The moderns have,

——*ſleep* ſeal—— JOHNS.

L. 18. *As tediouſly*——] The folio has,

As hideouſly *as hell.* JOHNS.

P. 328. L. 9. *A poor* Chipochia,] This word, I am afraid, has ſuffered under the ignorance of the editors; for it is a word in no living language that I can find. *Pandarus* ſays

it to his niece, in a jeering ſort of tenderneſs. He would ſay, I think, in *Engliſh* — *Poor* innocent! *Poor* fool! *ha'ſt not ſlept to night?* Theſe appellations are very well anſwered by the *Italian* word *capocchio:* for *capocchio* ſignifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a ſot, dullard, heavy gull. THEOB.

L. 329. P. 10. *Matter is ſo raſh.*——] My buſineſs is ſo *haſty* and ſo abrupt. JOHNS.

L. 13. *Deliver'd to us*, &c.] So the folio. The quarto thus,

Delivered to him, and forthwith. JOHNS.

L. 23. ——*the* ſecrets of nature.

Have not more gift in taciturnity.] This is the reading of both the elder *folio*'s: but the firſt verſe manifeſtly halts, and betrays its being defective. Mr. *Pope* ſubſtitutes

The ſecrets of neighbour *Pandar.*

If this be a reading *ex fide codicum* (as he profeſſes all his various readings to be) it is founded on the credit of ſuch copies, as it has not been my fortune to meet with. I have ventured to make out the verſe thus;

The ſecret'ſt things *of nature*, &c.

i. e. the *arcana naturæ*, the myſteries of nature, of occult philoſophy, or of religious ceremonies. Our poet has alluſions of this ſort in ſeveral other paſſages. THEOB.

Ibid.] Mr. *Pope*'s reading is in the old quarto. So great is the neceſſity of collation. JOHNS.

P. 330. L. 24. *Time and Death,*] Vulg. *Time*, Force, *and Death.* THEOB.*

P. 331. L. 16. *The grief*, &c.] The folio reads,

The grief is fine, full perfect, that I taſte,
And no leſs in a ſenſe as ſtrong
As that which cauſeth it.] The quarto otherwiſe,
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taſte,
And violenteth *in a ſenſe as ſtrong*
As that which cauſeth it.——

Violenteth is a word with which I am not acquainted, yet perhaps it may be right. The reading of the text is without authority. JOHNS.

P. 332. 15. ——*ſtrain'd* ——] So the quarto. The folio and all the moderns have *ſtrange.* JOHNS.

P. 333. L. 25. *For I will throw my glove to Death*——] That is, I will *challenge* Death himſelf in defence of thy fidelity. JOHNS.

P. 335. L. 8. ——*catch meer ſimplicity.*] The meaning, I think, is, *while others*, by their art, gain high eſtimation, I, by honeſty, obtain a plain ſimple approbation. JOHNS.

L. 11. ——*the moral of my wit*
Is plain and true,——] That is, the *governing principle of my underſtanding*; but I rather think we ſhould read,
——*the* motto *of my wit*
Is plain and true.—— JOHNS.

L. 16. *poſſeſs thee what ſhe is.*] I will *make thee fully underſtand.* This ſenſe of the word *poſſeſs* is frequent in our authour. JOHNS.

L. 27. *To ſhame the* SEAL *of my petition tow'rds thee,*
By praiſing her.——] To *ſhame* the *ſeal* of a petition is nonſenſe. *Shakeſpeare* wrote,
To ſhame the ZEAL——
and the ſenſe is this: *Grecian*, you uſe me diſcourteouſly; you ſee, I am a *paſſionate* lover, by my petition to you; and therefore you ſhould not ſhame the *zeal* of it, by promiſing to do what I require of you, for the ſake of her *beauty:* when, if you had good manners, or a ſenſe of a *lover*'s delicacy, you would have promiſed to do it, in compaſſion to his *pangs* and *ſufferings.* WARB.

P. 336. L. 8. ——*my liſt*;——] This I think is right, though both the old copies read *luſt.* JOHNS.

L. 23 Æneas.] Theſe four lines are not in the quarto, being probably added at the reviſion. JOHNS.

P. 337. L. 8. ——*bias cheek*] Swelling out like the bias of a bowl. (The REVISAL thinks we ſhould read, Boreas' *cheek.*) JOHNS.

L. 20. *Moſt dearly welcome to the* Greeks, *ſweet lady.*] From this line to the end of Page 338, Mr. *Pope* and Sir *T. Hanmer* have thought fit to throw out of the text. But is it not very abſurd, that *Diomede* ſhould bring

Creſſid on, where ſo many princes are preſent, and preparing to give her a welcome, and then lead her off abruptly, ſo ſoon as ever *Agamemnon* had ſaid a ſingle line to her? *An idiò tantùm* venerat, *ut* exiret? as *Martial* ſays of *Cato*'s coming into the theatre. But is it not ſtill more abſurd for *Creſſid* to be led off without uttering one ſingle ſyllable, and for *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes* to obſerve that ſhe is a woman of quick ſenſe, and glib of tongue, as if ſhe had ſaid ſeveral witty things? Methinks, *Neſtor*'s character of her *wit*, from her ſaying *nothing*, is as extraordinary as the two Kings of *Brentford* hearing the *whiſper*, tho' they are not preſent, in the REHEARSAL. THEOB.*

P. 338. L. 13. *I'll make my match to live.*] I will make ſuch *bargains* as I may live by, *ſuch as may bring me profit*, therefore will not take a worſe kiſs than I give. JOHNS.

L. 27. *Why, beg then.*] For the ſake of rhime, we ſhould read,

Why, beg two.

If you think kiſſes worth begging, beg more than one. JOHNS.

L. 31. Ulyſ. *Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.*] I once gave both lines to *Creſſida*. She bids *Ulyſſes* beg a kiſs; he aſks that he may have it.

When Helen *is a maid again*,——

She tells him that then he ſhall have it.

When Helen *is a maid again*,——

Cre. *I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due,*
Never's my day, and then a kiſs for *you.*

But I rather think that *Ulyſſes* means to ſlight her, and that the preſent reading is right. JOHNS.

P. 339. L. 6. ——*motive of her body:*] *Motive*, for *part that contributes to motion.* JOHNS.

L. 8. ——*a Coaſting*——] An amorous addreſs; courtſhip. JOHNS.

L. 11. ——*ſluttiſh ſpoils of opportunity*,] Corrupt wenches, of whoſe chaſtity every opportunity may make a prey. JOHNS.

L. 24. *'Tis done like* Hector, *but ſecurely done*,] In the ſenſe of the *Latin*, *ſecurus*—*ſecurus admodum de bello, ani-*

mi ſecuri homo. A negligent ſecurity ariſing from a contempt of the object oppoſed. WARB.

Ibid.] It ſeems abſurd to me, that *Agamemnon* ſhould make a remark to the diſparagement of *Hector* for pride, and that *Æneas* ſhould immediately ſay, *If not* Achilles, *Sir, what is your name?* To *Achilles* I have ventured to place it; and conſulting Mr. *Dryden*'s alteration of this play, I was not a little pleaſed to find, that I had but ſeconded the opinion of that Great Man in this point. THEOB.

Ibid.] As the old copies agree, I have made no change. JOHNS.

P. 340. L. 6. *Valour and pride* EXCELL *themſelves in* Hector;] It is an high abſurdity to ſay, that any thing can *excel* in the extremity of little; which little too, is as *blank as nothing*. Without doubt *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

Valour and pride PARCELL *themſelves in* Hector;

i. e. divide themſelves in *Hector* in ſuch a manner, that the one is almoſt infinite; the other almoſt nothing. For the uſe of this word we may ſee *Richard* III.

——*their woes are* PARCELLED. WARB.

Ibid.] I would not petulantly object, that *excellence* may as well be *little* as *abſurdity* be *high*, but to direct the reader's attention rather to ſenſe than words. *Shakeſpeare*'s thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expreſſion is not his character. The meaning is plain, *Valour*, ſays *Æneas*, *is in* Hector *greater, than valour in other men, and pride in* Hector *is leſs than pride in other men. So that* Hector *is diſtinguiſhed by the excellence of having pride leſs than other pride, and valour more than other valour.* JOHNS.

P. 341. L. 1. —*an impair thought*—] A thought unſuitable to the dignity of his character. This word I ſhould have changed to *impure*, were I not over-powered by the unanimity of the editors, and concurrence of the old copies. JOHNS.

L. 3. ——Hector——*ſubſcribes*
To tender objects;——] That is; *yields, gives* way. JOHNS.

L. 10. ——*thus tranſlate him to me.*] Thus *explain his character.* JOHNS.

P. 342. L. 16. *Not* Neoptolemus so MIRABLE,
(On whoſe bright creſt, Fame, with her loudeſt O yes,
Cries, this is he;) could promiſe to himſelf, &c.] That is to ſay, *You, an old veteran warrior, threaten to kill me, when not the young ſon of* Achilles *(who is yet to ſerve his apprentiſage in war, under the* Grecian *generals, and on that account called* Neoptolemos) *dare himſelf entertain ſuch a thought.* But *Shakeſpeare* meant another ſort of man, as is evident from,

On whoſe bright creſt, &c.

Which characteriſes one who goes foremoſt and alone; and can therefore ſuit only *one*, which *one* was *Achilles*; as *Shakeſpeare* himſelf has drawn him,

The great Achilles, *whom opinion crowns*
The ſinew *and the* forehand *of our Hoſt.*

And again,

Whoſe glorious deeds but in theſe fields of late
Made em'lous miſſions 'mongſt the Gods themſelves,
And drove great Mars *to faction.*

And indeed the ſenſe and ſpirit of *Hector*'s ſpeech requires that the moſt celebrated of his adverſaries ſhould be picked out to be defied; and this was *Achilles*, with whom *Hector* had his final affair. We muſt conclude then that *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

Not Neoptolemus's SIRE IRASCIBLE
On whoſe bright creſt———

Iraſcible is an old ſchool term, and is an epithet ſuiting his character, and the circumſtances he was then in.

Iracundus, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.

But our editor Mr. *Theobald*, by his *obſcure diligence*, had found out that *Wynken de Werde*, in the old chronicle of *The three Deſtructions of* Troy, introduces one *Neoptolemus* into the ten years quarrel, a perſon diſtinct from the ſon of *Achilles*, and therefore will have it, that *Shakeſpeare* here means no other than the *Neoptolemus* of this worthy chronicler. He was told, to no purpoſe, that this fancy was abſurd. For firſt, *Wynken*'s *Neoptolemus* is a common-rate warrior, and ſo deſcribed as not to fit the character here given. Secondly, It is not to be imagined that the poet

ſhould on this occaſion make *Hector* refer to a character not in the play, and never ſo much as mentioned on any other occaſion. Thirdly, *Wynken*'s *Neoptolemus* is a warrior on the *Trojan* ſide, and ſlain by *Achilles*. But *Hector* muſt needs mean by one *who could promiſe a thought of added honour torn from him*, a warrior amongſt his enemies on the *Grecian* ſide. WARB.

Ibid.] After all this contention it is difficult to imagine that the critick believes *mirable* to have been changed to *iraſcible*. I ſhould ſooner read,

Not Neoptolemus *th' admirable*;

as I know not whether *mirable* can be found in any other place.

The correction which the learned commentator gave to *Hanmer*,

Not Neoptolemus' ſire *ſo mirable*,

as it was modeſter than this, was preferable to it. But nothing is more remote from juſtneſs of ſentiment, than for *Hector* to characteriſe *Achilles* as the father of *Neoptolemus*, a youth that had not yet appeared in arms, and whoſe name was therefore much leſs known than his father's. My opinion is, that by *Neoptolemus* the authour meant *Achilles* himſelf, and remembering that the ſon was *Pyrrhus Neoptolemus*, conſidered *Neoptolemus* as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewiſe *Achilles Neoptolemus*.

(The REVISAL conjectures it ſhould be,

Not Neoptolemus' SIRE IN BATTLE.) JOHNS.

L. 22. *We'll anſwer it.*] That is, anſwer the *expectance*. JOHNS.

P. 343. L. 7. *Worthy of arms!* ——] Folio.

Worthy all *arms!*——

Quarto. The quarto has only the two firſt and the laſt line of this ſalutation; the intermediate verſes ſeem added on a reviſion. JOHNS.

L. 24. *Mock not*, &c.] The quarto has here a ſtrange corruption,

Mock not thy affect, *the untraded earth.* JOHNS.

P. 334. L. 4. *And ſeen thee ſcorning forfeits*——] Folio. The quarto has,

——deſpiſing many *forfeits*—— JOHNS.

L. 23. This line is not in the quarto. JOHNS.

P. 345 L. 16. *I ſhall foreſtal thee, Lord* Ulyſſes;—*thou!*] The word *thou*, ſeems to have no meaning here. I believe we ſhould read, *now*, which particle is immediately repeated at the beginning of the next line. REVIS.*

P. 347. L. 4. *Beat loud the tabourins,*———] For this the quarto and the latter editions have,

To taſte your bounties.———

The reading which I have given from the folio ſeems choſen at the reviſion, to avoid the repetition of the word *bounties*. JOHNS.

P. 348. L. 6. *Thou cruſty batch of Nature,*——]*Batch* is changed by *Theobald* to *botch*, and the change is juſtified by a pompous note, which diſcovers that he did not know the word *batch*. What is more ſtrange, *Hanmer* has followed him. *Batch* is any thing *baked*. JOHNS.

L. 12. *The ſurgeon's box,*] In this anſwer, *Therſites* only quibbles upon the word *tent*. HANM.

L. 15. *Male-varlet.*] *Hanmer* reads *male-harlot*, plauſibly enough, except that it ſeems too plain to require the explanation which *Patroclus* demands. JOHNS.

L. 19. *cold palſies,*] This catalogue of loathſome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palſies*. This paſſage, as it ſtands, is in the quarto; the retrenchment was in my opinion judicious.

It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by *Milton* in the ſecond edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diſeaſes. JOHNS.

P. 349. L. 7. *you ruinous*, &c]. *Patroclus* reproaches *Therſites* with deformity, with having one part crowded into another. JOHNS.

L. 10. *thou idle immaterial ſkein of ſley'd ſilk,*] All the terms uſed by *Therſites* of *Patroclus*, are emblematically expreſſive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiouſneſs. JOHNS.

L. 14. *Out, gall!*] *Hanmer* reads *Nut-gall*, which anſwers well enough to *finch-egg*; it has already appeared, that our Authour thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He

is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read, *Out, gall!* JOHNS.

L. 15. *Finch egg!*] Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I ſuppoſe he means to call him *ſinging bird*, as implying an uſeleſs favourite, and yet more, ſomething more worthleſs, a ſinging bird in the egg, or generally, a ſlight thing eaſily cruſhed. JOHNS.

L. 19. *A token from her daughter*, &c.] This is a circumſtance taken from the ſtory-book of the three deſtructions of *Troy*. OXF. EDIT.

L. 30. *loves* quails,] *Quails*, an old term for women of pleaſure. THEOB.*

L. 31. *And the goodly transformation of* Jupiter *there, his brother, the bull, the primitive ſtatue, and* OBLIQUE *memorial of cuckolds*;] He calls *Menelaus the transformation of* Jupiter, that is, as himſelf explains it, the *bull*, on account of his *horns*, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive ſtatue of cuckolds*; *i. e.* his ſtory had made him ſo famous, that he ſtood as the great archetype of this character. But how was he an *oblique memorial of cuckolds?* can any thing be a more *direct* memorial of cuckolds, than a cuckold? and ſo the foregoing character of his being the *primitive ſtatue* of them plainly implies. To reconcile theſe two contradictory epithets therefore we ſhould read,

———*and* OBELISQUE *memorial of cuckolds.*

He is repreſented as one who would remain an eternal monument of his wife's infidelity. And how could this be better done than by calling him an *obeliſque memorial?* of all human edifices the moſt durable. And the ſentence riſes gradually, and properly from a *ſtatue* to an *obeliſque*. To this the editor Mr. *Theobald* replies, that *the bull is called the primitive ſtatue:* by which he only giveth us to underſtand, that he knoweth not the difference between the *Engliſh* articles *a* and *the*. But by the *bull* is meant *Menelaus*; which title *Therſites* gives him again afterwards———*The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.*———THE BULL *has the game*———But the *Oxford Editor* makes quicker work with the term *oblique*, and alters it to *antique*, and ſo all the difficulty's evaded. WARB.

Ibid.] Dr. *Warburton*, by his reply to Mr. *Theobald*, hath clearly ſhewn, that he himſelf did not, at leaſt at that time, underſtand the difference between the *Engliſh* articles *a* and *the*. For it is not *a Bull*, that is, any Bull whatever, but *the Bull*, whom the Poet had juſt before called the Goodly transformation of Jupiter, that is ſaid to be the primitive ſtatue and oblique memorial of Cuckolds. The memorial is called, oblique, becauſe it was only indirectly ſuch, upon the common ſuppoſition that both were equally furniſhed with horns. But Mr. Warburton ſhould have informed the reader, how Menelaus could properly be ſaid to be the *primitive ſtatue of cuckolds*. Were there no cuckolds before him? or could he be a primitive ſtatue before he exiſted?

REVISAL.*

P. 350. L. 3. *forced with wit,*] Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery.

In this ſpeech I do not well underſtand what is meant by *loving quails*. JOHNS.

L. 11. ——*ſpirits and fires!*] This *Therſites* ſpeaks upon the firſt ſight of the diſtant lights. JOHNS.

P. 352. L. 11. *her cliff.*] That is, her *key*. *Clef*, French. JOHNS.

P. 353. L. 14. *You flew to great diſtraction.*——] So the moderns. The folio has,

You flow *to great* diſtruction.——

The quarto,

You flow *to great* deſtruction.——

I read,

You ſhow too *great diſtraction.*—— JOHNS.

P. 355. L. 4. In old editions,

As I kiſs thee.

Dio. *Nay, do not ſnatch it from me:*

Cre. *He that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.*

Dr. *Thirlby* thinks, this ſhould be all placed to *Creſſida*. She had the ſleeve, and was kiſſing it rapturouſly: and *Diomede* ſnatches it back from her. THEOB.

L. 18. *By all* Diana's *waiting women yonder,*] *i. e.* the ſtars which ſhe points to. WARB.

P. 356. L. 9. *But with my heart*, &c.] I think it ſhould be read thus,

But my heart with *the other eye doth ſee.* JOHNS.

L. 14. *A proof of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more*;] She could not publiſh a ſtronger proof. JOHNS.

L. 25. *That doth invert that* teſt *of eyes and ears.*] *What* teſt? *Troilus* had been particularizing none in his foregoing words, to govern or require the *relative* here. I rather think, the words are to be thus ſplit:

That doth invert th' atteſt *of eyes and ears.*

i. e. That turns the very teſtimony of ſeeing and hearing againſt themſelves. THEOB.

Ibid.] This is the reading of the quarto. JOHNS.

L. 29. *I cannot conjure*, Trojan.] That is, I cannot raiſe ſpirits in the form of *Creſſida.* JOHNS.

P. 357. L. 18. *If there be rule in unity itſelf*,] I do not well underſtand what is meant by *rule in unity.* By *rule*, our authour, in this place as in others, intends *virtuous reſtraint, regularity of manners, command of paſſions and appetites.* In *Macbeth*,

He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe,
Within the belt of rule.

But I know not how to apply the word in this ſenſe to *unity.* I read,

If there be rule in purity *itſelf*,

Or, *If there be rule in* verity *itſelf.*

Such alterations would not offend the reader, who ſaw the ſtate of the old editions, in which, for inſtance, a few lines lower, *the Almighty Sun* is called *the Almighty Fenne.*

Yet the words may at laſt mean, *If there be* certainty *in* unity, *if it be a* rule *that* one is one. JOHNS.

L. 21. *Bi-fold authority!* ———] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us,

By foul *authority!*

There is *madneſs* in that *diſquiſition* in which a man reaſons at once *for* and *againſt himſelf upon authority* which he knows *not to be valid.* The quarto is right. JOHNS.

Ibid.] ———*where reaſon can revolt*
Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt.———] A miſerable expreſſion of a quaint thought, *That to be unreaſonable in love is reaſonable; and to be reaſonable, unreaſonable. Perdition* and

loſs are both uſed in the very ſame ſenſe, and that an odd one, to ſignify *unreaſonableneſs*. WARB.

Ibid.] The words *loſs* and *perdition* are uſed in their common ſenſe, but they mean the *loſs* or *perdition* of *reaſon*. JOHNS.

P. 358. L. 2. ——*knot five-finger-tied*,] A knot tied by giving her hand to *Diomede*. JOHNS.

L. 5. *O'er-eaten faith*,——] Vows which ſhe has already ſwallowed *once over*. We ſtill ſay of a faithleſs man, that he has *eaten his words*. JOHNS.

L. 6. *May worthy* Troilus——] Can *Troilus* really feel on this occaſion half of what he utters? A queſtion ſuitable to the calm *Ulyſſes*. JOHNS.

P. 360. L. 11. *For us to count*——] This is ſo oddly confuſed in the folio, that I tranſcribe it as a ſpecimen of incorrectneſs,

——*Do not count it holy,*
To hurt by being juſt; it were as lawful
For we would count give much to as violent theſts,
And rob in the behalf of charity. JOHNS.

L. 13. *It is the purpoſe*——] The mad Propheteſs ſpeaks here with all the coolneſs and judgment of a ſkilful caſuiſt. *The eſſence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpoſe, and the vow of which the end is wrong muſt not be regarded as cogent.* JOHNS.

L. 18. ——*dear man*] *Valuable* man. The modern editions read, ——brave *man*.
The repetition of the word is in our authour's manner. JOHNS.

P. 361. L. 1. *Which better fits a lion*,——] The traditions and ſtories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generoſity. Upon the ſuppoſition that theſe acts of clemency were true, *Troilus* reaſons not improperly, that to ſpare againſt reaſon, by mere inſtinct of pity, became rather a generous beaſt than a wiſe man. JOHNS.

L. 3. *When many times the* CAPTIVE Grecians *fall*,] This reading ſuppoſes *Hector* inſulting over his *captives*, which is not *Troilus*'s meaning; who is here ſpeaking of *Hector*'s actions in the field. Without doubt *Shakeſpeare* wrote,

When many times the caitiff Grecians *fall*,

i. e. daſtardly *Grecians*; a character natural for the ſpeaker to give them, and juſtified by his account of them. WARB.

Ibid.] I ſee no hint of inſult in the preſent reading. JOHNS.

L. 21. ——*with* recourſe *of tears*;] *i. e.* tears that continue to courſe one another down the face. WARB.

P. 363. L. 27. *Hence, brothel, lacquey!* ——] In this, and the repetition of it, towards the cloſe of the play, *Troilus* is made abſurdly to call *Pandarus* — *bawdy-houſe*; for *brothel* ſignifies nothing elſe that I know of; but he meant to call him an attendant on a bawdy-houſe, a meſſenger of obſcene errands: a ſenſe which I have retrieved only by clapping an *hyphen* betwixt the two words. THEOB.

Ibid.] I have retained the note, but believe the emendation wholly unneceſſary. For *brothel*, the folio reads *brother*, erroneouſly for *broker*, as it ſtands at the end of the play where the lines are repeated. Of *brother* the following editors made *brothel*. JOHNS.

P. 364. L. 8. *O' th' other ſide, the policy of thoſe crafty* ſwearing *raſcals*, &c.] But in what ſenſe are *Neſtor* and *Uyſſes* accuſed of being *ſwearing* raſcals? What, or to whom, did they ſwear? I am poſitive, that *ſneering* is the true reading. They had collogued with *Ajax*, and trim'd him up with inſincere praiſes, only in order to have ſtirred *Achilles*'s emulation. In this, they were the true ſneerers; betraying the firſt, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice. THEOB.

L. 15. *to proclaim barbariſm.*] To ſet up the authority of ignorance to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer. JOHNS.

P. 365. L. 16. ——*baſtard* Margarelon.] The introducing a baſtard ſon of *Priam*, under the name of *Margarelon*, is one of the circumſtances taken from the ſtory-book of *The three deſtructions of* Troy. THEOB.

L. 23. ——*the dreadful* Sagittary

Appals our numbers: ——] "Beyonde the Roy-
"alme of Amaſonne came an auncyent Kynge, wyſe and,
"dyſcreete, named *Epyſtrophus*, and brought a M. Knyghtes

" and a mervayllouſe Beſte that was called SAGITTARYE,
" that behinde the middes was an horſe, and to fore, a Man:
" This Beſte was heery lyke an horſe, and had his Eyen
" rede as a Cole, and ſhotte well with a bowe: *This Beſte*
" *made the* Grekes *ſore aferde, and ſlewe many of them*
" *with his Bowe.*"

The three Deſtructions of Troy, printed by *Caxton*.
THEOB.

P. 366. L. 1. ——*on* Galathe *his horſe*,] From the ſame book is taken this name given to *Hector*'s horſe.
THEOB.

L. 5. ——*the ſtrawy* Greeks,——] In the folio it is,
——*the* ſtraying Greeks. JOHNS.

Ibid.] ——Greeks, *ripe for his edge*,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath, &c.] Though this old ſtory-book was our poet's guide in the fable, yet nature led him up to the ſublime images of *Homer*, whom want of learning kept him from acquaintance with. WARB*

P. 367. L. 15. ——*you cogging* Greeks,——] This epithem has no particular propriety in this place, but the authour had heard of *Græcia Mendax*. JOHNS.

P. 368. L. 10. *I'll fruſh it*,——] The word *fruſh* I never found elſewhere, nor underſtand it. *Hanmer* explains it, to *break* or *bruiſe*. JOHNS.

P. 369. L. 16. *Ev'n with the vail*——] The *vail* is, I think, the *ſinking* of the ſun; not *veil* or *cover*. JOHNS.

L. 19. *Strike, fellows, ſtrike*,——] This particular of *Achilles* overpowering *Hector* by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old ſtory-book. OXF. EDIT.

P. 370 L. 1, 2. Rejected by HANMER.*

L. 16. This line is in the quarto given to *Troilus*.
JOHNS.

L. 21. *Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with ſpeed*;
Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and SMILE *at* Troy,] Here *Troilus* is made to invoke the Gods to *frown* in one line, and to *ſmile* in the other: And, as if he had not talked nonſenſe enough, after having made them do and undo, and protract the fate of *Troy*, in the next line he begs them

to be ſpeedy and *brief*, and diſpatch them at once. We ſhould read and point the paſſage thus,

Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and SMITE *at* Troy,
I ſay, at once. Let your brief plagues be mercy.

WARB.*

P. 371. L. 10. *Make* WELLS AND Niobes *of the maids and wives*;] We ſhould certainly read, WELLING *Niobes*, i. e. *Niobes welling*, or ſtreaming down with tears. To *well*, an old word to bubble or ſpring out. The image of *Niobe* was here properly employed. So in *Hamlet*,

———*like* Niobe *all tears.*

But the *Oxford Editor* alters it to *wells and rivers.*

WARB.*

P. 371. L. 24. *broker lacquey*] So the quarto. The folio has *Brother.* JOHNS.

L. 29. *Loved*, quarto; *deſired*, folio. JOHNS.

P. 372. L. 15. *Some galled gooſe of* Wincheſter ———] The public ſtews were anciently under the juriſdiction of the biſhop of *Wincheſter.* POPE.

Ibid.] The *lues venerea* was called a *Wincheſter gooſe.*

Dr. GRAY.

L. 16. ———*ſweat*,] Quarto; *ſwear*, folio. JOHNS.

THIS play is more correctly written than moſt of *Shakeſpeare*'s compoſitions, but it is not one of thoſe in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully diſplayed. As the ſtory abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diverſified his characters with great variety, and preſerved them with great exactneſs. His vicious characters ſometimes diſguſt, but cannot corrupt, for both *Creſſida* and *Pandarus* are deteſted and contemned. The comick characters ſeem to have been the favourites of the writer, they are of the ſuperficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature, but they are copiouſly filled and powerfully impreſſed.

Shakeſpeare has in his ſtory followed for the greater part the old book of *Caxton*, which was then very popular; but the character of *Therſites*, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after *Chapman* had publiſhed his verſion of *Homer.* JOHNS.

VARIATIONS

BETWEEN THE TEXTS OF

DR. JOHNSON AND MR. CAPELL.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

			Dr. JOHNSON.	Mr. CAPELL.
P.	5	l. 4	else	——
	6	9	Lord	——
		10	almoſt	nay almoſt
		12	change	charge
	7	17	foretel	fertile
	9	4	Here	Here lady
		20	extended	through extended
	10	25	How now	Ho.
	12	14	leave	love
	20	6	you	you, ſir, to
	23	14	decays	delays
	27	16	befal	befal me
	29	30	matter	manner
		31	manner	matter
	31	24	he	he Cæſar
		25	Miſenus	Miſenum
	32	25	you	you, ſir
	33	15	adorings	adornings
	37	27	Rams	Rain
	38	22	'tis well	is well
		31	Make	Mark
	40	18	done	but done
	41	5	art not	ſay'ſt but
	42	15	thee, all	the all
	44	13	Antony	noble Antony

		Dr. Johnson.	Mr. Capell.
P. 49	l. 12	'fore	for
50	25	not	not yet
52	6	not	not. I'll not on ſhore
	7	I'll not on ſhore	———
53	27	With	Where with
54	12	how?	O,
	19	Cæſar	Cæſar kneel
55	4	better	far better
57	30	Madam	Her years, madam,
58	11	Our	While our
59	15	preſently	———
	16	lord and huſband!	huſband! preſently
60	15	'would	world
	17	the other	the one the other
61	5	Cæſario	Cæſarion
	9	Lybia	Lydia
63	8	is he	ſay you, he is
	16	Adullas	Adallas
	27	wrong led	wronged
64	14	It is—you	—you now
65	17	Canidius	My Canidius
66	14	Our	Come, our
68	3	Antonias	Antoniad
70	2	gone	gone, be gone
71	4	Ah	Ah me
73	30	Think	Drink
74	17	He	My lord, he
75	21	boldly	on
76	23	the	the great, the
80	8	Cæſario	Cæſarion
	18	float	fleet
82	1	Laugh	I laugh
83	30	ſhield	yield
85	9	who lov'd Antony	whom Antony loved
	15	Is	Ay, is
87	17	Eros.	Sold.
88	10	my Eros	O Enobarbus
89	12	Mock	I mock
	13	ſafed	ſee ſafe

VARIATIONS.

		Dr. JOHNSON.	Mr. CAPELL.
P. 89	l. 21	blows	bows
91	16	younger	———
93	5	him	him further
	25	haven.	haven. Hie we on
95	3	ſoul	ſoil
	16	dolts	doits
	27	young	———
	28	his	this
96	20	world	wind
101	1	Diomedes	Diomede
	26	woe	———
102	16	His	But ſee his
	17	thou ſun	ſun, ſun
103	8	good lord	lord, your
106	18	crack	crack in nature
107	6	heart	heart itſelf
	23	lance	launch
110	19	it	it. Fare you well. Hark Gallus!
111	2	Do	Cleopatra, do
	7	oh	come, oh
	12	ſleep	ſpeak
115	20	Cæſar	O Cæſar
	23	meek	mean
122	5	ſoldiers	ſoldier

ERRATA IN ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

P. 20 l. 20, read, *eunuch.* P. 61. l. 2. read, *on a tribunal.*
P. 77. l. 9, read, *Enobarbus.*

CYMBELINE.

		Dr. JOHNSON.	Mr. CAPELL.
P. 127	l. 7	do	don't
	32	feared	featur'd
131	20	thee	it
132	12	heap'ſt	heap'ſt inſtead
135	26	1 LORD	2 LORD
141	21	wage-	wager
	23	a friend	afraid
143	30	work	let them work
145	4	and	nor

VARIATIONS.

		Dr. JOHNSON.	Mr. CAPELL.
P. 145	l. 13	change	chance
	15	I'll	———
147	12	cope	crop
	15	number'd	humbled
	25	emptineſs	to emptineſs
154	8	him	his
155	3	It	Ay, it
157	23	No more	———
	30	its raven	the ravens
158	3	coldeſt	moſt coldeſt
165	6	Sure the ſwift	The ſwifteſt
167		And	On
169	6	could	would
	30	Count not	Never count
172	15	Neptune	the great Neptune
173	11	Roman	Romans
175	18	aſtrologer	aſtronomer
	29	forfeitures	forfeiters
176	3	but	as
	4	would	would not
177	18	See	Stoop
178	12	bauble	babe
182	28	mother	feather
184	7	That ſet'ſt—king	Thou that didſt ſet up—— king my father
	22	eye-balls	eye-balls blind
185	17	And	Ay, and
	21	him notice	but notice
	31	nothing	nothing, Cloten
188	1	at ſea	of this
	17	you	yours
	24	The	Sir, the
196	16	haven	haven, Sir
197	6	prize	price
	7	ballaſting	ballancing
199	10	ill-perſeverant	imperſeverant
	13	her	thy
201	26	ARV.	———
204	15	th' effect	defect
205	7	the law	no law
208	9	thy—carrack	thou—care

VARIATIONS.

		Dr. JOHNSON.	Mr. CAPELL.
P. 208	l. 26	to thee	there
209	6	grown	gown
212	15	'Twas thou conſpiring with that	——— conſpir'd with that irregulous
	19	braveſt	moſt braveſt
213	7	moſt	———
	18	intelligence)	intelligence) Thus:
	29	couch	bed
	30	or	to
215	27	fellow	thee fellow
217	5	to be true	true
218	30	beſt	bleſt
220	4	dreaded	dread it
	17	not	nor
222	4	Britain	Britains
224	12	Roman	Britain
	27	Stand	———
227	3	my	was
230		either	either or
233	24	herſelf	her life
236	5	To ſay	But I ſay
237	6	reſembles.	reſembles, than he,
	9	more	further
241	2	help	help, help
242	29	truth	troth
243	3	her	him
244	6	taſting	haſting
	16	And	Ay, and
	20	a	he is a
245	13	ſuch	thoſe
	22	Sir	gracious ſir
247	5	whence	when
249	15	this	thy
	26	My	Well, by
250	16	the	our

ERRATA IN CYMBELINE.

P. 150. l. 26, read, *that doth*. P. 193. l. 20, read, *I'll kick her*. P. 234 l. 6, read, *I would not*. P. 235. l. 7, read, *made ſuit*.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

		Dr. JOHNSON.	Mr. CAPELL.
P. 257	l. 14	how	why how
265		between l. 3 and 4,	CRE. Who is that?
266	23	O admirable man!	———
270	16	get	flee
271	4	yet let	let
273	9	lives	ſtands
278	21	ULYS.	AGAM.
	23	firſt	Sir
279	3	This 'tis	———
	9	Well	Well ſir
	23	his honour	thoſe honours
280	11, 12 and 13,		rejected.
	16	ſhew our fouleſt	firſt ſhew foul
	23	I ſee. What are they?	What are they? I ſee—
281	12	Ulyſſes, now I	Now I begin to
	20	run	run then
284	30	war	wars
285	3	much	much wit
	14	fifth	firſt
286	22	paſt	vaſt
287	23	affected	affected's
288	2	ſieve	place
294	2	up to	into
	10	muſt	may'ſt
	26	the prover	thy Creator
295	9	ſhent our	ſent us
297	21	wiſe	wiſe too
298	19	down himſelf	'gainſt itſelf
300	16	palters	ſhall pelter
	18	Ajax	our Ajax
	30	Vigour	vigour, lord
301	15	friends	ſirs
304	7	HEL.	PAR.
	8	PAN.	HEL.
	10	And	PAN. And
	17	my couſin will fall out with you.	———

VARIATIONS.

		Dr. JOHNSON.	Mr. CAPELL.
P. 304	l. 19	HEL.	———
305	3	twain.	twain. My couſin will fall out with you.
	14	begins ſo. Love, &c.	begins ſo. [Song.] Love, &c.
	15	ſtill more	———
306	27	her	thee
307	1	Now	How now
	21	tun'd	and
309	12	worſe	worſt
311	15	ſweet	fair
	25	Where is my wit	I would be gone
	26	I would be gone	Where is my wit
312		Or elſe	And then
314	3	Jove	come
	4	poſſeſſion	poſſeſſions
315	12	deriſion	deciſion
318	15	feaſting	faſting
319	24	ſhew	give
	25	gilt	they will give to gold
320	17	ev'n	thoſe
321	26	the	his
326	2	tell	faith tell
	30	to ſell	not ſell
327	24	What's all	What! all
329	23	ſecrets of neighbour Pandar	ſecret'ſt things of nature
331	17	in its ſenſe no leſs ſtrong than	violenteth in a ſenſe as ſtrong as
332	20	Ay, ay	Ay, ay, ay, ay
333	10	is	lord Troilus! is
	14	rain—or my	rain, rain—or my poor
334	9	full of ſubtle quality,	———
	10	They're loving	———
336	8	liſt—my lord	luſt—you, lord
	19	in the	to the
	l. 22, 23, 24, 25 & 26		rejected.
340	l. 21		———
342	16	Neoptolemus	Neoptolemus' fire

VARIATIONS.

		Dr. Johnson.	Mr. Capell.
P. 344	l. 4	And ſeen thee ſcorning	Deſpiſing many
	25	By	Ha! By
345	32	there, or there	there, there, or there
348	15	varlet	harlot
	16	varlet	harlot
349	9	cur.	cur, no.
350	22	lord	——
	23	drought	draff
351	24	I think	——
353	13	Good	Now good
	17	by hell's	all hell's
	22	Why—lord	—my lord
354	7	lo	la
	11	ſweet	my
	26	it	it again
355	6	muſt	doth
356	1	you	me
360	18	dear man	brave man
362	9	But	Ay, but
363	Sc. viii. beginning l. 9, and following to 25, inclusive.		Inſerted by Mr. Capell after line 22, in page 371.
	l. 26, 27, and 28,		rejected. [They occur again after l. 22, in p. 371.]
364	3	young	——
365	20	Odius	Cedius
368	7	thou end	I end
	10	Now	No
	19	arms	aims
	23	My	Now my
369	12	my breath	good breath
370	11	haſtily	patiently
371	29	lov'd	deſir'd

Errata in TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

P. 267, l. 2, read, *crows and daws, crows and daws.*
P. 319, l. 30, read, *on thee.*